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**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**

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FEBRUARY 11, 1953

PRICE



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**TWO-PART NOVEL
"STRANGE DAY"**

By
R. MacKINLAY
KANTOR





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The author was a prisoner of the Japanese. His book is a vivid, factual account of life in those prison camps, and Ronald Searle's illustrations underline the grim realities!

It is almost unbelievable that human resourcefulness and nobility could meet torture as they did. The stupidity and appalling cruelty of those years seemed to bring out the best in those who suffered them. This book deserves the great success it enjoys, documentary, as well as a starkly realistic narrative.

18/9 From All Booksellers 18/9

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

FEBRUARY 11, 1953

Vol. 20, No. 37

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT

WHAT a mess these Olympic Games have been. Could anyone in charge of the planning have made a bigger shambles of it?

The damage to Australia's international reputation has already been done.

What a contrast to Finland, the little country which seemed to put on the Games by a flick of the wrist.

The Finns were glad to lose financially in order to get the prestige.

In any case, one would have thought that if 100,000 visitors came here and spent £50 each, the total would have been £5,000,000, and some of it would have been stuck. Nearly half the amount needed for the Games would have been subscribed if a national drive had been promoted quickly enough.

But no. This had to be arranged on what turned out to be a low level.

Pervading the dog-fights has been the smell of profit. It has been repugnant to those who believe that some things should be above money, and certainly not associated with political touting.

What in the name of all that's sporting have politics to do with Olympics?

The ancient Greeks who started the Games gathered people from the then civilised world and engaged them in friendly competition. On the showing to date, the Greeks would have had a word for Australians.

The word is "barbarians."

Plush and gaslight setting for witty novel

Book review by HELEN FRIZELL

CARYL BRAHMS has produced a book, "Away Went Polly," about an unfortunate 19th century girl, Lauretta, who, instead of flinging herself into a river like the heroine of a popular poem of the era, drowned her sorrows in gin and, lastly, laudanum.

This twopenny-colored melodrama is staged by Miss Brahm's in a setting of gasoliers and plush. Twentieth century wit has made a farce out of bathos—but a farce written with loving knowledge of the 19th century.

In that age writers such as Ruskin spent pleasurable hours describing works of art for their Contant Readers.

Miss Brahm's has copied this device, basing characters and plot on a painting by Tissot, a French artist who portrayed English life.

For our benefit, a design by Richard Berkeley Sutcliffe based on Tissot's "The Picnic" is shown at beginning and end of the book.

It shows picnickers in the year 1879 grouped around a white and probably damask cloth.

At the right, balancing a saucerless cup in her left hand, eating nothing, and gazing into space, is a dark-haired, melancholy girl. A bearded Bohemian is watching her.

Miss Brahm's has called her Lauretta, and christened the Bohemian Pelerin. He, of course, is French, and lives up to the French reputation by awakening Lauretta to Love.

Lauretta, though married, has never felt passion. Her husband, a friend of her father's, is in late middle age. Lauretta is in her teens.

Her husband knows best. He controls the purse, the household, and opens all letters.

Our cover:

Chosen as a fashion highlight of the coming season from the salon of Christian Dior, the beige wool ensemble worn by a Parisian model has a rich collar of fox fur which also borders the coat. The brown felt beret is in the tone of the fur.

This week:

Writing from London, Michael Plant tells of a last-minute switch in the decorations of St. Giles' Cathedral completed just before the arrival of the Queen for the wedding of the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith.

The bride's mother, Mrs. John McNeill, phoned the florist and ordered the removal of all purple flowers. The reason? The Queen was wearing purple.

On pages 16 and 17 color pictures of the reception give a vivid impression of the splendor and friendliness of the occasion.

Our new two-part novel, "Strange Day," by MacKinlay Kantor, begins on page 51. Author of the best-selling novel and film "The Best Years of Our Lives," Mr. Kantor chooses a quietly living couple as the main characters to be involved in hectic adventures of crime and sudden death.

Next week:

Margaret Saville's new book "Our Queen," about Queen Elizabeth II, gives intimate pictures of her domestic life. Next week we will publish the first of a series of excerpts from the book with hitherto unrevealed glimpses of Royal households.

More books, biographies, and articles have been written about the Queen than about any contemporary woman. In the spite of words, this book stands out because it is angled on her everyday life.

"The subject is closed" is his statement to any of Lauretta's questions.

Frustrated, Lauretta turns to the fashion papers and the shops. Here Miss Brahm's is at her most delightful.

What will Lauretta wear this season?

"Black bombazine with tartan on bosom and bustle? Too dashing! Poul de Soie or Oiseau Satin? Muscovite Velvet? Ottoman Plush? No! Frou-frou? Too-rrr!"

Unable to make up her mind over fashion, Lauretta has her mind made up for her by Pelerin. He found it a slow but worthwhile process.

After a quarrel with her husband Lauretta races through the door, past the astonished organ-grinder "afflicting the air with number three on the song sheet: 'Down the Road and Away Went Polly,'" and into the arms of Pelerin.

The Laurettas of to-day might find that easier to do, but for Lauretta of the 1870's it was down the road to poverty, love, social ostracism, gin, and laudanum.

Readers who remember Caryl Brahm's collaboration with the late S. J. Simon will agree that "Away Went Polly" fails to make the grade of "A Bullet in the Ballet" or "Trotter True."

Those books were the high spots of the collaboration, but there were also lows—one being "Titania Has a Mother."

Caryl Brahm's, lacking Simon, has nevertheless attained a level of her own—and a reasonably high one at that.

"Away Went Polly," by Caryl Brahma, is published by William Heinemann. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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OPEN WIDE, Excellency

FROM the wide, screened verandah of the official bungalow, Monsieur Georges Napoleon Bonet, His Excellency, the Governor, for six months past, viewed his world with dissatisfaction.

Back in his native France this post in the remote South Pacific island of Manatu had seemed like the fulfilment of a dream.

He'd pictured the indolent life of a tropical potentate, seen himself in his kingdom revered and beloved by his subjects—the big little man, as big a man as Bonaparte.

But it hadn't turned out like that. His kingdom proved to be the insignificant skirting of an arrogant mountain range, a mere speck, a puny outcropping in the sand and rock. And it didn't seem even to be his kingdom.

The handful of Europeans and Americans on the island accorded him no unexpressed friendliness that outspiced his pompous little soul. The natives, a lazy, worthless lot, seemed to regard all white men with suspicion.

They trusted only Doctor Peter Jones, the red-haired Canadian who, out of their vanity and crowned their shining, white teeth with glittering gold and a profit, Monsieur Bonet suspected, of unthinkable exorbitance.

He was the real king here, a cocky swagbagger who had dared even to turn his eyes on the Governor's shoulders. Julie, convent-bred and betrothed to the young Vicomte.

And Julie had returned his look. But Monsieur Bonet had a plan.

Though it was not much past eight in the morning, Monsieur Bonet felt the moist glaze of sweat prickling

through his pores. By noon it would be a sticky ooze. He groaned.

The landscape hurt his eyes, brazen, vulgar-hued, as if the luxuriant growth of the green belt drew its colors from the sun, refuelled them and tossed them out with a lavish disregard of harmony — orangy scarlets, hot and riotous, lusty purples shading into blues, and a green shot through with a tarnished, brassy yellow that warred with all the other greens.

The deeply curved crescent of the beach glared whitely like the upside lip of a gigantic basin, tilted and spilling its molten sapphire, a perpetual overflow, into the far reaches of the Pacific Ocean.

Monsieur Bonet frowned. His pursed lips buttoned more tightly as he caught sight of Julie. Like a child, a hoyden, she looked, rather than a young lady turned seventeen.

Hatless and scantily clad, she carried on a conversation of sorts with a native gardener. Though her familiar ease angered him, he marvelled at the way she managed to make herself understood—gestures, smiles, a finger pointing, and a complete abandonment of all maidenly dignity.

It angered him further that she got results.

His tooth hurt, a nagging reminder that the ship wasn't due for another three days. He wouldn't have that tooth out.

Nor would he let that impudent Canadian dentist monkey with it.

For that young man he had a surprise this very morning. In the meantime, it was hot, very hot.

From an inside pocket he drew forth an oblong box. The half-dozen French



by
**LESLEY
HOLMES**

caramels it contained were richly dark and messy from the heat.

He dug one out from among its fellows.

At this juncture Julie spied him. She waved and shouted to him. In a young girl just six months from the finest convent in the whole of France, her wild, coltish behaviour was shocking.

Monsieur Bonet didn't deign to answer. He was in a hurry. He had an appointment.

Julie was fleet of foot. She came running. "Are you going somewhere, Papa?"

"To the dentist's, Julie. I'm late." His eyes travelled over her dishevelment, the untidy tangle of dark curls, the too-short frock, the bare legs.

"Go and dress," he commanded. He would have her feel his displeasure.

"But, Papa, mayn't I come?" Her dark eyes coaxed. "I adore Doctor Pete."

She added impishly: "He adores me, too, Papa."

"Julie! You are without reason!" He would like to have boxed her ears for her. Mon Dieu! She was taller than he.

He drew himself up. "Do as I say, Julie. Get dressed. You scarcely know the man."

"But, Papa . . . I do. Very well. For six months now I see him nearly every day. At the tennis club. At . . ."

Her two hands gripped his arm with sudden urgency. "We are in love, Papa."

The heat! The tooth! Now this! Monsieur Bonet, scarcely aware of his action, raised his free hand. It contacted his daughter's cheek in a stinging slap.

Julie sprang away, momentary fury in her eyes. "You shouldn't have done that, Papa."

"No? I shouldn't have done that? You're shameless! What of the Vicomte?"

"The Vicomte? He's very far away. Doctor Pete is here. Please, Papa . . . He may speak to you to-day."

The expression of her eyes had

To page 60



"Oh, no!" protested Monsieur Bonet as he looked at the grinning native. "Let me down."

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AUSTRALIA'S SIX BEST FISH

Theo Roughley, the renowned, retired head of New South Wales' Department of Fisheries, says that Australia's six best eating fish are the pearl perch, the John Dory, the Tasmanian trumpeter, the West Australian jewfish, the Murray cod, and the North Queensland barramundi. The flesh of all six fish is white, and its texture neither mushy nor fibrous. All have distinct, but not overpowering flavors.

Roughley explains the reasons for his choice in the new
FEBRUARY A.M., NOW ON SALE

The Grand Sophy

By GEORGETTE HEYER

FROM the moment of her arrival to stay with her aunt, LADY OMBERSLEY, during her father's absence in Brazil, SOPHIA STANTON-LACY blithely disrupts the household, which she considers to be "in a sad way."

She crosses swords with her cousin, CHARLES RIVENHALL, who manages the home instead of his spendthrift father; she shocks his staid fiancée, EUGENIA WRAXTON, by her unconventional behaviour; she delights the schoolroom members of the family by the gift of a monkey; and she allies

herself with CECILIA, who, to the annoyance of Charles and their mother, has rejected the eligible LORD CHARLBURY in favor of the feckless poet AUGUSTUS FAWNHOPE.

Finding that Lady Ombersley loves entertaining, Sophy, with Cecilia's connivance, sends out several hundred invitations for their forthcoming party instead of the modest few Charles had approved. She also arranges for one of her friends, SIR VINCENT TALGARTH, to help her buy a pair of horses, as Charles refused to do so, and plans to buy her own carriage. NOW READ ON:

WHEN the fourth morning-caller departed one day, Charles demanded of his mother, "Is the knocker never still?"

"Never!" she replied proudly. "Since that day when you took dear Sophy riding in the park, I have received seven gentlemen—no, eight, counting Augustus Fawnhope. Princess Esterhazy, the Countess Lieven, Lady Jersey, and Lady Castlereagh have all left cards; and—"

"Was Talgarth among those who called, ma'am?"

She wrinkled her brow. "Talgarth? Oh, yes! A most amiable man, with side-whiskers! To be sure he was!"

"Take care!" he warned her. "That connection will not do!"

She was startled. "Charles, what can you mean? He seems to be on terms of great friendship with Sophy, and she told me Sir Horace had been acquainted with him for years!"

"I daresay, but if my uncle means to bestow Sophy upon him he is not the man I take him for! He is said to be a gazetted fortune-hunter; and is, besides, a gamester, with more debts than expectations, and such other propensities as scarcely render him a desirable catch in the marriage mart!"

"Oh, dear!" said Lady Ombersley, dismayed. She wondered whether she ought to tell her son that his cousin had gone out driving with Sir Vincent only a day earlier, and decided that no purpose could be served in dwelling on what was past. "Perhaps I should drop a hint in Sophy's ear."

"I doubt of its being well received, ma'am, Eugenia has already spoken with her on this subject. All that my cousin saw fit to reply was that she was quite up to snuff, and well able to take care of herself with Sir Vincent or anyone else."

"Oh, dear!" said Lady Ombersley again. "But, though I do not wish to offend you, Charles, I cannot help feeling that perhaps it was not quite wise of Eugenia to have spoken to her on such a subject. You know, my dear, she is not in any way related to Sophy!"

"Only Eugenia's strong sense of duty," he said stiffly, "and, I may add, Mama, her earnest desire to spare you anxiety, induced her to undertake a task which she felt to be excessively unpleasant."

"It is very kind of her, I am sure," said his mother, in a depressed voice.

"Where is my cousin?" he asked abruptly.

She brightened, for to this question she was able to return an unexceptionable answer. "She has gone for a drive in the barouche with Cecilia and your brother."

"Well, that should be harmless enough," he said.

He would have been less satisfied on this point had he known that having taken up Mr. Fawnhope, whom they encountered in Bond Street, the occupants of the barouche were at that moment in Longacre, critically inspecting sporting vehicles.

There were a great many of these, together with almost every variety of carriage, on view at the warehouse to which Hubert had conducted his cousin, and although Sophy remained firm in her preference for a phaeton, Cecilia was much taken with a caned whisky, and Hubert, having fallen in love with a curicle, forcibly urged his cousin to buy it.

Mr. Fawnhope, appealed to for his opinion, was found to be missing, and was presently discovered seated in rapt contemplation of a state berlin, which looked rather like a very large breakfast-cup, poised upon elongated springs. It was covered with a domed roof, bore a great deal of gilding, and had a coachman's seat perched over the front wheels, which was covered in blue velvet with a gold fringe.

"Cinderella!" said Mr. Fawnhope simply.

The manager of the warehouse said that he did not think the berlin—which he kept for show purposes—was quite what the lady was looking for.

"A coach for a princess," said Mr. Fawnhope, unheeding. "This, Cecilia, is what you must drive in. You shall have six white horses to draw it, with plumes on their heads, and blue harness."

Cecilia had no fault to find with this programme, but reminded him that they had come to help Sophy to choose a sporting carriage.

He allowed himself to be dragged away from the berlin, but when asked to cast his vote between the curicle and the phaeton, would only murmur: "What can little T.O. do? Why, drive a phaeton and two! Can little T.O. do no more? Yes, drive a phaeton and four!"

"That's all very well," said Hubert impatiently, "but my cousin ain't Tommy Onslow, and for my part I think she will do better with this curicle!"

"You cannot scan the lines, yet they have a great deal of merit," said Mr. Fawnhope. "How beautiful is the curicle! How swift! How splendid! Yet Apollo chose a phaeton. These carriages bewilder me: let us go away!"

"Who is Tommy Onslow? Does he indeed drive a phaeton and four?" asked Sophy, her eyes kindling. "Now, that would be something indeed! What a bore that I have just bought a pair! I could never match them, I fear."

"You could borrow Charles' greys," suggested Hubert, grinning wickedly.

"By Jupiter, what a kick-up there would be!"

Sophy laughed, but shook her head. "No, it would be an infamous thing to do! I shall purchase that phaeton. I have quite made up my mind."

The manager looked startled, for the carriage she pointed at was not the phaeton he had supposed she would buy—an elegant vehicle, perfectly suited to a lady—but a high-perch model, with huge hind-wheels, and the body, which was hung directly over the front axle, fully five feet from the ground. However, it was not his business to dissuade a customer from making an expensive purchase, so he bowed, and kept his innumerable reflections to himself.

Hubert, less tactful, said: "I see, Sophy, it really ain't a lady's carriage. I only hope you may not overturn round the first corner!"

"Not I!" Cecilia, suddenly pronounced Mr. Fawnhope, who had been studying the phaeton intently, "must never ride in that vehicle!"

He spoke with such unaccustomed decision that everyone looked at him in surprise, and Cecilia turned quite pale with gratification at his solicitude.

"I assure you, I shan't overturn," said Sophy.

"Every feeling would be outraged by the sight of so exquisite a creature, such a turn-out as that!" pursued Mr. Fawnhope. "Its proportions are admirable!"

"Well," exclaimed Sophy, "I thought you were afraid I might overturn here!"

"I am afraid of that," replied Mr. Fawnhope. "The very thought of so graceful a happening must offend, does offend! It intrudes its grossness upon the sensibilities; it blurs my vision of a porcelain nymph. Let us immediately leave this place!"

Cecilia, wavering between pleasure in hearing herself likened to a porcelain nymph and affront at having her taste so little regarded, merely said that she could not leave until Sophy had concluded her purchase; but Sophy, a good deal amused, suggested that she should withdraw with her swain to await him in the barouche.

"Y'know," Hubert said confidentially when the pair had departed, "I don't know that I blame Charles for not being able to stomach that fellow! He is quite paltry!"

Within three days of this transaction Mr. Rivenhall, exercising his grossly the park, paused by the Riding House to take up his friend, Mr. Wytheby, sauntering along in all the glory of yellow pantaloons, shining Hessian boots, a coat of extravagant cut and design, and a huc.

THIRD INSTALMENT OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 11, 1927



ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHBY

"What a sight you are!" he ejaculated. "Get up and stop ogling all the females! Where have you been hiding yourself this age?"

Mr. Wychbold mounted into the currie, disposing his shapely limbs with rare grace.

"The call of duty, dear boy!" he replied. "Visiting the ancestral home."

"What I may with lavender water, but the aroma of the stables and the cow-byres is hard to overcome. Charles, much as I love you, if I had seen that neckcloth before I mounted to let you drive me round the park—"

"Don't waste that stuff on me!"

recommended his friend. "What's wrong with your chestnuts?"

Mr. Wychbold sighed mournfully. "Dead lame! No, not both, but one, which is quite as bad. Would you believe it? I let my sister drive them! Take it as a maxim, Charles, that no woman is to be trusted to handle the ribbons!"

"You haven't yet met my cousin," replied Mr. Rivenhall, with a twisted smile.

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Wychbold calmly. "I met her at the gala night at Almack's, which, dear boy, you might have known, had you not absented yourself from that gathering."

"Oh, you did, did you? I have no turn for that form of insipidity."

"Wouldn't have done you any good if you had," said Mr. Wychbold. "There was no getting near your cousin: at least, there wouldn't have been for you. I managed it, but I have a great deal of address. Danced the boulanger with her. Devilish fine girl!"

"Well, it's time you were thinking of getting married: offer for her! I shall be much obliged to you."

"Almost anything else for your sake, dear boy, but I ain't a marrying man!" said Mr. Wychbold.

"I wasn't serious. To be honest with you, if you took such a notion

"Slacken your pace! I insist!" Eugenia cried, clutching the side of the phaeton in alarm as Sophy drove on calmly.

into your head I should do my utmost to dissuade you. She is the most tiresome girl I ever hope to meet. The only thing I know to her credit is that she can drive to an inch. She had the impertinence to steal my currie when my back was turned for five minutes."

"She drove these greys?"

"She did. Well up to their bits, too. All to force me into buying a phaeton-and-pair for her to lionise in! I shan't do it, but I should rather like to see how she would handle such a turn-out."

"No wish to raise false hopes," said Mr. Wychbold, who had been watching the approach of a dashing perch-phaeton, "but can't help thinking that that's just what you're about to do, dear fellow! Though why your cousin should be driving Manningtree's bays beats me!"

"What?" ejaculated Mr. Rivenhall sharply. His incredulous gaze fell upon the phaeton, coming towards him at a smart trot.

Very much at home in the perilous

To page 40

Judge these Medicines by the Mothers who use them!

Does it matter whether you ask for the medicines you buy by name? Is there any real difference between the various brands of medicines you are offered? They all look very much alike. Is there any difference in their effectiveness, in their dependability, in their quality? Ask your chemist. He knows medicines and is qualified to advise you. He will tell you that the name NYAL stands for the best that high quality ingredients and modern manufacturing methods can produce. He can recommend any NYAL product with complete confidence because he knows precisely what each one contains and what it is intended to do. And that's why so many mothers use NYAL in preference to any other brand.



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For babies, a teaspoon of dependable NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA after each feeding prevents "wind" and helps to ensure regular habits. In addition to being a corrective of minor stomach upsets, NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA helps digestion and corrects "sour stomach." Two sizes—6 oz., 2/4; 12 oz., 3/11.



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Until he could spin the right sort of yarn he'd always be...

A FAILURE AS A FATHER

MARTIN KENNEDY had never met Mr. Bellhouse, but he knew he must be a thoroughly objectionable character and disliked him heartily.

Mr. Bellhouse had come between Martin and his son, Jerry, to such a point that Martin was certain Jerry regarded him as a pretty poor kind of father.

Whenever Jerry brought young Harry Bellhouse home to play, Martin tried to be elsewhere. He disliked the younger Bellhouse as much as the older. He had done his best to break the friendship between the two boys once or twice, but it was too firmly cemented. In any case, he had left a bad after each attempt.

Harry was always singing his father's praises, and singing them loudly. Bellhouse, senior, it seemed, was a remarkable man.

He had almost climbed Everest; he had been to darkest Africa, where he had shot elephants, lions, and a large assortment of smaller animals.

He had been down in a submarine, up in an aeroplane. He was a crack shot, a brilliant horseman, and a deadly swordsman.

No matter what subject came up between the two boys, Harry would immediately launch into a long account of how his father had done it, handled it, or been involved in it.

He also made it clear by his tone that he was sorry for Jerry for having such an uninteresting father, and this, in turn, gave Martin feelings of deep humiliation.

He came on the two boys one Sunday morning sitting in the sun behind the garage, talking about bikes. Martin listened for a while, then said abruptly: "As it happens, I did a bit of bike racing when I was younger."

"My father was a distance rider," Harry interrupted deliberately. "It takes stamina for that. He rode from one side of Europe to the other. In Italy he was attacked by bandits, but got away from them. Of course, he had to kill some of them. And when

Martin stood and took it like a man, inwardly cursing at Bellhouse senior. Jerry's eyes were fixed on his dad, giving him by proxy admiration he would willingly have bestowed on his father had he been there in person.

"How it!" Martin said to himself. "How can anyone tell so many lies? Filling the kid's head with stuff like that!"

Later in the day he heard them talking while looking at a picture of cowboys in an illustrated book. "They're the best riders in the world," Jerry said fervently.

Martin's ears pricked up. Riding was something he did know about; he had been brought up in the saddle and still rode whenever possible. He sat down on a box to get into the conversation.

"Don't you believe it, son," he said. "The cowboys are good, but no better than our boundary riders and bushmen. I used to live on a farm and ride."

Harry, turning the pages, said, very earnestly: "My father used to be a Texas Ranger."

Martin said desperately: "Well, on this farm we had to ride a lot and ride day."

"One day," Harry said, "a gang of outlaws came to the town where my father was. Nobody could control them, so my father was sent for. He

was quick on the draw and the only single man who could handle this gang. So he said to the outlaws, 'O.K., boys; maybe one of you homies would like to hit leather with me, huh?' Well..."

Martin tried to walk away, but it was such a terrific story he had to stay. He had to hand it to Bellhouse senior—the man had imagination. But he cursed him again. He knew he was losing faith and contact with his own son because he couldn't emulate Mr. Bellhouse. It was really getting him down.

During the week he learned how Mr. Bellhouse could ski like a champion; how he'd been with the F.B.I.; how he'd played centre forward for England in Rugby Union. Most of these stories were related by Jerry, who made it reasonably clear that he thought his father lacked something somewhere.

Well, he told himself, he wouldn't resort to such tactics to gain his son's admiration. It was low and underhand.

He was making Jerry a small canoe and the next Saturday they went down to the bay to try it out. Harry came, too, also with a new canoe. But his wasn't home-made; it was shining new from a shop. Martin suspected that like Mr. Bellhouse's stories it was designed to keep Harry happy without getting him too much into his father's hair. Martin was always making something for his son.

It was a warm, sunny day and Martin sat on a rock on the beach and watched the boys on the water. It was so pleasant he could almost forget Mr. Bellhouse and his insidious influence.

When the boys came in, Martin said: "Beautiful day. It reminds me of the time..."

"My father..." Harry began.

Something snapped inside Martin. He'd had enough; never again. He

As Harry turned the pages he said, "My father used to be a Texas Ranger."

took a deep breath and prepared to scuttle his principles.

"Of the time," he said firmly and loudly, "when I fought a giant octopus twenty feet under the water."

Harry jerked up at that and made another feeble attempt to take the conversation. But Martin was talking loudly. "Yes," he said. "It was a terrific adventure. I was the first

mate of an island schooner and as tough as they come. In fact, the crew called me Killer Kennedy, I was so hard. I used to take on six men at a time. Well, we were out in the Pacific when a typhoon sprang up. The crew were too frightened to go aloft and furl the sails, so I did it alone. A hundred feet up on a pitching, swaying mast! Imagine it."

They were imagining it — both of them. Jerry was gaping at him; there was a glimmering of respect on Harry's face.

"I then held the wheel all night," Martin said recklessly. "It took iron muscles and iron nerve. But the typhoon had upset our compass and just before dawn we struck a coral reef near an island. I got five men ashore by myself. The captain had been drowned, so I was in charge."

"One of the men saw some part of ship's equipment in a lagoon, where it had been washed by the storm, and dived for it. But an old-man octopus grabbed him. With a knife between my teeth

I dived to the rescue. I got the man clear, but then the octopus grabbed me. I lost my knife, so I fought it with my bare hands."

"It was a terrific fight; I'll never forget it. I tied two of the octopus' tentacles into a quick knot, shot to the surface for a breath of air, and went back to the fight. The octopus got me again, but I managed to tie a tentacle to a ledge of rock. Then I punched and kicked my way free. The octopus couldn't get away, and died. The natives had been scared

of this octopus for years. They named me Angi Harn Mungi, meaning Great White Chief."

Jerry whistled. Harry said nothing. Martin felt his conscience go red with shame. He would never be able to look his son in the face again.

The party broke up soon after and Harry went home, still without having said a word. He kept eyeing Martin with an expression that looked like a cross between astonishment and awe.

But it was a hollow victory to Martin as he walked home with Jerry. He would have to tell the boy; he couldn't bear to have him find out later that his father was a sham. Better to do it now.

"Dad," Jerry was saying. "What is it?" Martin said unhappily.

The boy said: "I always knew you could make things better than Harry's father, and play cricket and swim better. But—" he looked up at his father admiringly—"I never knew you could tell better lies. Mr. Bellhouse tells some whoppers, but that one you just told was a real beaut!"

(Copyright)



Tryout

FINGER to lips, Miss Jessica Lovelace glared at the two dachshunds on her bed.

Then, assured of their silence, she tiptoed to the slightly open door of her room to listen to the conversation in the hall. Her hearing, at any rate, was perfect; every word came to her distinctly.

Angela—her beloved Angela: secretary, companion, and lady's maid—had answered the doorbell.

After thirty years away from England, Angela still sounded like the vicar's daughter she was, and she greeted the young producer, in her breathy, hurried way, as though he were a parishioner come to call on her papa.

"Good evening, Mr. Marshall—won't you come in? Miss Lovelace will be right with you."

"Thank you." The young man's voice was firm and cheerful—a gentleman's voice. How nice, Miss Lovelace thought.

"Here now—there are cigarettes in that box and an ashtray here; and pay no attention to Poppy. He'll perch there on the fire-screen and won't trouble you at all."

"Does Poppy talk?"

"Oh, he's a very bad bird, really. He can, but he won't. That is, he will, but only for Miss Lovelace—and she rehearses with him by the hour."

At that moment Poppy emitted a sullen cackle, and Mr. Marshall laughed. Then Miss Lovelace heard him say, "Will you give this to Miss Lovelace for me?"

"Oh, she will be pleased. Excuse me, Mr. Marshall." And she came running into the bedroom with a spray of bronze-green orchids in a cellophane box. "Look, Miss Lovelace, look!"

Jessica Lovelace nodded. "Close the door, Angela. They're beautiful. But there's no need to be so excited. Pin them on my coat, if you will."

She lit a cigarette and sat on the bed—the picture of imperturbable calm. But she was far from calm; she knew why Mr. Marshall had come.

Eileen Shively, the agent, had telephoned a few days before: "I don't want to raise your hopes, dear, but Vincent Marshall has taken an option on 'Crimson Velvet,' and he wants to—talk to you about it."

To look you over, she meant, and had almost said; and Miss Lovelace, nettled, answered dryly, "Thank you, Eileen. I'll be happy to see him if he cares to come."

The very next morning he telephoned. He had never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Lovelace, he said, but would she like to go to the opening of the new musical at the 47th Street Theatre with him? She would, and here he was.

As for "Crimson Velvet," she had read it a year before when it had been produced in London.

Or rather, Angela read it to her, and at the end Miss Lovelace said, "You pipe it, Angela. You pipe it and gasp it, when it should boom, like the sea. Like this."

And after demonstrating she said, "There is only one actress in America to play it." Meaning, of course, herself.

The simple truth was that she craved this part as she had not craved a part in twenty years. It

was what Juliet had been to her when she was younger, or Lady Macbeth somewhat later—or what King Lear would be to her now, if she were a man.

But this was not the only reason she said to Angela now, "He seems well disposed, does he?"

"Oh, yes, very."

"Good." She patted Angela's sleeve. "Perhaps we'll be able to buy a new dress."

She smiled, as she thought that the poor little wraith would be sure to choose something grey and fashionless that would hang on her frame like an old stretched sweater. She always had.

But Angela waved the suggestion away. "Oh, Miss Lovelace, dear, you're not to worry about that. There are other things."

Her glance stole to the *escritoire* in the corner where the bills and the letters of gentle but unmistakable pressure were piled.

"I haven't forgotten," said Miss Lovelace.

But, of course, none of this could she tell Mr. Marshall. His invitation had made her understand very clearly the kind of evening he wanted it to be—entirely and falsely social, with mention of "Crimson Velvet" avoided as though neither of them had ever heard of it.

Orchids, dinner, the theatre; bright superficial conversation and watchful eyes above his gentlemanly smile, while he looked her over and asked himself: Is she too old?

Of course there were moments when Miss Lovelace resented this impending inspection; even moments of arrogance, when she reminded herself that not since her second year in the theatre had she submitted to a tryout or an audition.

From then on, it had never been a question of "Could she?"—but only and always, "Would she?"

But these were no longer the days of success and the pride that clings to privilege, she knew, could turn into a boomerang.

Moreover, she had the truer pride of utter self-assurance. She would show him. In a hundred different oblique ways she would show him to-night that she was the actress for "Crimson Velvet."

She rose, saying, "I've kept him waiting long enough."

"Oh, Miss Lovelace," said Angela, retreating a step, "you look beautiful!"

"Thank you. I hope he thinks so." She breathed once deeply, swept the emerald coat with its shiny-ribboned orchids from the bed, took the little evening bag from Angela's hand and started for the door. But on second thought she stopped. One of the ways to show him had just occurred to her.

"Where are my glasses, Angela?"

"Why, in your bag, Miss Lovelace. I never forget them."

"Take them out."

"Out!"

"I shall leave them behind."

Angela gasped, and Miss Lovelace could feel, rather than see, how shocked she was—as though she were saying, "It's quite proper for you to be without your glasses when I'm there, but alone."

And of course she was right. Angela had been her eyes these many years. Without her glasses Miss Lovelace could see a blur; even with them she saw precious little.

"I know, I know, dear Angela," she said. "But to-night I shan't use them."

Angela, looking like a frightened mouse, obeyed. Miss Lovelace turned in the doorway then and smiled at her.

By Robert Wallsten

"After all, she whispered, "we don't want him to think I'm an old lady, do we?"

In the other room, Vincent Marshall, looking more like a prosperous young banker, with his smooth, light hair and conservative dinner-jacket, was standing before the mantelpiece, thoughtfully gazing up at the portrait by Augustus John of Miss Lovelace as a long-ago Rosalind.

The green parrot, from its perch on the fire-iron, had been scrutinising him askance with bright malignant eyes.

How a fractured silence with a cry that made him jump a little and wheel around.

On the bare floor of the vestibule outside there was a scuffle of dachshunds, which turned into a game like sudden, heavy rain as they reached the carpet and rubbed toward him self-importantly.

He saw that they were outriders for Miss Jessica Lovelace herself, who now advanced to meet him, erect and smiling.

He sat but stood at attention. Though he was sure to inspect her, as she had guessed, and though he had earned a reputation as one of the most brilliant and ruthless of the newer producers, he was basically a stage-struck young man who was sentimental about the theatre past he had not known.

Accordingly, he loved old actresses almost as much as he loved young ones.

"This is a pleasure, Miss Lovelace," he said, and stepped with hand outstretched.

"What beautiful orchids—and how charming you in having them for me, Mr. Vincent."

He removed her with a smile. "Mr. Marshall."

For the bland way in which she said, "Of course—Mr. Marshall," made it sound as though she were forgiving him gently for an error of his past.

He was not altogether surprised to find that her direct massive magnificence of her presence had made his heart begin to pound.

She moved before him in a frock of green satin with a flange of garnets at her throat. Strangely beautiful, but she was seventy if she was a day. He had blue-black hair.

She might even have looked a little evil, he thought, but for her heavy eyes, which seemed through long gazing at sorrow to be no longer capable of amusement, and her dauntless manner, which said in effect, "That only sin is loss of hope."

"Would you like a cocktail?" she asked as she motioned herself by the fireplace.

"Would you?"

"I allow myself only one," she said, "and I shall have it at dinner."

If this were true, it answered a question he could not directly ask. Drunkenness was not unknown among these divinities.

"Then I'll wait, too," he said.

But this she would not allow, and calling "Angela" intoned his order in the sombre contralto that had stirred the English-speaking world for two generations.

He thought of the history—romantic as well as practical—which she had made decades before he was born.

It had all come to him down the years, in legends and legends, out of old reminiscences and newspaper clippings: the poor young composer who had won her by the heartbreaking beauty of his first songs; the statesman who had sacrificed his career for her; the secret tunnel to her house from the palace of a prince. This very room he sat in was a museum of her long, triumphant story.

How she carried charmingly all his attempts to

induce her to talk of the past. She seemed at pains to make it clear that she was of the present, too.

She hated to prattle of her memories; she went to all the new plays and to concerts and opera, and she talked with relish of driving fast, and flying, and radio, and even television.

Then, stroking the parrot's green head with her forefinger, she told Vincent Marshall the story of its life—a conversation piece, he realised, that had become automatic through many repetitions.

"Poor Poppy," she said, in a kind of imperial baby talk, "he comes from deep in the Amazon jungles and now leads a lonesome life because we haven't been able to find a lady-friend. Have we?"

"No," said the bird, distinctly—dolefully. And Miss Lovelace sat back, beaming.

Then Angela tiptoed in with the cocktail on a silver tray. Marshall raised his glass to Miss Lovelace, inclining his head.

It was a mere automatic ceremony, but she acknowledged it with such a unique and grateful smile that, quite suddenly, it had become a tribute of deference and even affection.

It took an effort of will to remind himself of his purpose here, and even then his first thought was: How perfect she'll be in "Crimson Velvet!"

He had said to the author the day he signed the contract, "You've written a virtual impossibility, you know . . . this combination of a great lady and waterfront harridan—majestic, earthy, strident, and tragic, all in one old woman. She has to be one of those dominating, larger-than-life personalities, and they don't happen in these days of microphones and close-ups. In fact, the pattern was thrown away years ago."

Together, on the fingers of one hand, they had ticked off the actresses who fitted this description and found them all dead or in Hollywood.

All but Jessica Lovelace—and when Marshall mentioned her they just looked at each other in sudden, excited silence. At last the author shook his head.

"I see what you mean—she'd be wonderful," he told Marshall. "Just what I wrote. But can she? She's been in retirement for years. Can she still get around? Can she remember lines?"

It was the answer to these questions that Marshall was here to seek. The pitfalls, he knew, were legion. Whoever finally played *Crimson Velvet* would be on the stage—and at the centre of it—for all but ten minutes of each performance.

She would make her first entrance down a long flight of steps. She would have to be as sensitive as a violin and as strong as a dray horse.

And from past experience with elderly actors, Marshall knew that Miss Lovelace, if he engaged her, might very well start rehearsals with gusto and authority, only to prove unequal to the task too late.

He tried to imagine her descending the stairs, rising, sitting, moving about, and wondered if she

To page 10

Vincent Marshall turned towards Miss Lovelace advancing to meet him. "This is a pleasure," he said warmly.



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would become overtired, hysterical, or actually ill.

And then he thought of the script, black with long speeches. Could she learn them and retain them, or would she play the opening night giving antiphonal responses to an all-too-audible prompter?

He asked himself how could he ever be sure. He hoped against doubt that she would pass muster, but he knew that it would not be to her discredit if the decision went against her.

He put down his glass and looked at his watch.

"Is it time?" she asked. He hurried forward to help her rise, but she said "Thank you," and, using her arms only for a little leverage, rose beautifully by herself.

She flashed him a smile. "Shall we go?"

"Yes, let's." He draped the ermine wrap around her shoulders. She patted the orchids and said, "How really gala!" then turned to the parrot and the dogs. "Now good-night, children!" she cried. "Behave yourselves, do you hear?"

By a quarter to ten that night, as the gay first act of the new musical drew to a close, Vincent Marshall had come festively to a great decision.

He had been watching Miss Lovelace closely. He had noted the vitality that never waned; he had observed the way she got into and out of taxis; and he had listened to the flow of her conversation, increasingly beguiled.

It was true that the question of her memory remained unanswered, but she had slipped only once, at the beginning of the evening when she had confused his first name with his last, and that could hardly be held against her.

In any case, now he had concluded that his search was over. He would offer her the stellar role in "Crimson Velvet."

It was on the tip of his tongue to speak of it as they moved up the crowded aisle for an intermission cigarette. He knew how pleased she would be; and this made him additionally fond of her, as the warmth of imminent charity expanded inside him.

But he was delayed for a moment by greeting an acquaintance, and when he looked around Miss Lovelace was no longer at his side. The slow momentum of her majestic progress had carried her ahead, just out of earshot.

Miss Lovelace herself was unaware of this separation. She sailed up the aisle with the habitual, imperial tilt to her head, automatically obeying the instruction an old actor had given her fifty years before—"Never look down at your feet, my dear. It spoils the line."

And the crowd, unconscious of its own obeisance, made way for her, as it always had, like river-craft before a liner. By the time she reached the front of the theatre she was ahead and alone, with Vincent Marshall in her wake, close behind.

She knew she had made a success with him, and suspected he was about to offer her the part, so in the grandeur of her advance there was a certain gaiety too, which raised her chin still higher and made her perhaps a trifle careless.

Continuing . . . Tryout

[from page 9]

But in the end it was her vanity that undid her. Her eyes sparkled, but she had left her glasses home.

And now, as she approached the doorway with its curtains pulled back, she could not read—and did not even see the warning sign that said "LOUNGE—ONE FLIGHT BELOW." She neither stumbled nor tripped. No one pushed her. She just stepped off into air and fell headlong.

Vincent Marshall heard a scream that froze his blood, and saw her clutch for support that was not there as she swooped out of sight like an ungainly green bird. In two strides he reached the top of the steps and looked down.

She lay, a toppled statue, on the landing halfway below—dishevelled, prone and motionless.

For an instant horror paralysed him. Then shouting "Get the house doctor!" he plunged down the stairs, while the thought that he was to

But still she did not answer. She was afraid that if she opened her mouth she would cry. Not in pain, though there was enough of that; she would cry in anger and desolation because she had lost forever the chance to be a star again.

The words "too old . . . too old," on the hundred tongues of her own despair, pounded in her ear. But she had always been impatient of despair, and soon she began to think that it was self-indulgence to lie here, that she was making a scene and causing trouble, and that, after all, there was nothing serious the matter with her.

Finally, the same vanity that had caused her to fall now goaded her to rise.

"This position is ridiculous," she said. "Help me up."

"Miss Lovelace, dear," said Angela a few hours later, pausing at the bedroom door,

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blame for this overwhelmed him.

She was ancient and brittle, and he should have looked after her better. He felt like a careless grandson who has shirked his responsibility.

On the landing he leaned over her, calling "Miss Lovelace—Miss Lovelace—are you badly hurt? Can you tell me?" But she did not answer.

Automatically he reached for her wrist and exhaled with relief when he felt her pulse. Helpful superfluous people crowded the stairs above him, asking what they could do or get.

And in this very moment of panic, as he crouched there uncertain if she would ever walk again, he realised, with a sense of shock at his own callousness, that he had changed his mind about offering her the part in "Crimson Velvet."

The decision had come sudden and complete, buttressed with unanswerable reasons. It would be fatal to depend on an equilibrium so precarious. If her eyes were so bad and her footing so unsure, then her memory was doubtless dim as well.

He looked down at her in sorrow and pity, but he knew it could not be helped. He had found out what he had come to learn.

He did not know it, but Miss Lovelace was conscious. She heard him calling her name again and asking if the house doctor had come yet; she heard the people on the stairs exchanging whispered theories as to how the accident had happened and who she was,

"I just wanted you to know . . . I'm going to pray to-night."

Aching in bed, Miss Lovelace merely nodded gratefully. But a moment afterwards, when Angela had turned off the light and closed the door, she said to herself aloud, with some surprise, "Why, so, I think, shall I."

But praying appeared to have no effect whatever. She felt dreadful the next morning, even though her own physician, summoned late the night before, had confirmed the house doctor's diagnosis. "Miraculously unhurt," he had said "A little bruised and shaken up, but just stay in bed for a week and you'll feel as good as new."

It was true that flowers arrived from Vincent Marshall in the afternoon; but when Angela began to speculate as to what this gesture might mean, Miss Lovelace interrupted her. "It means he has good manners and a sweet nature, and nothing else at all," she said.

Last night when he had brought her home from the theatre his solicitude had been touching. He had delivered her anxiously to Angela's care, and would have waited for the doctor to arrive if Miss Lovelace had not managed to dissuade him by her repeated lie that she felt wonderful, really wonderful.

Finally, departing, he had asked if he might telephone her soon. And even as she smiled and said, "Yes, do," Miss Lovelace had been sure that he had no intention of ever telephoning her again.

"He's a gentleman," she said now, "but about the play his mind is made up."

She seemed to be right. Ten days later Angela brought a newspaper with Miss Lovelace's breakfast tray, and enclosed a list of the celebrities who had been seen at a theatrical ball.

"Vincent Marshall," she read, in the tone of one naming a traitor, "with the distinguished star of twenty years ago, Ida Gray."

Up to this point, Miss Lovelace had not begun to feel the least new, in spite of the prophecies of the doctors. Now, however, she tossed the covers and got out of bed.

"The young man's a liar," she snorted. "Ida Gray was never a star, and it's pretentious of her to pretend she was."

She swept back and forth her negligee like an angry press. "A pleasant-looking woman with a pretty talent," she went on. "But lacks stature. She lacks refinement." And then, the condemnation—"she didn't no air when she entered the room!"

Suddenly she said, "Angela Eileen Shively for me!"

When Angela had made the agent, Miss Lovelace took the telephone and spoke of inconsequential matters. At last she said, "What a charming young man Mr. Marshall is!" And waited.

"Oh, he's so upset," the agent answered after a pause. "He wanted you to lead the play—"

"The play? I thought it was all forgotten."

"Frankly, he keeps looking at other women, and it comes back to you."

Miss Lovelace smiled much for Ida Gray's part in "Crimson Velvet." "But he's worried," Eileen Shively went on. "I can't see exactly why—something about—"

"Yes, Eileen!" "Well—he told me about your fall." And then, as solicitude oozed over the line, "By the way, dear, are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. He said I was all right."

"But he told me there was a sign there. He—your sight might make it difficult for you—"

"My sight?" Miss Lovelace boomed, and reached for her glasses. "What do you mean?"

Eileen Shively rushed. "The entrance in the play—down a flight of stairs—know. And then there's reading at rehearsals, and that. He thought it might be too taxing."

"I wonder how he came up with such an idea," Miss Lovelace said, and hung up. To avoid Angela's anxious eyes, she said, "It was only a play, after all—and it was simply not worth our while to resign ourselves."

"Yes, Miss Lovelace," answered Angela obediently.

But for Miss Lovelace, though she had suggested the habit of lowering her head, it was hard to come by. She had always thought that signification was merely a useful synonym for defeat, the end of all hope, really.

Suddenly she straightened her back and raised her chin in rejection.

"Angela," she said, "light me a cigarette."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 11, 1934

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Do Australian girls make happy wives?

Survey aims to find reasons for discontent

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

Famous pianist Hephzibah Menuhin, assisted by a trained psychologist and a group of research workers, is conducting a survey on the happiness of married women in Australia.

Miss Menuhin believes that a great number of Australian married women are unhappy and could be helped.

INFORMATION acquired by the survey will be classified and commented on by the researchers, who will try to solve the problems it exposes.

Miss Menuhin plans to discuss the findings with a panel of experts and leading citizens over the A.B.C. in a weekly half-hour programme.

She decided that the only way to find out the truth about the happiness of married women in Australia was by personal question-and-answer. This she is doing by postal survey and by door-to-door interviews.

The survey form begins with "placing" questions such as husband's occupation, ages and sex of children, religion, place of birth, etc.

Then come Marriage Data with questions asking details of length of marriage and engagement; Job, ending on the key question: "What does your husband think of you working?" Money ("Do you find you have sufficient money for your present needs?" and "Do you feel financially secure?"); Children ("Did you plan to have children, and, if so, how many did you want?").

The questions then run on under the headings, Leisure and Recreation, and Relationships.

These are some of them:

- On week days, what time does your husband generally come home?
- Does he help you with the chores?
- Does anyone else help you? If so, who?
- Do you and your husband like the same people, or have you each your own friends?
- How do you spend your free time: (a) Weekdays (b) Saturdays (c) Sundays (d) Vacations?
- Does your husband spend his free time away from you? If so, how?
- What are the things you like most about your husband?
- What are the things you like least about him?
- Would you marry him again now, knowing him as you do?
- Do you ever quarrel seriously? If so, how often and why?
- Is there anyone you can turn to and confide in—if so, who?
- What do you think could be done to help married women and make them happy?

- Do you think married women are prepared for marriage? If not what do you think should be done about it?
- If you were quite free to do whatever you wanted, what would you like to do?

"In spite of the obvious advantages Australia has to give, I believe life here offers less to maturing women than they expect in their youth," Miss Menuhin told me.

"I am very curious about this and would like to find out, firstly, whether this is true and, secondly, if it is true, whether the trouble can be diagnosed and cured."

The research organisation which is assisting her has already done group welfare work and research into the problems of young unskilled workers.

The whole survey is being done in a voluntary capacity.

The names and addresses for the survey are taken from the electoral rolls. To ensure that the answers are anonymous, women are asked not to send their names or addresses with their answers.

Of the 100 surveys already sent out, the majority have been returned promptly, fully answered.

Startling answers

MISS MENUHIN said that most men she questioned assured her their womenfolk were not unhappy.

"But already the results of the survey assure me that my suspicions of unhappiness are not ill-founded," she said.

"The answers to some of the questions are startling and very depressing."

The most prevalent complaint against husbands is "indifference."

A woman with one child and married nine years said:

"It seems that the crisis comes after five years of marriage. Life becomes uninteresting together. My husband seems to find his interests outside the home and we have nothing to talk about when we are together. I seem to bore him. We sometimes sit for hours and say nothing."

Another woman with three children wrote:

"He loves me but he doesn't care how I feel about anything. He treats me as though I were a child although he knows I am quite intelligent, more intelligent than he is, in fact."

Of 20 questionnaires filled



FRONT-DOOR INTERVIEW. Hephzibah Menuhin (left) questions a housewife for the marriage survey she is conducting. Miss Menuhin has been married for nearly 15 years to wealthy Victorian Lindsay Nicholas and has two children.

in, 13 wives answered "Yes" to the question: "Would you marry him again knowing him as you do?"

Of these 20 women, only seven said they felt financially secure against the future.

Nine of them have been married for more than 10 years, and one of them has been married twice.

Another woman, married for 14 years, who said she would not marry her husband again, wrote:

"All he thinks about is getting on socially and financially. He's not a bit fussy about the company he keeps, and neglects me all the time for his worthless friends."

"There should be less talk about the 'Divine right of man' nonsense."

Many of the women whom Miss Menuhin interviewed told her that by filling in the survey form they found out what was wrong with their lives.

"It seems that when they sit down to think out the answers to the questions on the survey form, it gives them an opportunity to analyse themselves," she said.

Contest judges are hard at work

The record-breaking number of entries received in our Coronation Contest has set the judges a formidable task.

ALTHOUGH the Contest closed on January 16, the rush of last-minute entries was so great that it is only now that the last of them have been read.

Those good enough to merit a second reading are in the hands of the judges.

To hasten the date of publication of winners' names the judges are conferring daily, and we hope to be able to announce the winners of major prizes within a matter of weeks.



CARAVAN DWELLERS Commander and Mrs. Waldo Tidy in their home on wheels.

They travel the world in their own home

A retired Royal Navy commander and his wife, Commander and Mrs. Waldo Tidy, who have lived in caravans for 20 years, are now in Australia in the course of a round-the-world trip in their mobile home.

"I adore travelling, but I also love to be at home," Mrs. Tidy said. "This way we are at home wherever we go, and living in a caravan is cheapest of all.

BEFORE the war when things were pretty much managed to live on one quite satisfactorily on £150 a year," Mrs. Tidy added. "After the war it went up to £200, but that was just the rising cost of living."

built on a truck chassis, the main size of the caravan is the front right isches wide of 15 feet six inches long with only 10 feet of the length for sleeping quarters—the rest is the living cabin.

In this space the Tidys have room to sleep four people if necessary. There is also room for a bath, a shower, two wardrobes, a double sink, washing machine, and a sailing canoe.

Mrs. Tidy, who designed the caravan, takes these amenities as a matter of course. "Of course we have a washing machine," she said in a matter-of-fact tone. "None of us doing over hot tubs for 15 years. After 100 odd for that time, but it's not just a washing machine, you know. It dries and dry cleans, too."

From a locker under the sink she produced a metal box which she said was the whole week's wash or two-day blanket.

"There now, you see," she continued. "Just turn the handle for three minutes and the pop is all through the clothes which we fit on here" (pointing a special fitting on the sink) "and then it all goes out to dry up here."

"There" was a set of plastic pipes along the roof of the caravan quite out of sight from the rest of the caravan.

Mrs. Tidy said that the whole principle of a good caravan was to design it around your possessions and not try to fit your possessions into already planned space.

"Of course a house should be designed in exactly the same way," she added, "but few people have caught on to that idea."

To prove this theory, the Tidys store all their possessions in the 37 drawers and 27 lockers of their caravan.

Bottles are all square, and fit exactly into drawers so that there is no rattling and no waste space.

Everything the Tidys possess, from books to handkerchiefs, was measured before the storing space was made.

"Nothing has house space in this caravan unless it earns its keep," Mrs. Tidy said. "If possible everything should do at least three jobs—like our washing machine."

Mrs. Tidy, who makes all her own clothes and most of her husband's, describes herself as "home idle."

"That had a lot to do with my insistence on designing my own home," she told me. "Now look at our bed, for instance. We don't have to make it

By BETTY BEST, staff reporter

every day. It all buttons on to a bag which unrolls out of this locker and lies across the rubber mattress."

Mrs. Tidy has made nylon sheets for quick drying. She is a good mechanic, a fact of which her husband is particularly proud.

"With a previous boy-friend of hers she won a total of 42 car racing trophies all over the world," he told me. "We can both do running repairs on everything in the van."

Commander Tidy first came to Sydney in the early 1900's on the sailing ship Port Jackson.

"I don't think I've ever been more pleased than I was when I saw again on this visit the little tug Hero, which had pulled in my ship all that time ago, still rushing about the harbor," he said.

Commander Tidy claims descent from Captain Arthur Phillip, who founded N.S.W., and was interested to see Phillip's statue in the Botanic Gardens in Sydney. Both he and his wife think he resembles his ancestor.

The Tidys plan tours of N.S.W. before heading for Queensland and perhaps the Northern Territory, and then New Zealand.

Up to date they have toured Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Norway.

When I asked Mrs. Tidy if she had ever lived in a caravan that someone else had designed, they both roared with laughter.

"Years ago I decided to spend the rest of my life in a caravan," Mrs. Tidy said.

"When I asked the agent who was demonstrating one if there was anywhere to put the cooking rubbish he looked embarrassed and said, 'Oh, in a bucket.'"

"I said 'nonsense!' and explained what I wanted."

"But the visit wasn't entirely unsuccessful, was it, darling?" said the Commander. "You see," turning to me, "I was the agent."



COMMANDER TIDY, who prides himself on his efficiency at domestic tasks, makes tea in the caravan. In the background is the Tidy's travelling library of 100 books.



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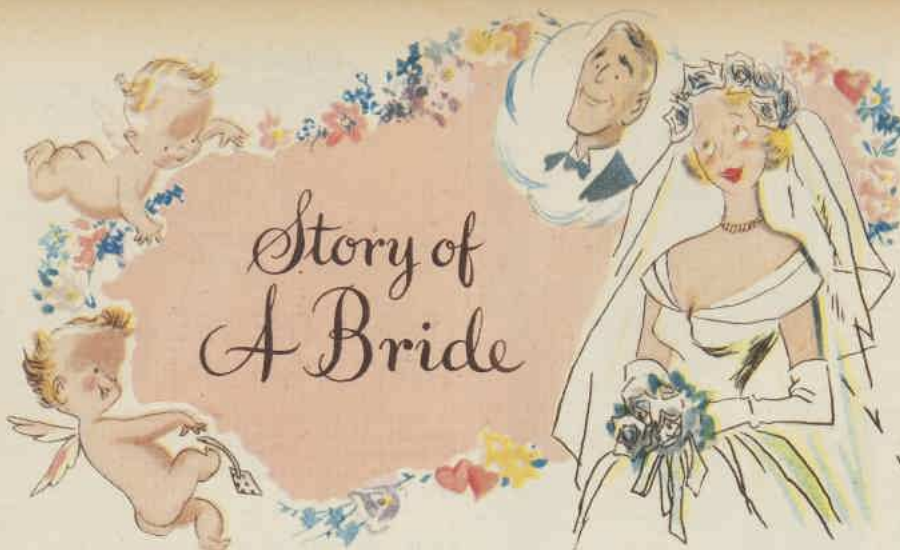
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DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS



CHAPTER I

MARY JANE married for the love of a man . . . and not for the love of cooking.

Although she knew the Facts of Life . . . Mary Jane couldn't digest the Fundamental Fact that the only way to KEEP a man's heart is through his stomach. Which is why Mary Jane nearly came to grief. To be sure, in the first thrill of her brand-new kitchen, Mary Jane did have a stab at the culinary art. What she didn't know would fill a book—but it didn't fill John's stomach, at least not in a way any man would appreciate.



John railed—and Mary Jane wailed. John longed for the Good Old Days. Mary Jane longed for Mother. Mother! Mary Jane had a bright idea. "For heaven's sake, why quarrel about a little thing like food? You like Mother's cooking—I like Mother's cooking. Let's go home to Mother for meals!" Thus it was and thus it might have been forever . . . except that Mother finally woke up to the fact that the pleasure of their company was infinitely less than the cost of feeding the pair.



"Mary Jane," she scolded, "you go right home and learn to do your own cooking!" "But Mother," cried Mary Jane, "you know I haven't the least idea! Everything turns out a shocking mess—burnt or soggy or swollen or sunk. Really, John says it's grounds for divorce!" "And I don't blame him," snapped Mary Jane's mother. "But if you'll take my advice, young lady, as soon as you get home you'll get out all those lovely Agee Pyrex

dishes Aunt Emmie gave you for a wedding present. Even a featherbrain can cook beautifully in Pyrex. Here, you can borrow my Pyrex Recipe Book. You'll find it perfectly easy to follow." So with Mother's sound advice ringing in her ears, Mary Jane trotted off home with her long-suffering John.



CHAPTER II

Next afternoon, Mary Jane examined her long-neglected stock of Pyrex. There was quite an impressive assembly when she set it out on her kitchen table. Despite herself Mary Jane felt an urge . . . an urge to accomplish something with those sparkling Agee Pyrex dishes of all shapes and sizes.

Mary Jane opened her recipe book. She flipped through the pages and stopped at a delectable-looking colour picture of a casserole.

"Spaghetti Capri," murmured Mary Jane. "How romantic that sounds! You take . . .

• 2 cups cooked spaghetti • 2 cups soft bread-crumbs • 2 cups milk • 2 cups grated cheese • $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted fat • 2 eggs (beaten) • 1 can tomato soup.

"Well, there's nothing complicated about that!" said Mary Jane. So she boiled some spaghetti in salted water and measured out two cups. Then, according to directions, she mixed all the ingredients (except the tomato soup) in her mixing bowl, seasoning it with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and a dash of red pepper. She greased her deep oval Pyrex casserole, spooned the mixture into it, put on the lid, slipped it into the oven, and baked it for 45 minutes at slow heat (400°). Then, just as the recipe book said, Mary Jane removed the casserole, poured in the soup, and baked it for another 15 minutes.

Mmm—it smelled wonderful . . . and it looked wonderful, too, particularly when Mary Jane decorated it with grated cheese and sprigs of parsley (as shown in the recipe book).

While all this was going on, John had duly arrived home and, being barred from the kitchen by a secretive Mary Jane, he sat despondently at the dinner table, nervously toying with his ser-

viette ring, watching the clock, and ruminating on the gastronomic disturbance most certainly in store for him. And then! . . . over the threshold danced a triumphant Mary Jane bearing in her rosy little hands the sparkling Pyrex dish loaded with all its succulent glory of Spaghetti Capri.

Mary Jane set it before the astonished eyes of her John. "Could this possibly taste as good as it looks?" he demanded.

"Eat!" she commanded.

He did. And she did. And bliss descended upon the domestic lives of Mary Jane and her John.



CHAPTER III

The years have rolled on, and time has transformed Mary Jane into a capable young matron with a charming young family. Wisely, she has never forgotten her first lesson in the success secret of cooking, and to-day her pride and joy is her collection of sparkling Agee Pyrex dishes. In fact, John makes a point of including at least one new Pyrex dish in every birthday and Christmas gift he gives her . . . "To remind us of the turning-point," he tells her laughingly.

But let's look at Mary Jane's collection of Agee Pyrex: there are casseroles . . . round, oblong, square . . .

there are pudding and pie dishes and plates . . .

some are two dishes in one . . .

some are deep . . . some shallow . . .

some large . . . some medium . . . some small . . .

there are dainty little ramekins and shells . . .

there's even a pie funnel . . .

many are in clear sparkling Pyrex . . .

others are in rainbow hues of green, blue and biscuit . . .

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storing in the one dish

... make ideal refrigerator dishes

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INDIGESTION

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TO-DAY'S YOUTH—

They're nicer than their parents

After six months of talking to young people and gathering their opinions for the feature Youth Sums Up, Kay Melaun now Sums Up Youth.

WHEN I started to gather opinions for Youth Sums Up, I knew little enough about young people, except, of course, that I had been young myself once, a while back.

Whether to-day's boys and girls differed greatly from any other youthful generation was not so much a mystery as something I didn't speculate about.

At first sight it seems to somebody no longer young that they are spoilt by being fussed over and made much of by everybody from politicians and educationists to dress-designers and psychoanalysts.

Some older people almost begrudge them the fact that they didn't weather the bitter 1930's, that the Depression their parents remember so fearfully is a mythical monster.

BUT they have had their troubles. Their fathers went to the war and as children they suffered under this loss.

They have been allowed no leisure in growing up. The necessity for choosing a job in this increasingly specialised world has been dinned into them. Ever since they could walk they have been asked as a matter of urgency what they are going to "do."

The result of this "forcing" is that they give the curious impression of having grown up without having grown out.

They are older than their years—sometimes older than their parents—in superficial worldly knowledge. Yet they are so inexperienced, so naive in so many of their ideas that they are headed for disillusion.

IN regard to love, for instance, they are all idealists. They think, as someone once said, that love is child's play. They believe it isn't possible when you're over 23. It happens to you when you're 20 or so, is consecrated before an altar, and thereafter remains fixed and frozen into eternity.

Although they believe love inevitably leads to marriage, they fail to relate the one to the other.

THE audacious teaming of two such dissimilar stars as Marlene Dietrich and Rosemary Clooney results in one of the funniest discs I've heard in a long time. It's "Too Old To Cut The Mustard," a dissertation on the failings of ageing males. Marlene's wry comments on bald millionaires and Rosemary's scorn for military types as old as Bunker Hill make first-class entertainment. The bar-room music, with Stan Freeman at the harpichord, helps enormously. Reverse to DO3547, "Good For Nothin'," lets the girls offer additional candid observations on the male.

The idea of married lovers is rather sweet, they imply with kindly condescension, but it's a bit absurd, too. They fight shy of the idea that their parents' married life could be an extension of romantic love.

Unless they readjust to this concept of love and marriage as they go along they may be in for a great let-down.

They may join the company of those bewildered people who look despairingly about the matrimonial home and at the once-ardent lover, asking themselves "Is this all?"

Although these young people are sensible about sex, neither

This, then, is the very good theory they have.

THE practice, as opposed to the theory, is that "work for a year or two" is often the thin edge of the wedge. It usually happens this way:

A young couple get so used to two pay envelopes that at the end of a year or two they are a necessity, especially if the refrigerator, the car, or the carpet is to be paid for.

Another year or two and the working wife doesn't want to relinquish her economic independence. Even the most beautiful child in the world would be a burden.

At the end of ten years the regrets start. And they never end.

About divorce, only one or two aggressive spirits allowed it as a possibility for themselves, and then only as a last resort.

MOST of their remarks on the score of morals generally were, I felt, "for publication." They were unwontedly pious. Some soft-pedalled for my benefit, I am sure, because they were afraid of shocking.

Undoubtedly, some of these so-called boys are neighborhood Don Juans; and some of the girls, for all their expressed opinions, are the despair of their parents.

They were sincere, however, in their attitude to smoking and drinking.

It "isn't done" these days to get drunk. Smoking, for girls, is "rather disgusting," except on party-going occasions. In other words, it is no longer a sign of cleverness or emancipation.

Moreover, their parents who drink too freely or get divorced have to be apologised for.

Their attitude to jobs is not so scrupulous. "A fair go" is the general idea with a few wanting "something for nothing."

They will change, of course. But if they can keep the best of what they have now they'll be nicer people than their parents.

● Next week: *The Good-night Kiss.*

First of a new series by KAY MELAUN

making a to-do about it nor underestimating it, they jib at associating sex with their parents.

Apparently they don't realise that their parents are people. They certainly don't trust them. They prefer to take the advice of any other older person than take their troubles to Mum or Dad.

It's inconceivable to them that human beings are just as capable of throwing caps over windmills at 40 as they are at 20. ("The old bats," the young people mutter in their current jargon. "They've got themselves well fooled.")

ONLY one or two girls and a few boys thought marriage was anything but a career in itself for a girl.

"You can't work and run a home successfully at the same time," said these youngsters who have grown up with the idea of everyone in the family having a job, including Mum.

The most they conceded was work for a year or two after marriage in order to pay for a house or furnish it.

Incidentally, they all wanted to own their own homes. But at the first hint of morning sickness ("a home's not a home without children") the girls would joyfully resign the job for husband, home, and babies.

DISC DIGEST

I ALSO think you'll like Jo Stafford's singing of "Jambalaya" and "Early Autumn" on DO3556. "Jambalaya," an exuberant number with a strong Southern flavor, is a sure-fire hit.

JANE WYMAN shares the honors with Bing Crosby in "Zing A Little Zong," and Bing takes the reverse side of Y6433 for "On The 10.10 From Ten-Ten-Tennessee." Both songs come from the film "Just For You." Bing, with the Andrews Sisters, couples

the title song, a tuneful ballad, with "Til Si-Si Ya In Bahia" on Y6434. All four numbers are by ace Hollywood tunesmiths Robin and Warren, so you can expect the goods.

DECCA introduces a new star, Kitty Wells, on Y6427 on which she sings "I Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels," a feminine answer to Burl Ives' recent record "The Wild Side Of Life." You'll chuckle at the novel lyrics and Kitty's tongue-in-cheek, corny delivery. Coupling is "I Don't Want Your Money, I Want Your Time." — **BERNARD FLETCHER.**



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* As shown by nation-wide survey.

THE QUEEN AT EARL'S WEDDING



THREE-TIERED CAKE. The Earl of Dalkeith and his bride wait to cut their wedding cake at the reception at the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh. The bride rests her arm after shaking hands with 1600 guests.

● The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret were among the 1600 guests who attended the most brilliant wedding of the year when the Earl of Dalkeith married former London mannequin Miss Jane McNeill at old St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.



WEDDING GUESTS. Film star Douglas Fairbanks talking with Lady Wakehurst, wife of a former Governor of New South Wales, outside St. Giles' Cathedral, after the Dalkeith-McNeill wedding. Pictures on this page by Alec Murray.



PIPE BAND of the Edinburgh Police piped the bride and groom from the Cathedral, and later its members attended the reception. A member of the band admires David Scott's Highland dress, while Lady Caroline Percy looks on.



BRIDAL COUPLE. The Earl and Countess of Dalkeith pass through a guard of honor formed by the Edinburgh Police Pipe Band as they walk to the raised dais on which they cut the wedding cake at the reception.



ROYAL GUESTS at the Dalkeith-McNeill wedding. The Queen is second from left, foreground, and others in this row are, from left, Cherry Cairns, Prince Richard, Lady Caroline Percy, Alastair Bruce, Lady Victoria Percy (seated), William Legge, Princess

Margaret. Background, from left, Duke of Buccleuch, Mrs. John McNeill, Duchess and Duke of Gloucester, the bridegroom, the bride, Duke of Edinburgh, Mr. John Syngo, Mr. John McNeill, Duchess of Buccleuch, Michael Farquhar, Jean Scott, David Scott.



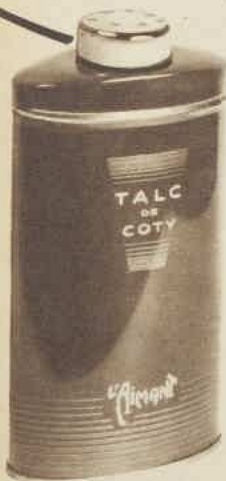
PRETTY RED SHOES. Bridesmaid Lady Victoria Percy shows the bride, the Countess of Dalkeith, her shoes, while the Earl of Dalkeith bends over to speak to Cherry Cairns (extreme left) and Prince Richard. Next to the bride is her cousin, Michael Farquhar.

who was one of the attendants, and wore a McNeill tartan kilt. Hardy Amies, the Queen's dressmaker, made the beautiful wedding gown, which was of shimmering white lace in a mayflower pattern picked out in silver to match the Buccleuch diamond tiara.



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Coty Tale stops perspiration odours before they start. It is really amazing how the special germicidal ingredient added to Coty Tale goes into action by immediately neutralising the effect of the bacterial action of perspiration. Another marvellous thing about this special ingredient is that it in no way affects the enchanting fragrance for which Coty Tale has been long famous—and that means, of course, that not only is there lasting personal freshness, but lasting fragrance: you and your clothes remain fresh, air-sweet and beautifully perfumed the live long day.

Sooths like a real anti-irritant. Even if you have a very sensitive skin you can be sure of the cool, soothing action of Coty Tale. You'll bless it, too, if you are in the habit of shaving under the arm.

A magnificent "buy." If you're budget-conscious—and who isn't?—you'll welcome the thought that you need pay so little for this dual-purpose talc deodorant. No need for separate purchases of costly "sticky" liquids and messy creams!

* Smooth, cool, beautifully perfumed talc, PLUS the miracle G 11 ingredient. DOES NOT CONTAIN CHLOROPHYLL

Coty
LONDON PARIS NEW YORK SYDNEY

MOTHER



BUTCH



It seems to me

IN this, our fashion issue, it seems appropriate to note the remarks of Mr. Max Hess, an American millinery retailer, who thinks a campaign is necessary to educate men to appreciate women's hats.

Mr. Hess says thousands of hat sales are lost every year because the man of the family is so hard to please. This, he claims, is partly because men are ignorant of hat fashions, partly because designers are too much concerned with changing the styles, too little with making them flattering.

Some men are so conservative that nothing but picture hats and sports felts please them, but on the whole their influence on the hat trade is not to be despised.

The average milliner does her best to interpret the fashion in a reasonably becoming way, but designers, if there were not some brake on them, would go altogether too far.

The designers, especially the very top coterie, have the irresponsibility of the true artist. In their hearts they don't care a darn what Miss Jones and Mrs. Brown look like. They compose some novel triumph which they find amusing, put it on a mannequin who would look good in a Homburg, and go into ecstasies over their creation.

So, all in all, it is just as well that somewhere in the background there are always men who say, "If you wear that thing it won't be with me."

Otherwise, one shudders to think, doesn't one?

ANOTHER fashion note:—Nancy Mitford, writing in an English magazine, says that back at the beginning of the century it was considered poor taste to wear the newest clothes.

According to Miss Mitford, English ladies of quality in those days bought their clothes in Paris but put them away for at least two years before wearing them. Actresses might flaunt the newest line, but duchesses never.

That must have been hard on the dress designers, for, if Miss Mitford is correct, lady-like members of the middle classes probably copied the duchesses.

It shows, too, how deep-rooted and tenacious is the strength of British character.

A nation which springs from women who were sufficiently strong-minded to own a new dress for two years before wearing it must carry qualities of determination which can never be taken lightly.

HEARD an unusual angle on arithmetic from the father of a small boy the other day.

Another father had been boasting of his 12-year-old son's remarkable prowess.

"He can multiply anything by 14 straight off," said the proud one. "He is really wonderful at his tables."

"You'd better be careful," said the first father a little sourly, "or he'll turn into an atomic scientist, and look at the trouble some of them get into."



Dorothy Drain

IT is interesting to read that America, in its propaganda radio station "The Voice of America," intends to take a leaf out of the B.B.C. book.

Officials of "The Voice of America" broadcasts have found that in Iron Curtain countries the B.B.C. has a larger following, and plan to imitate the "impartiality and general excellence of B.B.C. news reporting."

Presumably this means that they will copy, too, the B.B.C.'s "deadpan" manner of announcing. It is curious

if so, that it has taken them so long to realise how much more effective is this type of announcing than the dramatic, high-powered presentation of spoken news.

Sometimes in wartime B.B.C. announcers allowed just the tiniest bit of exultation to creep into their pronunciation of a word which carried good news. It was all the more effective for its rarity.

In broadcasts whose purpose is propaganda, the tone and appearance of impartiality are all the more desirable. If you shout unfamiliar ideas on the radio people will turn it off.

They are more likely to listen to those ideas when they are delivered with the deceptive and incomparable calm of British announcers.

GROUNDWORK for divorce in Hollywood circles provide a continual source of entertainment.

Anne Baxter and John Hodiak, one of the more recent couples to part, claimed earlier to have the perfect marriage.

In court Miss Baxter testified that Hodiak often fell asleep in front of her friends.

This could indicate either that Mr. Hodiak was bored with his wife's friends or merely that he was over tired.

In either case it piles up another piece of evidence leading to the conclusion that film stars portray so much unreal romance on the screen that they are quite unable to endure the small hazards which ordinary mortals know to be an inescapable part of marriage.

A HORSE called Hassari, described by a sporting writer as the ugliest horse in training, won a couple of races recently. He is lop-eared and unattractive, and his jockey and trainer, taking him to the track, used to be greeted by catcalls and jeers. A chorus of catcalls and jeering is hard on a sensitive horse.

What revenge to be greeted with cheering. When he met with success on the course "We horses," Hassari confided, "Have feelings to hurt, after all, And to hear my appearance derided. Made me weep to myself in my stall. A mare told the tale when she heard me. Of the duck that turned into a swan. Which is hard for a horse, but it spurred me, And some day I'll start at odds on."



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THE MANY FACES OF FINCH

Peter Finch, a young actor who learned his trade in Sydney, is now one of the most gifted stars in English theatres and films. Hollywood at last has recognised his acting ability by booking him to play the lead opposite Vivien Leigh in a top-line Hollywood production. You can read about Finch's remarkable career in the new

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VIENNESE SOPRANO Irmgard Seefried (above) in costume for a Mozart operatic role. At right, Seefried with her husband, Wolfgang Schneiderhan, the distinguished violinist. They will both feature in A.B.C. concerts next month.



Lovely singer's husband is famous, too

By
PETER HASTINGS,
of our New York
staff

Last year between acts of Mozart's "Magic Flute" at the Salzburg Festival, conductor Jan Kubelik said to the leading soprano: "If you think this is an appreciative audience you should go to Australia. I've just returned from there and I know."

THE soprano was the Viennese sensation Irmgard Seefried. Six months later when she had the opportunity of going to Australia with her violinist-husband, Wolfgang Schneiderhan, she jumped at it. "I couldn't afford to miss the chance," she told me in her New York hotel suite just before rushing off to a concert. "After what Kubelik said I was determined to get to Australia."

Irmgard Seefried has been one of Europe's post-war musical sensations. Still in her twenties, she received her voice training in wartime Vienna.

"We had no food," she told me, "we had little fuel for fires or heating. Our beloved Vienna was just a gaunt, grey shell of battered buildings, churches, and palaces. But we had the opera house, we had people who valued music and good conversation above everything else, and somehow we pulled through."

In the immediate post-war years Irmgard, a flashing brunette beauty, who really looks as well as sings the part in her favorite Mozart operas, was an overnight success.

She first appeared in an opera season with the Vienna State Opera, one of the traditional homes of great soprano voices. A year later she was chosen for leading soprano roles in the Salzburg Festival productions.

For the past two years Irm-

gard has appeared in opera and as soprano soloist at the Edinburgh Festival, which she carried by storm.

In her own words: "Even the phlegmatic English rose on the tip points of their toes."

She has just finished a fast-moving, highly successful U.S. tour during which her Press notices, including those of the reserved New York "Times," have lavished more praise on her than on anybody since the youthful Lotte Lehmann first toured America.

What did it feel like to be so amazingly successful while so young?

"It feels like nothing very much," she said. "I have not worried much about the success

or career and surprisingly success has just come overnight. Worry about success is no good. There are other and more important things."

Such as?

"Such as my husband, my three-year-old daughter, and my home, family, and friends in Vienna."

"Life in Vienna can be very gay. I like Vienna cafe life, good wine, good talk, and good music. But above all I like my life with my husband and our child. That is the real life for me."

The Schneiderhans have had rare good luck. Married in Vienna in 1946, they are both first-rank artists and have managed to make a joint career fit in with a happy home life.

"We are not jealous of each other," said Irmgard.

Wolfgang Schneiderhan, a top violinist, has appeared as soloist with every major European orchestra and has recorded under Furtwaengler,

Walter, Beecham, and Bartolli.

Seefried's Australian tour will be short, starting at the Sydney Town Hall on March 4 and ending in mid-April.

Her husband will also play some six weeks in Australia. He will play the Tchaikovsky, Brahms, and Beethoven violin concertos in addition to giving solo concerts.

Gerald Moore will accompany Schneiderhan, and Paul Ulanowsky will accompany Seefried.

"At one time we used to share the same accompanist," Mrs. Schneiderhan said, "but we are both developing so much and so differently that it is better to have separate accompanists."

"It is a tremendous business getting all four of us together for our various tours and requires a lot of hard work and planning."

"Just imagine. We leave Europe next February for Australia. We give concerts in Calcutta and Bombay on the way."

"In Australia we have heavily crowded schedules. As soon as I finish my tour I leave for Japan. My husband will join me there with his accompanist."

"After Japan we return to Europe by way of South Africa, where we will also give concerts."

"As soon as I reach Vienna I must start practicing and rehearsing for the Salzburg Festival. After the Festival I have engagements in Berlin, Paris, Rome, and Amsterdam."

"My husband has engaged to appear in various European capitals at that time and we shall not see each other again until we appear at the Edinburgh Festival."

"But when this year ends we will take a long holiday somewhere in Italy. Otherwise I'm afraid my daughter would even recognise me."

I asked Seefried how she stood up to the strain.

"It's easy," she replied, flashing a smile. "I am young and we take our work but not ourselves seriously."



SEEFRIED and her accompanist, Paul Ulanowsky, who will visit Australia with her. Another famous pianist, Gerald Moore, will accompany her husband, Wolfgang Schneiderhan.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 11, 1951

New Lines in Coronation collections



Some in the grand style, others based on youth and beauty of Queen

Most of London's top fashion designers launched new lines for their spring collections for Coronation year.

AS befits his title of a Royal Dressmaker, Norman Hartnell concentrated on long, slender evening gowns suitable for peereesses to wear under Coronation robes.

These dresses are perfectly straight, but they are made in rich gold-and-white fabrics and gold brocades, with the heavy embroidery for which Hartnell is famous.

Coats to be worn with droops ran through the collection. Slender jewelled evening dresses have soft tulle coats making the elegant lines of the dresses very feminine and giving each gown a two-way use.

PETER RUSSELL'S clothes were all in the grand style, with the look everyone was expecting in Coronation clothes.

There were rich fabrics, thin lines for under peereesses' robes, plenty of drapes where fullness was required, and short Abbey dresses in sumptuous materials.

His most exciting and romantic dress was in heavily embroidered pale blue satin with a fitted bodice and an Elizabethan stomacher.

HARDY AMIES, however, designed his collection "inspiring there was a Coronation." He said: "A collection must stand on its own feet."

He believes the "peereesses' robes" will have no fashion significance at all. Hardy Amies' day clothes

are plain, with navy and black predominant among colors. He uses a lot of lace, including a heavy navy-blue lace for a dress and jacket.

Metal fabrics, including a gold lame with a shimmer of ice-blue, and a chenille lace in silver, white, and gold, were the climax of the collection.

MICHAEL of Lachasse launched the "Insolent Line." His dresses are close-fitting, with skirts 13 inches from the ground. Many of his skirts have front fullness, but they retain their sheath effect.

His suits are mostly fitted, but the jackets are short in front, curving down lower at the back.

Shoulders are very sloping, and nearly every jacket is collarless. Dresses are collarless, too, and there is an absence of trimming.

Most fashion experts declared his collection outstanding in its elegant simplicity.

MICHAEL SHERARD'S line is the "Liquid Serpentine Line," which flows smoothly in full curves from shoulder to hip and from hip to hemline.

His shoulders are natural and rounded and his suits have a full-bosomed Edwardian look. Skirts are narrow, but many of them are finely pleated for freedom.

He used a lot of fine wools for day, with brocades and satins for evening, and lace, taffeta, and organza in garden-party frocks.

Michael Sherard has not followed the idea that fashions will be younger to match the youth of the Queen.

"You'd get a lot of mutton dressed as lamb if you followed that," he said.

JOHN CAVANAGH, however, made youth his theme. All his designs were young, fresh, and crisp.

His whole collection tended towards an impression of light.

Shimmering fabrics and glittering embroidery sum up his evening clothes.

RONALD PATERSON'S line is the "Scythe Line"—a curved, top-heavy line.

His "thumbnail" neckline looks exactly as it sounds—like a woman's pointed nail.

His suits are very décolleté and have collars, but the collars fit tight and flat at the neckline. They are revolutionary after the rounded and stand-up necklines that predominate elsewhere.

He describes his skirts as "cripplingly tight." But he has followed Paris in cutting many of them so that the front is on the cross and the back is on the straight, thus giving movement without fullness.

Ronald Paterson is best known for his topcoats. This season they fall straight at the back, with enormous fullness in front.

A new carriage has to be adopted for his coats, but it is a smart one: Hunch the back and clasp the arms under the bosom so that the fullness of the coat is thrust forward.

MATTLI is doing a frankly Edwardian line. In the tradition of this house it is very feminine.

Although Mattli included some of his famous swathed

jersey dresses, he is concentrating on beading.

Even his fur jackets have embroidered panels in the fur—and very sumptuous they look.

VICTOR STIEBEL'S showing opened with the major-domo's resonant voice announcing: "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen. Mr. Victor Stiebel's Coronation collection will now commence." It ended with "God Save the Queen."

In between were 25 feminine and luscious evening dresses, any one of which might have been designed for Princess Margaret.

A pink satin crinoline with a fitted bodice had a trail of white flowers on the side sweep of the fold. It looked magnificent.

DIGBY MORTON also showed spectacular clothes. All his evening gowns, for instance, were designed to be worn with the £50,000 worth of jewels his mannequins wore.

Detectives stood guard while they paraded.

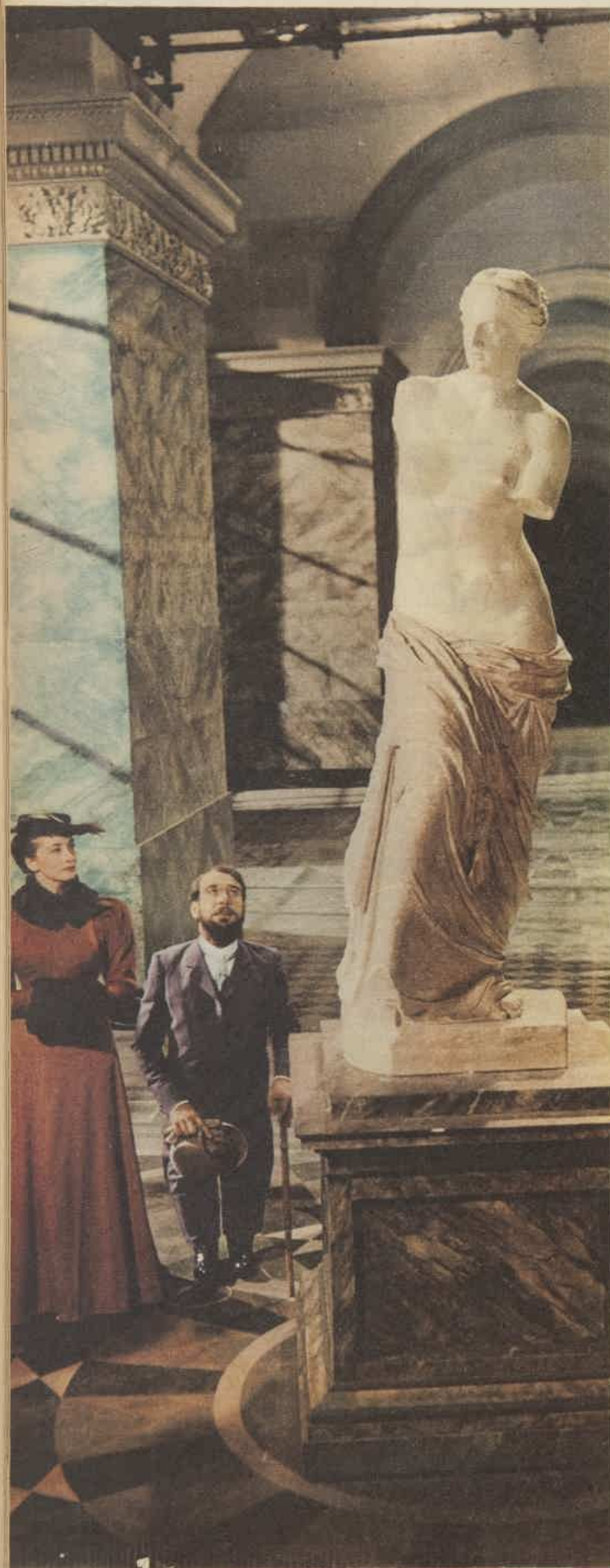
ROBERT SCHULZ, the young South Australian who has joined the ranks of London Haute Couture, launched his first collection.

His "Cone Line" was summed up by a grey-beige dress in mohair and silk alpaca with stiffened bell sleeves and a cone skirt in fluted panels.

DRAWINGS by Rene, our fashion artist, from sketches sent by our London office. In panel at right are (above left) Hartnell's grey faille coat; collarless suit (above right) from Michael of Lachasse; Hartnell's blue silk gown (centre) with black velvet trim; Mattli's Edwardian-inspired suit (far right); and Australian Robert Schulz's calyx neckline encrusted with gold leaves and ostrich feathers.



GREAT ARTIST'S LIFE IN TECHNICOLOR



● *Parisian cafe life at the turn of this century is the background for "Moulin Rouge," the Romulus film of the tragic life of Henri Toulouse-Lautrec, first great poster artist.*

UNORTHODOX Hollywood director John Huston shot "Moulin Rouge" in technicolor in Paris, with six-foot-tall Jose Ferrer in the role of the dwarf artist. To play the part, Ferrer had to walk on his knees with his legs strapped up to his thighs.

In the notorious Montmartre cafe, "Moulin Rouge," rendezvous of the Parisian demi-monde of the 'nineties,

grotesque Toulouse-Lautrec sought relief from the bitterness of his life.

His color posters of the "Moulin Rouge" and its dancers were to startle Paris and the art world when they appeared on kiosks all over the city.

It is the smoky, hectic atmosphere of the cafe, with its dancers and celebrated personalities, which dominates the picture.



LOVELY Jane Avril (Zsa Zsa Gabor), above, one of the personalities of the "Moulin Rouge" and a model for Toulouse-Lautrec. Jane hides her indifference to him under a friendly, engaging manner.

FAMOUS dwarf artist Henri Toulouse-Lautrec (Jose Ferrer) visits the Louvre Art Gallery with Myriam (Susanne Flon), left. Myriam loves Lautrec, but he is too embittered to believe that she does.

DEPRAVED Marie Charlet (Colette Marchand), right, once Lautrec's mistress, her beauty faded, sinks into vice and degradation.





CAN-CAN GIRLS, dressed in colorful costumes, dance in the "Moulin Rouge," famous Paris dance hall of the gay 'nineties, which provides the title of the film.



LA GOULUE (Katherine Kath), left, and Aicha (Muriel Smith), two celebrated dancers at the "Moulin Rouge," are bitter rivals. They trip each other during a dance and fight vigorously on the floor, thereby causing an uproar among fellow artists and patrons.



TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (Jose Ferrer) and Marie Charlet (co-star Collette Marchand). After befriending her, the artist falls violently in love with Marie, but she later betrays and leaves him, boasting that she had lived with him simply to support her lover.



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British star is not changed by Hollywood

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London office

Stewart Granger has just passed through his native England like a low-flying comet, leaving a wake of dazed reporters, goggling fans, a somewhat startled mother-in-law, and two highly contented children.

THE fans goggled because his hair had gone grey.

"My producers want me to dye it brown," he said, "and just leave a romantic touch at the temples. They say teenagers will think I'm an old man!"

The reporters were dazed because the fiery Granger met their rudest questions with a new imperturbability, great frankness, and even charm.

His mother-in-law was somewhat startled because she got a telegram from Stewart asking her to ring him at his hotel.

"Jean had given me the wrong number," he explained.

"Her mother had moved

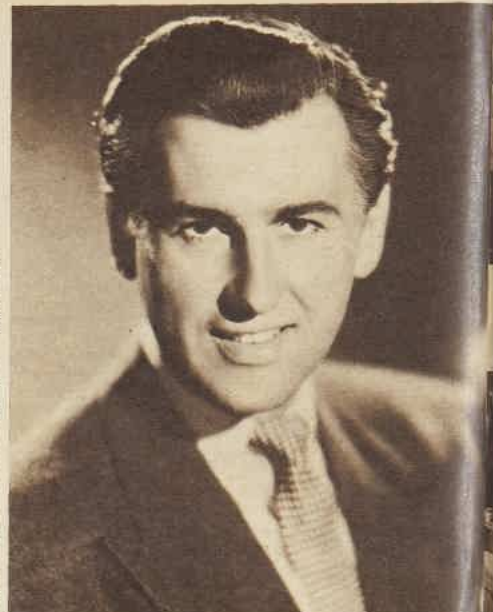
recently, so I had to cable Hollywood to hunt up the new address, then cable Mrs. Simmons; that was the only quick way of seeing each other, because I was flying through."

Stewart arrived to play a somewhat belated Father Christmas to Jamie and Lindsay, the two sons of his first marriage to Elspeth March. He took them on a hilarious quick-shopping tour of London, buying every present that made their eyes shine.

Granger's progress through London was more dazzling to them than to anyone else.

In his brief but hectic sojourn here, the outspoken star had lots to say—mostly about Hollywood.

"They tell me I have rather a loud personality," he said.



TOP Hollywood star Stewart Granger made a 6000-mile detour to spend four days visiting relatives and friends in his native England en route from California to Jamaica.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "Sudden Fear," thriller, starring Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, Gloria Grahame. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "Rio Grande," Western, starring John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara. Plus "Alias the Champ," sporting drama, starring Robert Rockwell, Audrey Long. (Both re-releases.)

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Quo Vadis?" technicolor drama of early Rome, starring Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov.

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Importance of Being Earnest," British technicolor comedy, starring Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison, Dorothy Tutin. Plus ★ "Assassin for Hire," thriller, starring Ronald Howard.

MAYFAIR.—★★ "We're Not Married," romantic comedy, starring Ginger Rogers, Paul Douglas, Eve Arden. Plus "Stolen Face," drama, starring Elizabeth Scott, Paul Henreid.

PARK.—★ "One Minute to Zero," Korean war drama, starring Robert Mitchum, Ann Blyth. Plus "Law of the Badlands," a Tim Holt Western.

PALACE.—★ "King Kong," thriller, starring Robert Armstrong, Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot. Plus "Armored Car Robbery," mystery, starring Charles McGraw, Adele Jergens. (Both re-releases.)

PLAZA.—★ "What Price Glory," technicolor wartime comedy, starring James Cagney, Dan Dailey, Corinne Calvet. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "The Greatest Show on Earth," technicolor circus drama, starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Manon," French language drama, starring Cécile Aubrey, Michel Auclair, Serge Reggiani. Plus ★★ "Paris 1900," English language feature narrated by Monty Woolley.

STATE.—★★ "The World in His Arms," technicolor adventure, starring Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth. Plus "Reunion in Reno," romantic drama, starring Peggy Dow, Mark Stevens, Gigi Perreau.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Above and Beyond," air drama, starring Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker. Plus featurettes.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Duel at Silver Creek," technicolor Western, starring Audie Murphy, Faith Domergue, Stephen McNally. Plus "Honeymoon Lodge," musical, starring Harriet Hilliard, Rod Cameron. (Re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—"Lady Godiva Rides Again," British comedy, starring John McCallum, Stanley Holloway, Pauline Stoud, Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—"Les Misérables," period drama by Victor Hugo, starring Michael Rennie, Robert Newton, Sylvia Sydney. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—"Shadow of a Doubt," suspense drama, starring Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright. Plus "Son of Dracula," thriller, starring Lon Chaney, jun., Louise Albritton. (Both re-releases.)

REGENT.—"Room for One More," domestic comedy, starring Cary Grant, Betsy Drake. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—"My Son John," drama, starring Robert Walker, Van Heflin, Helen Hayes. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"Hunted," thriller, starring Dick Bogarde, Kay Walsh, Elizabeth Sellars. Plus "Dance Hall," romantic drama, starring Donald Houston, Petula Clark.

"Well, that's the way I'm made. I've a notion the people I like also like me, and I don't care twopenny about the others. I refuse to change or be anything but myself."

"About offending the American Press—when someone rang me up for the third time and asked me was it true my marriage was breaking up, I didn't invite him in for a drink and say, 'Sir, you are misinformed.' I told him to go to blazes and not be so impertinent."

"If I use strong language, it's because I was brought up among Cornish fishermen. I never swear in front of women."

"We moved out of our Hollywood mansion (it cost £40,000) because you had to go through three rooms to get from the lounge to the kitchen, and Jean thought it was more like a movie set than her own home."

"The swimming-pool cracked, the fish died. We got ourselves a mountain cottage where Jean and I could talk between rooms and where she could choose her own curtains and color schemes."

"If we are accused of being

stay-at-homes, and therefore unsociable, I plead guilty. Since when is it a crime to love your wife and like being alone with her? We refused in England to attend every silly party and premiere, and we won't change for Hollywood."

It is his costly mansion which he can't sell, or even let, plus Jean's lawsuit with Howard Hughes, which still give the Grangers money care after he has made a whole string of top successes.

This might explain his hurry through London to Jamaica, where a location unit of "All the Brothers Were Valiant" awaits. Granger, Hollywood's hardest-worked star, Jean couldn't accompany him this time; for, after a long, dull, workless spell, she is now busy before the cameras in "Fame and Fortune."

He confided, "We would like to come home for a long holiday, but that is in the future."

For he follows this new film immediately with "Robinson Crusoe" and "Beau Brummell."

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Sudden Fear

R.K.O.'s "Sudden Fear" is a good thriller based on a fairly ordinary plot.

The story is about a wealthy woman playwright (Joan Crawford) who marries a fortune hunter (Jack Palance) and discovers, quite by accident, that he and his girl-friend (Gloria Grahame) are planning to murder her for her money.

The catch is that the victim-elect hasn't a clue about how the crime will be at-

tempted. She does know that it must take place within a given time.

Tension mounts as Joan plans her own counter attack. It increases as the fabric of her revenge begins to unravel.

Camera tricks help to build up an atmosphere of impending violence.

Looking tops in elegance, Joan Crawford squeezes every bit of hysteria out of the cat-and-mouse conflict.

Jack Palance, as the husband, combines good diction with his naturally sinister appearance to lend conviction to an unreal role.

In Sydney—Century.



1 **FOUR** film people, Harry Pebbel (Walter Pidgeon), right, James Bartlow (Dick Powell), left, Georgia Lorrison (Lana Turner), and Fred Amiel (Barry Sullivan) tell why they hate Jonathan Shields.



2 **FUNERAL** of his father 12 years earlier brings together Jonathan Shields (Kirk Douglas), right, and Fred Amiel. A founder of the film industry, Shields senior died penniless. His son determines to rebuild the family fortune.



3 **PARTNERSHIP** of Fred Amiel and Jonathan Shields prospers after studio head Harry Pebbel gives them a job. Couple produce a number of successful minor films and collaborate on a script.



4 **PLAYBOY** star Gauchito Ribera (Gilbert Roland), right, agrees to star in their film. Fred and Jonathan quarrel and part in anger when the latter permits appointment of a famous director to do the film over which Fred had slaved.

HOLLYWOOD DRAMA . . .

IN "The Bad and the Beautiful" Metro takes a good look at Hollywood's film industry and a group of people connected with pictures.

The film revolves round an ambitious movie-maker who sacrifices human emotions and desires to his obsession with his work. Ruthlessly moulding the lives of a woman who loves him, his best friend, and a casual employee, he brings them fame, but incurs hatred.

The story, told in flashback form, has a surprise ending that could be typically Hollywood.



6 **ARGUMENT** flares, in which Jonathan is brutally frank in telling Georgia that a wife would ruin his career. She tears up her contract and leaves.



5 **DISCOVERED** by Jonathan, new star Georgia Lorrison (Lana Turner) is hit in first film. She falls in love with Jonathan.



7 **COAXED** by flighty wife, Rosemary (Gloria Grahame), author James Bartlow (Dick Powell) writes for Jonathan. Rosemary's clandestine affair with Gauchito ends in tragedy.



8 **PHONE CALL** from bankrupt Jonathan coincides with realisation by prosperous trio that each ultimately benefited from his seemingly ruthless treatment. When Jonathan asks them to work with him again on a comeback film, they agree.

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A.M.
THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

FEBRUARY ISSUE

NOW ON SALE

Page 26

Worth Reporting

"BRAZILIANS drink 20 to 30 cups of strong, black coffee every day," said Commander Arthur Saldanha da Gama, captain of the Brazilian 'anker Minas Gerais, the first Brazilian ship to berth in Melbourne for 30 years.

The tall good-looking captain, descendant of 15th century Portuguese explorer Vasco da Gama, served coffee when we went aboard his ship. "In Brazil we serve coffee immediately visitors arrive, no matter what refreshments follow," he told us.

"Percolators are only for foreigners," he said.

"We make coffee in a specially scoured pan, allowing one soup-spoon of powdered coffee to each small cup—and one spoon over for the pot!"

Skipper da Gama, fifteenth generation of a famous seafaring family, is in the Brazilian Navy and the 13,000-ton tanker is his first commercial command.

Commander da Gama, whose home is in Rio de Janeiro, extends his love of the sea to his hobbies. He is an expert spear fisherman. His house overlooks a lagoon on Rio Harbor.

"The most beautiful harbor in the world except for Sydney," he smiled.

The 20th century da Gama plans to follow his ancestor's lead by building up trade for his country. He hopes to arrange imports of Australian wheat and meat in exchange for Brazilian timber, fibres, cotton, and—of course—coffee.

A MESSAGE from Oklahoma, U.S.A., states that a man there caught a two-headed mouse in a trap—with one piece of cheese.

Two versions of the Bible:

The loaves and fishes

● The miracle of the loaves and fishes (Mark 6: 38-44) is the passage chosen this week from the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible for comparison with the King James Bible.

King James Version

38 He saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? go and see. And when they knew, they say, Five, and two fishes.

39 And he commanded them to make all sit down by companies upon the green grass.

40 And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties.

41 And when he had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, he looked up to heaven, and blessed, and brake the loaves, and gave them to his disciples to set before them; and the two fishes divided he among them all.

42 And they did all eat, and were filled.

43 And they took up twelve baskets full of the fragments, and of the fishes.

44 And they that did eat of the loaves were about five thousand men.



"About the same as usual. One blonde, two brunettes, and an old lady who was really drowning."

Fashion honor for Texas store

LONDON and Paris couturiers competed with each other for the honor of making Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower's dress for the ball to celebrate the inauguration of her husband as President of the United States, says our New York office.

But America's First Lady surprised them all by buying her rose-pink, rhinestone-embroidered gown from a department store "deep in the heart of Texas" where her husband was born.

The store is that of Neiman Marcus, in Dallas, which is used to catering for the wives of oil millionaires and is as luxurious as any in the world.

Like most wives, Mamie took too long to dress for the ball and kept her husband, clad in white tie and tails, impatiently but good-naturedly striding up and down the White House entrance hall waiting for her to join him.

But, like most husbands, Ike flashed an appreciative smile when he saw his handsome wife in her pretty new gown.

At the ball film star Jeanette MacDonald sang Washington's hit song of the week, "Mamie, What a Wonderful Name for the First Lady of the Land."

LONDON TALK By Michael Plant

AN eighteenth-century costume party given by Neil Roger was the party of the season.

He invited 200 guests to come in costume to his beautiful Regency house.

The party was a "Court ball in honor of the Coronation of Her Majesty The Queen."

Hermione Gingold came in rags as the Mudlark.

Other guests were Terence Rattigan, Noel Coward, Hermione Baddeley, and Margaret Lockwood.

I danced with Vivien Leigh, who looked unbelievably young and beautiful in her Scarlett O'Hara costume. She never stopped talking about her Australian tour and how much she would adore to go again. She told me she and her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, will appear in the West End Barrie play, "The Admirable Crichton," for the Coronation season.

CAPTAIN EDWARD MOLYNEUX, dress designer, who gave up his fashion houses in London and Paris because of failing eyesight, has made a remarkable recovery, a friend writes from Jamaica.

Captain Molyneux lost one eye in World War I, and when the sight of the other began to fail he went to Jamaica, where he built himself a £12,000 house on a five-acre site overlooking Montego Bay.

Now his sight is better than ever and he has taken up painting.

Noel Coward, who also lives in Jamaica, plans to return to London for a short visit at the end of February.

ADVERTISEMENT from a recent issue of "The Times": "Will anyone offer window or seats on Coronation route for fee and large jar of Devonshire cream to help country cousins with two well-behaved children, 9 and 11?"

LAST week-end I dropped in for lunch at an old inn at Storrington, Sussex. I could hear a piano tinkling in a back room and idly inquired who was the musician. I got a shock when the landlord told me it was Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the Queen's Musick.

"We have to keep very quiet," the landlord said. "He's writing a Coronation March to be played at the end of the Coronation service in Westminster Abbey."

Sir Arnold had gone to the inn to spend a week-end 11 years ago and had stayed ever since, the landlord added.

A FEW years before the war Australians raised £1000 to enable singer Joan Hammond to go to Italy and Austria to train as an opera singer.

Now Miss Hammond is repaying Australians in her own way. At the Royal Festival Hall, London, she gave a Sunday afternoon recital to a crowded audience. The entire proceeds will go to a scholarship for an Australian singer at the opera school at St. John's Wood, London.

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MASTER of ART



Painter, Jacques Nobel, of Richmond, Vic., is only 5 years old—already he has portraits, landscapes and still-life to his credit!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 11, 1951



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Lewis after their wedding at the Church of England Grammar School Chapel. The bride was formerly Robin Wedgwood, daughter of the R. K. Wedgwoods, of Hawthorne. Willie is son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Lewis, Woolooga.



TOWNSVILLE WEDDING. John Bell, of "Pickering," Denman, N.S.W., helping his bride, formerly Jacqueline Champneys, of "Kinrara," Mt. Garnett, to cut the cake at the reception after their marriage.



DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Borzi at the reception at Whytecliffe after their wedding at Corpus Christi Church, Nundah. The bride was formerly Dawn Bourke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bourke, of Clayfield. Dr. Borzi is the son of Mr. A. Borzi, of Marilyn.

Social Greetings

STANTHORPE will be gay this week-end with hostesses entertaining friends in town for the annual Show, and young people jeting Joan Pope, of Pikevale Station, at pre-wedding parties.

Joan will marry Sandy Macdonald at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Brisbane, on February 11. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Pope, of Pikevale. Sandy is the son of Mrs. J. G. Macdonald, of Burnfield, Blackall.

The wedding will be at 7 p.m. and the reception will be held at Lennon's. Joan's bridesmaids will be her sister, Margaret, Millicent Bryant, of Sydney, and Margaret King, of Goondiwindi, former LEGS friends. Millicent is at present staying at Pikevale. Joan's sister, Judith, who is nursing in Sydney, will come up for the wedding.

Best man and groomsmen will be Ed McKenzie, of Morna Lea, Dalby, Bryan Coxon, of Stanthorpe, and Garth Macdonald, of Blackall, cousin of the bridegroom. The bride will wear a family veil of Brussels lace with her parchment satin gown. Guests will include Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Rae, of Pike's Creek, whose

daughter, Caroline, will marry John Smith, of Alum Rock, on April 18; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bryant, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. D. Garnock, from Bombala, N.S.W., Mr. and Mrs. Colin Rogerson, Mary and John Rogerson, of Stanthorpe; and Rod and Judy Withers.

HOLIDAY in southern States and Tasmania is planned by Val Andrews, who will fly to Sydney on February 20. After visiting Tasmania, Val will meet Robin Strevens, of Clayfield, in Melbourne, and both girls will leave there for home on the Manunda on March 7.

EXPECTED home about February 26 are Jessica and Ted Little, of "Lanifer," Winton, who have been holidaying in Perth for the past five weeks. They will spend a week at the Gresham before returning home, in order to see something of Jessica's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Anderson, of Wickham Terrace.



SEPTEMBER WEDDING is planned by Barbara Woodcock and Les Morris, who recently announced their engagement.

PLANNING a trip to Sydney for this year's Royal Easter Show is Mrs. N. E. Campbell, of Lamington, holder of the Australasian record for the long water jump. She will take her horses, Monarch and Black Velvet, to compete in a number of events. Erica Nunn will also take horses down to compete at the Show.

IN Sydney on holiday is Mrs. J. S. M. Stuart, "The Oaks," Glen Geddes, near Rockhampton. She spent some time at Surfers' Paradise en route.



FROM JULIA CREEK. Mrs. A. R. Cooney (right), of "Auckland Downs," and Mrs. R. N. Smith, of "Baroona," at Eagle Farm with Mr. and Mrs. C. Petty (left) and Mrs. Charles McGovern (centre). Mrs. Cooney and Mrs. Smith are holidaying at Surfers' Paradise.

DOWN from Mt. Isa for a few weeks are Mr. and Mrs. J. Kruttschnitt. While her husband is in Sydney, Mrs. Kruttschnitt will stay at Lennon's. They plan a trip to America in May before settling in the new home they have built at Indooroopilly.

BROUGHT back from London by Mr. W. A. Zerner, a piece of cake decorated with Australian emblems will be cut at the party which the Dickens Fellowship in Brisbane will hold on February 7 to mark the 141st anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. The cake is a souvenir of the jubilee celebrations held in the Middle Temple, London, by the Dickens Fellowship, founded 50 years ago. At the party, Mr. Zerner will give an account of the London celebrations and will describe his visit to Dickens' home. Senator Annabelle Rankin will also be a guest speaker.

WITH their children Barry and Ian, Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Munro have returned home to "Dalkeith," Cambooya, after a holiday on the south coast.

MANY visitors from the west will attend the wedding of Niely Frazer and Dr. Ronald Gregg, at Southport on February 7. Niely is the daughter of Mrs. A. E. Frazer, "Croxley," Oakley. She will have as bridesmaids Angela Phillips, of Toowoomba, Betty Anderson, of Barcardine, Andree Shiel and Mary McLean, of Brisbane. Deirdre Kinchington, of Mitchell, will be flower-girl.

SOON to make their home in Brisbane again are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Park and their small daughter, Leigh. Mrs. Park came down from Townsville recently and has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. John Park at Hamilton. With her husband, who has been transferred to Brisbane, she will spend this month with her father, Mr. Norman Hamilton Shepherd, at Metung, Victoria.

AN old family name, "Miah," which is short for Jeremiah, has been given the new baby son of Dr. and Mrs. Tony McSweeney, of Annerley.

A DINNER will celebrate the opening of the enlarged and renovated officers' mess at Victoria Barracks on February 12. Guests will include the Governor, Sir John Lavarack, and the G.O.C., Major-General V. C. Secombe. Officers are planning to hold a big party at the end of the summer, when women will be among the guests.

RETURNING to her home at Dungog, N.S.W., this month is Mrs. John Alison, who with her three small sons has been visiting her mother, Mrs. John Chandler, at Southport. The house party also included Mrs. Colin Chandler, of St. George, and Bettine White, of Scone, N.S.W. Mrs. Chandler's niece, Keitha Ross-Munro, Mrs. D. Cahill, who is stage manager for "Annie Get Your Gun," will be a visitor at week-ends while the company is in Brisbane.

Sara



FAREWELL PARTY. Mrs. K. Fox (left), whose husband has been appointed adjutant of C.M.F. 31st Battalion at Townsville, at Lennon's with Mrs. M. Bishop, who gave a morning tea-party for her.



VISITORS FROM MACKAY. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hamilton jun., (left) with Mary McCluskey and Mrs. Cecil Henderson at a luncheon given by Mrs. Henderson at the Carlton Hotel. Mrs. Henderson will entertain many country visitors during the Australian Sugar Producers' Annual Conference in March.



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Autumn Forecast

Paris Silhouettes by Mary Hordern

FOR autumn the silhouette is lengthened by every artifice. Skirts are longer. Heels are higher. Hats are minute. The topcoat silhouette keeps pace with this trend. Even the ever-popular tent coat is robbed of many of its folds to give the longer look. It is equalled in popularity by the straight version, almost a man's overcoat, which is the rage with every couturier in Paris. Coat linings are made of fur, plaid, tweed, or in contrasting colors. Fur trimming is widely favored.

More about the Paris
silhouettes on
pages 30, 31.

● Loose topcoat by Dior, here is a typical example of the tent silhouette. Shape springs from its rather than fullness. The shoulder-line is soft and the armholes roomy. The coat is worn over a simple tweed frock and is lined with matching tweed.

● Fath's double-breasted coat, right, follows the basic silhouette shown by every Paris dress house. Individual detail is found in the cut of the armholes, the fullness of the sleeves, and the high astrakhan collar matching Fath's popular side-worn toque.

● Balenciaga deviates very little from the man's overcoat in the tweed model, above. The design varies only in the subtle shoulder-gathering of the sleeves and the longer collar revers standing up slightly round the throat.

● In the shaggy green double-breasted coat, left, Fath retains all the severe cut of the man's overcoat. The model achieves femininity in the color and quality of the material, the full cuffed sleeves, and the becoming beaver collar.

Dorothea Johnston

Continuing...

Paris Silhouettes

THE elongated suit silhouette is achieved mainly by outlining the torso right down to the hips, which are flatter. The shoulder-line is rounded, and the collar gives as much height as possible, framing the small head-line in which little hair is shown. Skirts are straight or pleated and are ten to eleven inches from the ground. The classic suit jacket is rivalled by the three-quarter-length curved coat. This can hug the hips or swing free. The style is immensely popular, teaming with a frock or slim skirt and giving scope for contrasting linings in fur and other materials.



● Lime-green, long-haired fabric is used for the distinctive suit by Jacques Fath, above. The jacket features a soft shoulder-line, belted waist, and moulded hipline. The inset bodice of fur has a high collar.

● Classic suit by Fath, right, is designed with a sculptured jacket and straight skirt. The scarf of astrakhan draped under the high guardsman's collar matches the muff and the little toque perched on the side of the head.

● In the caramel-colored wool suit, above, Dior gives his version of the loose-swinging jacket with the soft rounded shoulder-line and wide sleeves. The jacket is lined with black and is worn over the slimmest of skirts.

● A richly fur-lined curved jacket is combined with a sheath skirt in the model by Jacques Griffe, left. The jacket, which is worn belted high to the throat, is loose, supple, and chic, typifying the new silhouette.

by *Rory Asderu*

AUTUMN frocks are moulded and shorn of superfluous trimming, giving a sweater silhouette. The strangle waist has disappeared. Instead, by magnificent cut, supple materials are used to sheathe the body, mould the waistline, and accentuate the long, high neck. Slimness is further achieved with the wide use of black or dark colors, in direct contrast to the brighter coats.



● The tweed frock of simple line above is a Paris favorite. A chic turned-up bodice of black with a high collar is used to dress up the elegant V-neck. The long matching wool stole is also lined with black.

● Superb figure-moulding frock, designed by Schiaparelli in violet-blue wool. The model wears a side-front closing which buttons through to the hipline. Note the unusually draped shoulder and hip.

● Sweater influence is revealed in the model, above. Gentle swathes of material from the shoulders to the bustline emphasise the rounded look of the bodice and the deep neckline. The flattering skirt moulds the hips.

● Path offers his interpretation of the sweater silhouette in the model left. The slim-fitting bodice, cut to avoid a join at the waistline, features supple folds over the bosom. The skirt has a soft-falling centre pleat.

Dorothea Johnston

Rene presents ...

● Fath's topless, full-skirted evening dress, right, designed in violet satin paper shantung, is worn with a matching lumber-jacket. Note the yoked back of the jacket with bloused fullness caught into a fitted waistband. The sleeves are loosely cut, and are finished with tightly fitting bands at the wrist.

● Jacques Fath interprets the long-torso line in the ankle-length evening dress of apricot chiffon, above. The middy top features an unusual cowl effect and an unfitted waistline. The full skirt is closely gathered at the fitted hipline.

● Dior's evening dress, above, in leopard-printed silk is strapless and fits snugly at waist and hips. Peaked godets set low on the hipline and repeated at the thigh give the skirt gently flowing fullness. The huge stole is in the same material as the dress.

● Balmain makes the spectacular ball gown, right, with the classic corselet top and enormously bouffant skirt. The model is in pink flowered organza, with contrasting red and black metal ribbons looped at the back of the skirt and falling softly to the floor.

Outline for evening



● Dior's simple black wool dress for evening, left, is a stark sheath worn with a loose, almost off-the-shoulder, matching jacket. The jacket has a diagonal front closing and buttons once at the hipline. The mermaid-type skirt flares from the knee.

● Schiaparelli uses black wool for the slim-fitting evening dress, above left. The model is backless and the hemline is at instep-length. The enormous pouff sleeves banded above the elbow and the back-trailing sash ends are made in emerald-taille.

● Balmain's dramatic floor-length evening coat, above, is made in rich ruby-red wool. The model has a high Chinese neckline and buttons closely down the front to the waistline. The loose sleeves are trimmed with muff-like cuffs of black fur.

● Paquin goes back to the 'thirties for the high-collared cocktail-cum-evening coat, above. Made in satin-brocaded faille, the coat features a long and completely waistless torso which dips to a peak at the back. Skirt fullness begins low on the hipline.

Rose



autumn

Wool

parade

Wool dressed is well dressed — more so than ever this season. Texture is the news — exciting thick-piled tweeds, shaggy tweeds, hairy tweeds—tweeds for everything from coats and suits to late afternoon dresses and sweaters. Then there's **wool jersey** in new weaves to make beautifully draped clothes for everything from morning to late evening. **Fur** gives the luxurious look to suits, coats, ensembles, dresses and even sweaters. In colours, a warm red and a beautiful green are favoured — and blue and black go together. Black is the base of the loveliest tweeds with bright colours running through. It's a season that makes you sure nothing can equal wool for beauty of colour and texture.

there is
no substitute
for **wool**

Styled in LONDON

● Simple elegance of line is achieved by London designers in the models illustrated on this page. The slim-fitting suit and the softly draped dress are part of the autumn scene. The stole is as ubiquitous as ever.



● Michael of Lachasse uses lavender-grey silk for the chic suit, left. Note the matching flower-pot hat and the yellow blouse in delicate contrast.

● Deep green and rust wools are combined by Lachasse in the dress and stole, above. The bodice is swathed. The flared skirt is dotted with sequins.



● Mattli's topcoat, skirt, and stole ensemble is fashioned in checked wool. The loose-swinging coat is lined with yellow to match the neat blouse.



● Hardy Amies makes this softly tailored suit in interwoven red-and-black tweed. The high-buttoned jacket is belted in black patent leather.



● Elegant yellow wool suit by Michael of Lachasse is worn with a matching stole lined with rich brown velvet. The skirt is pencil-slim.

New season's fashions are feminine

● Rich colors, luxurious fur trims, and gleaming velvets are newly stressed in fashions for the coming season. The models by Paris designers on this page illustrate the infinite variety of autumn styling, with the accent on the thoroughly feminine in both design and detail.



● Balmain's dashing yellow velvet dress, above, is cut straight with ascending slimness. The smart checked topcoat is lavishly lined with black seal.



● Balenciaga combines a ball-shaped jacket and straight skirt in the beige moiré suit, above. The jacket lining and wide, dipping collar are in black velvet.



● Pipeline cocktail dress in deep green velvet by Maggy Rouff, above, features a striking bustle-back trim in lighter green taffeta.

● Wonderful sapphire velvet suit by Balmain, left, has a redingote silhouette. The high fur collar and the large panniers are dyed fox.

● White ottoman topcoat and dress ensemble by Dior, right, has elegant simplicity. Mauve wool is used for the coat lining, collar and cuffs.



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13/9 End Curl Refill **9/11**



Hair styles created by a leading coiffeur.

Nola and June Fookes were enchanting debutantes in their snowy, lace-frothed gowns. They're identical twins and their hair looks identical... but it's Nola on the left who has the Toni and June the expensive perm.

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Rene Suggests

THE halter vest top which I have illustrated here has many uses. Made of taffeta, it can be tucked into a long or short skirt for informal wear at night.

In cotton it would be good with shorts or a cotton skirt; in pique it makes a perfect dicky for a suit.

You will need a yard of material, plus a yard for lining.

Choose a fairly firm material for lining. For silks, cheap taffeta is good.

To make the pattern: Rule a rectangle 20in. by 24in. on a piece of plain paper. Rule it into four-inch squares as shown on the diagram.

Using the diagram as a guide, draw your pattern on the paper. The inner lines are seam lines.

Lay the pattern on the material with the front edge of the garment lengthwise on the straight. Cut two pieces (for right and left sides).

Mark on the material the two dotted lines shown at the neck edge of diagram, and the



large triangle with the two dots.

Sew the two dotted lines together at the neck edge. This makes the pleat shown in the drawing of the vest.

Bring together the two sides

HALTER VEST, a versatile top for skirts and shorts. See diagram and instructions.

of the triangle, right sides together, and sew on the wrong side down to the two dots (or exactly three inches from the waist edge).

When you have sewn the sides of the triangle together, AND NOT BEFORE, cut the material away from behind and press out the seam.

Follow the same routine for the other side of the front, then join the two pieces together at the centre back and back of neck. Press seams.

Make your lining in exactly the same way as above.

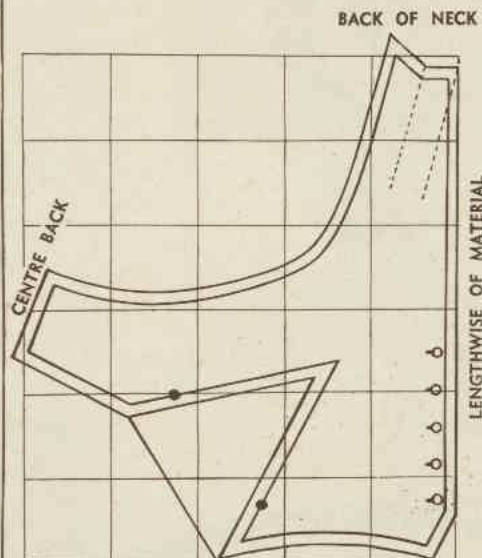
When you have pressed out all the seams, place the halter vest and its lining together, with wrong sides out, and tack both carefully together, leaving bottom of waist edge free.

Machine stitch the pieces together. Then turn inside out and press edge seams.

Turn in the edges at the waist. Tack and slip-stitch neatly around bottom of garment.

Saddle-stitch the two fronts. Sew on buttons and make buttonholes where marked.

The pattern is easily adjustable for different sizes. The one shown is cut to fit a 34 to 36in. bust, but it can be made to fit any size by adjusting the join at the back of the neck edge and at the centre back seam.



GRAPH showing how to mark out pattern on a 20 x 24in. rectangle. Rule it in 4-inch squares.

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Sidestep February 10 because disagreements or petty annoyances are threatened. February 12 is fine for starting a new hobby.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): You'll do better abroad than at home this week, although February 10 may put a damper on your plans. February 13 might boost your stocks in social or business circles.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Don't waste a minute of February 10. Push your interests and seek favors right through the week. February 14 crowns your efforts with success.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): For many a Cancer subject February 14 marks an important date in regard to any enterprise under consideration. February 16 sees you on your way.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Love affairs may blossom into engagements, wedding bells may ring over the week-end. Older folk may find the value of partnerships, business or social, on February 16.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): February 10 may see you starting off on a new job or a new side-line which may later become profitable. February 14 may bring exciting news.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): In case of a misunderstanding with one you love, February 10, consider this a summer storm which will soon pass. February 13 brings fortunate or romantic hours.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): You may resent being obliged to stay home on February 13, yet Lady Luck may as a result be extra kind on February 16.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): A week of the scenic-railway variety. Up in the clouds February 11, down in the dumps February 13, soaring once more February 15, you'll cover a lot of ground.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): While Capricornians may have been struggling with financial problems, February 10 may produce a brain-wave. If February 12 is chilling, you're still on the right track.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Any proposition February 11 may burst as a surprise. You'll need to decide quickly, for results depend on you, but February 15 has a happy personal slant.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): The last hurdle you'll be obliged to leap before coming into a clear road and smoother going could appear on February 11. February 12 and 13 present a fresh outlook.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

This feature will appear weekly during Betty Keep's temporary absence.

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centrated Curlynet—
squeeze Curlynet into
a pint milk bottle of
warm water—all the silk
mixed—now you have
a pint of the best,
most fragrant quickset
lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated
Curlynet for 3/11 from
your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLYNET
C.N.L.

**ASTHMA COUGHS
WHILE
YOU SLEEP**

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks
of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your
system, sap your energy, ruin your
health, and weaken your mind.
Mendocin, a new American secret
medicine, starts immediately to dis-
cuss through the blood, stopping
cursing the attacks. The very first
day the thick phlegm is dissolved,
giving free, easy breathing and sleep.
You sleep the night through in com-
fort. Get Mendocin from your doctor
or store 10-day under positive guar-
antee to stop your Asthma coughing
and to give you free, easy breathing
the first day or money back.

A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

Dramatic warning of high blood pressure

Father's drinking affected child

SMALL as our local golf club is, excitement rises to Olympian heights when the country week competitions are played. I called in the other day to see how they were hitting them as a visitor-need up.

From the verandah I noticed the man to be about 60 years old, well-built and animated. Someone informed me that he was "Tom Ferris from the north-west."

Tom began his drive but never finished. As he swung the club, he suddenly reeled backwards, swayed unceremoniously a moment, and then pitched forward to lie very still on the green.

In the general hubbub a woman ran up to me and said: "Will you ring the ambulance?"

"Please do," I replied, and went to examine the man.

He came to fairly quickly but had difficulty in moving. In fact, he was unable to move his left leg at all.

The ambulance took him to hospital where his anxious wife met me.

"They're saying Tom's had a stroke," she said.

"It looks as though he may have had one, Mrs. Ferris," I told her. "Some investigating and some treatment are needed before we can be certain. I'm going to see him now. Wait here—I'll be back shortly."

The patient's blood pressure was taken. It was very high.

He was given an injection and was soon comfortably asleep. A half-pint of blood was removed to control the blood pressure.

"He's quite comfortable," I told his wife.

"You have had a shock and it wouldn't hurt you to take something and get a night's rest. I'll give you some definite information in the morning."

The next day when I saw

Tom Ferris he was cheerful and looked well.

"There's life in the old dog yet," he greeted me, wagging his affected left leg.

"Good," I remarked as I examined him.

"You didn't suffer a stroke yesterday," I told him later. "But you've had fair warning. You've a rip-roaring blood pressure. Have you been treated for it?"

"No," he said, "didn't know I had it."

"Well, you'll need treatment and you'll need to go carefully."

"What did happen to me, Doctor?"

"You probably had a sudden spasm of the blood vessels in the brain," I explained, "brought about at your age and with your high blood pressure by all the extra running about and excitement of the golf competitions. That spasm caused a temporary paralysis of your leg."

"Does that mean golf's out?" inquired Mr. Ferris.

"I can't say that as yet. I'll write a letter to your own doctor and he'll treat you and keep an eye on you. It depends how you progress and if and when he considers a game of golf permissible he'll tell you."

AN eight-year-old girl was brought to me by her mother. An intelligent child, the girl was thin, withdrawn, and "run down," as we say.

Her mother was worried and felt that her daughter was really ill.

I arranged to have a number of investigations done to locate a possible physical reason for the little girl's condition.

"She doesn't eat enough to keep a bird alive," her mother told me. "She has nightmares and doesn't want to play with other children."

I asked her mother to see

me again without her daughter.

"Your girlie has a clean slate according to the tests I've done," I told her on her next visit.

"There are others, of course, but before we go delving for some rare reason for her condition I'd like you to tell me frankly if there's any reason which could be making the child unhappy."

Rather reluctantly, at first, and then more easily, the woman told me that her husband drank rather heavily.

"Not all the time, Doctor," she said. "He loves Jean. In fact she's the apple of his eye. He can't do enough for her. But Saturdays are bad days for him and, of course, her. She can't understand the noisy argumentative man he is then and he gets annoyed when she avoids him. I really don't know what to do," said the woman.

From what she told me I was able to reassure her that the husband was not as yet a confirmed alcoholic and promised to talk to him.

"I want you to send Jean to a good boarding-school," I told the mother. "She's very young, and a regular life with other children will soon fill her sensitive mind with activities that will blot out these unhappy memories. If let go on as things are, you'll have a much graver problem with your daughter as she grows older."

The fact that Jean's father was basically of good character enabled him to cut down his drinking, and later cease altogether.

When his little girl came home it was to happy parents, delighted to see her.

She outgrew her extreme shyness and was an outstanding pupil.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

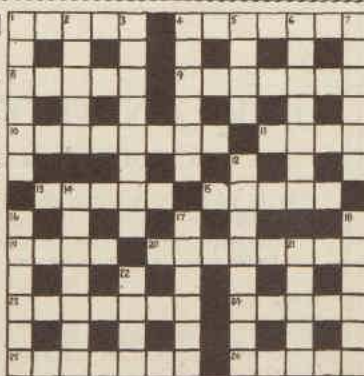
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Head of string instrument, emitting musical notes (5).
2. Spectators are plenty in summer (7).
3. Word to read it and you are that (this word is alive) (9).
4. I sat over at the back of the altar (7).
5. Shown nearest in photo agreement (5).
6. I saw a short civil servant does appear (7).
7. Show the middle of the horse you can't win a game of golf (5).

10. Originated from a flower (5).
11. Bookie in a whirl (4).
12. Misrepresents Museum in mixed arts (8).
13. Structural musical instrument I see here (7).
14. Short and concise ten with Gaelic (5).
15. He chooses (7).
16. Thy servant the machine is always ready to rob (5).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

1. Cementing agency and if I am in it is in the army (6).
2. Bolt (5).
3. Killed me with rudder (8).
4. Safety with a confused true core (6).
5. Trade-centre where the tram turns (4).
6. Useful for a fireman but a nuisance for a woman (7).
7. Seed for making salad oil or open a door (6).
8. Though red inside he is certainly not in the red (8).
9. Curtain rod with ring provided (7).
10. Crosswise as long bounding stride (6).
11. Race inside a viable bullet (6).
12. Appearance a hundred in a shaken pest (6).
13. Horn-like pod of a tree (5).
14. You and an insect's egg make one (4).

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Look at your skin... others do!



Help
skin blemishes
disappear
with
**REXONA
SOAP**

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with REXONA SOAP because it is especially medicated with Cadyl* to restore skin to natural loveliness.

★ Cadyl is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky, fine lather carries Cadyl deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



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THE ORIGINAL GREEN CHLOROPHYLL TOOTHPASTE

Destroys All Mouth Odours

READER'S DIGEST reported in a recent article on dentifrices... a new chlorophyll toothpaste that cleans the entire mouth, including the breath. It tells of tests which show that this new green toothpaste is actually 50% more effective against mouth odours than ordinary toothpastes! Mentasol (called Chlorodont in America) produced these amazing results reported by the Reader's Digest.

Fights
TOOTH DECAY

Combats Common
GUM TROUBLES



UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

by the Pepsodent Company
We think you'll find Mentasol the finest toothpaste you have ever used. If you don't agree, return unused portion to the Pepsodent Co. (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W. We'll refund purchase price plus postage.

Do not accept substitutes



Exciting
Spearmint
Flavour!

M.A.WW71a

Page 39

The Secret of all day and all evening loveliness

Johnson's BABY POWDER

The softest, silkiest powder ever made.

There's no finer way to all day and all evening personal freshness than lots of soft, smooth sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder after your bath or shower . . . for this finest of all powders is so smooth to the skin, so delicately fragrant and brings so much cool, refreshing comfort even in the hottest weather. Make Johnson's Baby Powder your powder and start the day the Johnson's way!



Outdoor exercise makes those soft, smooth sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder more important than ever after you have showered and changed. It quickly soothes and cools your skin and restores complete personal freshness.

MEN like Johnson's too!



Best for Baby Best for You

JOHNSON & JOHNSON PRODUCTS OF QUALITY

Continuing

The Grand Sophy

from page 5

vehicle, seated high above her horses, with her groom beside her and holding her whip at exactly the correct angle, was Miss Stanton-Lacy, and if the sight afforded Mr. Rivenhall pleasure he vouchsafed no sign whatever of this. He looked at first thunderstruck, and then more than usually grim.

As the pace of the bays slackened, and dropped to a walk, he reined in his own pair. The two carriages came to a halt abreast of each other.

"Cousin Charles!" said Sophy. "And Mr. Wychbold! How do you do? Tell me, cousin, what do you think of them? I am persuaded I have a bargain in them."

"Where," demanded Mr. Rivenhall, "did you get those horses?"

"Now, Charles, don't be bird-witted!" implored Mr. Wychbold, preparing to descend from the currie. "You must see she has Manningtree's match-bays there! Besides, I told you so, a minute ago. But how is this, Miss Stanton-Lacy? Is Manningtree selling up?"

"So I believe," she smiled. "By jove, you have stolen a march on me, then, for I have had my eye on that pair ever since Manningtree sprang 'em on the town! How did you get wind of it, ma'am?"

"To own the truth, I knew nothing about the matter," she confessed. "It was Sir Vincent Talgarth who put me in the way of buying them."

"That fellow!" interpolated Mr. Rivenhall explosively. "I might have known!"

"Yes, so you might," she agreed. "He is quite famous for knowing all the news before others have heard even a rumor. May I take you up, Mr. Wychbold? If I have stolen a march on you, the least amends I can make is to offer to let you drive my pair."

"Don't hesitate to tell me which of my mother's or my horses you would like me to remove from the stables to make room for these!" begged Mr. Rivenhall, with savage civility. "Unless, of course, you are setting up your own stables!"

"Dear Cousin Charles, I hope I know better than to put you to such shocking inconvenience! John Potton here has seen to all that. You are not to be troubled with my horses! Get down, John: you need not fear to let Mr. Wychbold have your place, for if the horses should bolt with me he is better fitted to get them under control again than either of us."

The middle-aged groom, having favored Mr. Wychbold with a long scrutiny, appeared to be satisfied, for he obeyed without making any comment. Mr. Wychbold leaped up lightly into the phaeton; Sophy nodded farewell to her cousin; and the bays moved forward. Mr. Rivenhall watched the phaeton smoulderingly for a moment or two, and then lowered his gaze to the groom's countenance.

"What the devil were you about to let your mistress buy a carriage like that?" he demanded.

"Don't you put yourself in a pucker over Miss Sophy, sir!" said John, in a fatherly way. "Sir Horace himself couldn't stop her, not when she's got the bit between her teeth! Many's the time I've told Sir Horace he should have broke her to bridle, but he never done it, nor tried to."

"Well, if I have much more—" Mr. Rivenhall pulled himself up short, realising how improper was this interchange. "Confound your impudence!" he said, and set his greys in motion with a plunge that betrayed the state of his temper.

Mr. Wychbold, meanwhile, was most gallantly refusing to take the reins from Miss Stanton-Lacy.

"Dashed if I ever thought I should say so, but it's a pleasure to be driven by a lady who handles 'em as well as you do, ma'am! Very sweet-goers, too: shouldn't be surprised if Charles has had his eye on 'em, which would account for his flying into one of his miffs."

"No, no, I am sure you wrong him! He has flown into a miff because I bought them against his advice—indeed, in the face of his prohibition! Do you know my cousin well, sir?"

"Known him since we were at Eton."

"Then tell me! Has he always wanted to rule the roost?"

Mr. Wychbold considered this, but arrived at no very exact conclusion.

"Well, I don't know," he said. "Always one to take the lead, of course, but a man don't come the ruler over his friends, ma'am. At least—" He paused, recalling past incidents.

"Thing is, he's got an awkward temper, but he's a dashed good friend!" he produced. "Told him times out of mind he ought to watch that devilish

unpleasant tongue of his, but the fact is, ma'am, there's no one I'd liefer go to in a firmer Charles Rivenhall!"

"That is a tribute indeed!" she said thoughtfully.

Mr. Wychbold coughed at this precariously. "Never mention the matter to me, of course, but the poor fellow's had a deal to bear, if the half of what one hears is true. Turned his sour. Often thought so! Though why the deuce he must meet get himself engaged in that—" He broke off in a considerable confusion.

"Forgotten what I was going to say!" he added hurriedly.

"Then that settles it!" said Sophy, dropping her head slightly, and allowing the reins to quicken their pace.

"Settles what?" asked Mr. Wychbold.

"Why, Cecilia told me that you were his particular friend, and if you think it will not do, I need have no scruple about fancy, Mr. Wychbold, that misery for my dear aunt and those poor children, to be that Friday-faced creature sitting them to all right! long under the same roof, and may depend upon it, encouraging Charles to be as disagreeable as he can stare!"

"It don't bear thinking of!" said Mr. Wychbold, struck.

"It must be thought of!" replied Sophy resolutely. "I prevent her making those dears miserable! For that's what she does, I assure you. She is for ever coming to Berkeley Square, and taking everyone into the dump for Miss Adderbury, to whom she says the horrid thing that that odiously sweet voice uses when she means to do mischief!"

She went on, with red tress in her voice, "Sir, I don't see why Miss Adderbury should not have taught her children to read in Italian. It is surprising that she makes little use of the blackboard, which tells Charles that she leans to Amabel is growing round-shouldered! Stuff! She's trying even to persuade him to take their monkey away from the children. But what is more than all is that she set against poor Hubert! That cannot forgive!"

"Very bad business," said Mr. Wychbold. "Nothing done, though."

"That," said Sophy, "is what people always say when they are too lazy, perhaps too timorous, to give a push to be helpful. I know yet just what I shall do, but I may need your assistance in breaking this fish engagement, so you must be prepared. And you must put you down, for Cecilia awaiting me, and she has promised to let me see her round the park once I am assured I shan't overturn the phaeton."

"No fear of that!" said Mr. Wychbold, wondering else this alarming young man might overturn during his sojourn in Berkeley Square.

He shook hands and sprang down from the phaeton to exchange greetings with Cecilia, who, with Miss Adderbury and the children, was waiting beside the Drive.

Gertrude, Amabel, and Theodore naturally asserted their claims to be taken beside their cousin in preference to their elder sister, but these had been firmly refused with Mr. Wychbold. Cecilia to mount into the carriage, bowed, and smiled.

It struck Sophy immediately that Cecilia was looking pale while the little governess plainly laboring under a

Beauty in brief:

HAIR CONDITIONING

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If your hair is brittle and dry from an overdose of sun and water, rub a cream-type dressing into the ends. Once a week give yourself a treatment with oil, or an oil shampoo, and brush more thoroughly.

WHERE hair-ends are badly split, have your hair cut back to the beginning of the split, or else have the ends singed.

To keep these ends from resplitting, smooth a tiny bit of cream on your fingertips and transfer it to hair-ends each night and morning after brushing and combing is completed.

A touch of cream hair-dressing is a good method of controlling hair-dos when short or brittle ends get out of line and spoil the general line.

The Grand Sophy

from page 40

able degree of suppressed emotion. She demanded: "Now, why are you looking at blue as megrim, Cecy?"

Tina, who, during Mr. Wychin's occupation of the paragon's seat, had nestled in inconspicuously behind her mistress's feet, now crawled out from underneath the drab rug, and jumped on to Cecilia's knee. Cecilia clasped her mechanically, and stroked her, but in a tense voice: "Eugenia!"

"Oh, the deuce take that creature!" exclaimed Sophy. "Now what has she done?"

"She was walking here with Alfred," said Cecilia, "and she came upon us!"

"Well," said Sophy reasonably, "I own I do not like her, and Alfred is certainly the horrid little beast in nature, but I see nothing in that to put you so much out of countenance. He cannot have tried to put his arm round your waist if his sister was present!"

"Oh, Alfred!" said Cecilia contemptuously. "Not her what he would have me take his arm, and then represent it in the most odious way, and ogled, and said all the sort of things that make me wish to slap his face. But I can do nothing for him! You see, Sophy, Augustus was with me!"

"Well," said Sophy.

"It is true that we had fallen a little way behind Addy, for you can see one have any rational conversation with the children charming? But she was not out of sight, and we had not seen down a lonely path—at least, it wasn't one of the more frequented paths, but Addy was there all the time—and to me that I was meeting Augustus clandestinely is wickedly unjust! Why shouldn't he walk in the park? and if he does so, we've met, pray, why should I not talk to him?"

"To reason at all. Did that neglect girl give you a scold?"

"Not me so much as poor Addy. She is in despair, for Eugenia seems to have said she was betraying Mama's trust, and encouraging me in clandestine behaviour. She was quite kind to me, but she could not do anything very much, because Augustus was with me. He made him walk with her, and told Alfred to give me his arm, and I felt smothered, Sophy, smothered!"

"Anyone would who was asked to take Alfred's arm," said Sophy.

"Not that! But Eugenia's name! As though she had told me out in something disrespectful! And that is not the worst! Charles is driving here, and not a moment before you were to be sent past us with Eugenia seated beside him. He gave me the coldest look! She told him all about it, depended upon it, and now he will be furious with me, and very busy work upon Mama as well, and everything will be so terrible!"

"No, it won't," said Sophy. "In fact, I shouldn't be at all surprised if this turned out to be a very good thing. Now, Cecy, soon I shall set you down, and you will join

poor little Addy, and continue your walk. I shall go home, where I am pretty sure to find your brother, for I heard him mention to my uncle that somebody called Eckington would be calling there at five o'clock."

"Papa's agent," said Cecilia listlessly. "And I don't see, dearest Sophy, what it signifies, whether you find Charles at home or not, because he won't speak of this to you: why should he?"

"Oh, won't he just!" retorted Sophy. "I am going to spike his guns. Oh, see! There is Francis Wolsey! The very thing! He shall restore you to Addy for me!"

She drew up as she spoke, and Lord Francis, who had been chatting to two ladies in a landaulet, came up to the phaeton, exclaiming: "Sophy, that's a capital turn-out! 'Servant, Miss Rivenhall! I wonder to see you trust yourself to such a madcap, I do indeed! She overturned me in a gig once. A gig!"

"What an unhandsome thing to say!" said Sophy indignantly. "As though I could have helped it on such a road. But no matter. Francis, I must pick up John Potton, and be off: will you escort my cousin to meet her little brother and sisters? They are walking with their governess somewhere beside the Drive."

Lord Francis, upon whom Cecilia's beauty had made a great impression, when he had met her on the occasion of his calling in Berkeley Square, promptly said that nothing could give him more pleasure, and reached up his hands to help her down from the phaeton. He said that he hoped that they would not too speedily encounter the schoolroom party, and Cecilia, not impervious to his easy, friendly address and evident admiration, began to look more cheerful.

Sophy, well satisfied, saw them walk off together, and drove cheerfully on her way.

Upon her arrival in Berkeley Square, Sophy found that Mr. Rivenhall had only just entered the house, having walked round from the mews. He was still wearing his caped driving-coat, and had paused by the table in the hall to pick up and read a note which had been sent by one of his friends.

"Ah, so you are in before me!" remarked Sophy, pulling off her gloves. "Now give me your candid opinion of those boys. It would interest me, as I may very likely purchase two more, if I can find a couple to match the boys. I am told that it is all the crack to drive a phaeton-and-four."

"I have no control over your actions, cousin," he said coldly. "No doubt if it seems good to you to make a spectacle of yourself in the Park, you will do so. But you will not, if you please, take any of my sisters up beside you!"

"But it doesn't please me," she said. "I have already taken Cecilia for a turn round the Drive. You have very antiquated notions, have you not? I saw several excessively smart sporting carriages being driven by ladies of the highest ton!"

"I have no particular objection to a phaeton and pair," he said, still more coldly, "though a perch model is quite unsuited to a lady. You will forgive me if I tell you that there is something more than a little fast in such a style of carriage."

"Now, who in the world can have been spiteful enough to have put that idea into your head?" wondered Sophy.

He flushed, but did not answer.

"Did you see Cecilia?" asked Sophy. "She was looking quite ravishing in that new hat your Mama was so clever as to choose for her!"

"I did see Cecilia," he replied grimly. "What is more, I, like you, cousin, know just how she had been spending her time! I am going to be extremely plain with you!"

"If you wish to be extremely plain with me," she interrupted, "come into the library! It is quite improper in you to be talking of family matters where you may be overheard. Besides, I have something of a decidedly delicate nature to say to you."

He strode at once to the door into the library, and flung it open. She went past him into the room, and he followed her, shutting the door behind him too soon for Tina, who was left on the other side. This made it necessary for him to open it again, Tina's orders to him to do so being at once shrill and imperative.

This trifling anti-climax did nothing to improve his temper, and it was with a very unpleasant edge to his voice that he said: "We will take the gloves off, Cousin Sophy! Whether or not it was you who arranged an assignation in the Park for my sister with young Fawnhope, I am well aware that you—"

"Isn't Cecilia dashing?" said Sophy approvingly. "She walked with Fawnhope, and then with Alfred Wrayton, and I left her with Lord Francis! And that, dear Cousin Charles, is what I wanted to speak to you about! Far be it from me to interfere in the affairs of your family, but I think I ought perhaps to give you a hint. I know it is awkward for you, situated as you are, but you will know how to drop a word in Cecy's ear."

He was thrown out of his stride by this unexpected gambit, and stared at her. "What are you talking about?"

"I don't entirely care to mention it," said Sophy mendaciously, "but you know how fond I am of Cecy! Then, too, I have been about the world, and have learnt to take care of myself. Cecy is such an innocent! There is not a particle of harm in Augustus Fawnhope, and Francis Wolsey is by far too great a gentleman to go beyond the line. But you should not encourage so lovely a girl as your sister to stroll about the Park with the Dishonourable Alfred, Charles!"

He was so much taken aback that for a moment he did not say a word. Then he demanded an explanation.

"He is the kind of odious little toad who kisses the housemaids on the stairs," replied Sophy frankly.

"My sister is not a housemaid!"

"No, and I do trust she will know how to keep him at arm's length."

"May I know whether you have the slightest grounds for bringing this charge against Wrayton?"

"If you mean, have I seen him kiss a housemaid, no, dear Charles, I have not. If, on the other hand, you mean, has he tried to kiss me, yes, dear Charles, he has. In this very room, too."

He looked angry and mortified. "I am extremely sorry that you should have been annoyed in such a fashion under this roof," he said, getting the words out with an effort.

"Oh, don't mind it! I told you I was able to take care of myself. But I doubt whether anyone could prevent his—his squeezing and stroking habits, or convince him that the style of his conversation is quite improper."

She had been taking off her pelisse as she spoke, and she now laid it aside, and sat down on a winged chair beside the fireplace.

After a moment he said, in a milder tone: "I shall not pretend that I have any liking for Wrayton, for I have not. So far as it lies within my power I shall certainly discourage his visits to this house. My situation is, however, as you said yourself, awkward. I would not, upon any account, have this come to Miss Wrayton's ears."

"No, indeed!" she said warmly. "For you to be telling tales of her brother to Miss Wrayton would be the shabbiest thing!"

He shot a penetrating glance at Sophy. She thought there was a good deal of comprehension in his eyes, but he only said: "Just so, cousin."

"Do not refine too much upon it!" she advised him kindly. "I do not mean to say that Cecy has a tendre for him, for she thinks him even more odious than I do."

"I am well aware that she has no tendre for him, I thank you!" he retorted. "She is infatuated with that puppy Fawnhope!"

"Of course she is," said Sophy.

"I am also aware that you have made it your business from the day you entered this house to encourage this folly by every means within your reach! You and Cecilia have been constantly seen in Fawnhope's company; you pretended he was a friend of yours so that he might have an excuse for calling here six days of the seven; you—"

"In a word, Charles, I have thrown them continually together. I have, and if you had a grain of sense you would have done so weeks before I came to town!"

He was arrested for a moment, and then asked incredulously: "Do you imagine by doing so you will cure Cecilia? Or that I am likely to believe you have any such intention in mind?"

"Well, I don't know," she answered. "One of two things must happen, you know. Either she will grow weary of Augustus—and I must say I do think that very probable, because although he is so handsome, and can be very engaging, he is shockingly tiresome, besides forgetting Cecilia's existence just when he should be most solicitous—or she will continue to love him, in spite of his faults. And if that happens, Charles, you will know that it is not an infatuation, and you

TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN

LIVELY FLAVOUR



Look at 'em! Compare 'em with any other! They're the biggest, crispest corn flakes ever made! And your bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is the biggest breakfast bargain of all—for lively flavour, rustling freshness and deep-down goodness!



*One-third of your daily food needs here

DEEP DOWN GOODNESS

*Nutrition experts say one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs.

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Super value! And think of the money you save when you compare the cost of one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with that of meat, eggs, fish, bacon, etc. Only 30 seconds to serve—no grillers or pans to wash.

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DON'T BE HALF SAFE



IT'S EASY TO BE SURE

NEW . . . Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration 1 to 3 Days

1. Instantly stops perspiration, keeps armpits dry. Acts safely, as proved by leading doctors.
2. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
3. Removes odor from perspiration on contact in 3 seconds. Has antiseptic action.
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD





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Continuing . . .

will be obliged to consent to their marriage."

"Never!" he said, with considerable violence.

"But you will," she insisted. "It would be wicked to try to force her into another marriage, and you would be cruel to attempt it."

"I shall not force her into any marriage!" he flashed. "It may interest you to know that I am extremely attached to Cecilia, and that it is for that reason, and not for any whim of my own, that I will not countenance her union with a man of Fawnhope's stamp! As for this glib notion you have that by throwing them together you will make Cecilia tire of him, you were never more mistaken! So far from tiring of his company, Cecilia seizes every opportunity to be alone with him!"

He went on vehemently, "She is even so lost to all sense of propriety as to make Addy her dupe! Only this afternoon Miss Wrahton came upon her in a secluded path in the Park, alone with Fawnhope, having shaken off the restraint of Addy's presence. Clandestine meetings! Pretty behaviour in Miss Wrahton of Ombersley, upon my word!"

"My dear Charles," said Sophy, with unimpaired calm, "you know very well that you are making that up."

"I am doing no such thing! Do you imagine I would make up such a tale about my sister?"

"To own the truth, I think you would do anything when you are in one of your rages," she said, smiling. "There is no secret about her having walked with Fawnhope, but the rest of it springs from your disordered temper. Now, do not say that Miss Wrahton told you it was so, because I am sure she would never have told you such fibs about Cecilia! Shaken Addy off, indeed! She was never out of Addy's sight for a moment!"

Again she came under that hard scrutiny. "Do you know this for a fact?" he asked, in an altered tone.

"Certainly I do, for Cecy told me just what had occurred. It seems that Miss Wrahton said something to Addy which distressed her very much—no doubt she misunderstood it! Miss Wrahton perhaps felt that Addy should have sent Augustus about his business, though how she could have done so I hardly know, as Augustus and Cecy have been known to each other from childhood. But she has a great deal of sensibility, you know, and is readily upset."

He looked annoyed, and said, "Addy is not to be blamed; Cecilia is out of her control, and if she should have told my mother of these meetings—well, she was never one to carry tales of any of us!"

She said coaxingly: "Do show her that you are not angry with her, Charles, and don't mean to turn her off after all these years!"

"Turn her off?" he echoed, astonished. "What nonsense is this, pray?"

"Exactly what I said to her! Only she has taken it into her head that she is too old-fashioned in her ways to instruct the children, and seems

The Grand Sophy

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to think she should be able to teach them the Italian tongue, and all sorts of refinements of the same nature."

There was a slight pause. Mr. Rivenhall sat down on the other side of the fireplace, and rather absently began to pull Tina's ears. He was frowning, and presently said, at his curtest: "I have nothing whatsoever to say in the education of my sisters. It is my mother's business, and I cannot conceive how it could ever belong to anyone else."

Sophy saw no need to labor this point, and merely agreed with him. He shot her a quick glance, then after a moment, said, "None of this has anything to do with what I have been saying to you. We did very well, cousin, before you began to turn this house upside down! I shall be obliged to you if, in the future—"

"Why, what in the world have I done else?" she exclaimed.

He found himself quite unable to put into words the things that she had done, and was obliged to fall back upon her only tangible crime.

"You brought that monkey here, for one thing!" he said. "No doubt with the kindest of intentions! But it is a most unsuitable animal to have bestowed on the children, and now, of course, they will think themselves ill-used when it is got rid of, as got rid of it must be!"

Her eyes began to dance. "Charles, you are just trying to be disagreeable! You cannot feed Jacko on bits of apple, and teach him tricks, and warn the children to give him a blanket at night one day, and the next say he must be got rid of!"

He bit his lip, but the rueful grin would not be entirely suppressed.

Sophy decided then that she had given him enough to ponder for one day. She moved towards the door, saying: "I must go and change my dress."

He got up abruptly. "No, wait!"

She looked over her shoulder. "Yes?"

He did not seem to know what he wished to say. "Nothing! It's no matter! Next time you insist on buying horses, you had better tell me what you want! To be employing strangers in the business is most undesirable!"

"But you assured me you would have no hand in it!" Sophy pointed out.

"Yes!" he said savagely. "Nothing pleases you more than to put me in the wrong, does it?"

She laughed, but went away without answering him. Upstairs, she was pounced on by Cecilia, anxious to know what her fate was to be.

"If he speaks to you at all, it will be to warn you against Alfred Wrahton!" said Sophy, with a gurgle of amusement. "I told him exactly how that toad conducts himself, and warned him to take care of you!"

"You did not!"

"I did. I have done an excellent day's work, in the most unprincipled way! Oh, tell Addy Charles does not blame

her in the least! He won't say a word to my aunt about what happened, and I doubt whether he will say a word to you either. The only person he may say a word to is his precious Eugenia. I hope she will induce him to lose his temper."

Cecilia was quite unable to believe that she was not to receive one of her brother's scolds, but, when the later came unexpectedly face to face with him on a bend in the stair, he merely said, running an eye over her exquisite ball-dress of gauze over satin: "You are very smart! Where are you off to?"

"Lady Sefton is calling after dinner to take Sophy and me to Almack's," she replied thankfully. "Mama does not find herself equal to it this evening."

"Taking the shine out of them all?" he said. "You look very fine!"

He was smiling, then he suddenly became serious.

"Cecilia," he asked, "does that fellow Wrahton annoy you?"

She was nearly betrayed into losing her gravity. She replied: "Oh, well—I! I daresay I could snub him easily enough, if—well, if I choose to do so!"

"You need not be deterred by any consideration that I know of. I need scarcely say that if Eugenia knew of it she would be the first to condemn his behaviour!"

"Of course," she said.

W HETHER Charles spoke words of censure to Miss Wrahton no one was in a position to know. If he did, they must, Sophy thought, have been mild ones, for she did not appear to be in any way chastened.

However, Sophy was granted one satisfaction. When next Miss Wrahton brought up the vexed question of Jacko, confiding to Lady Ombersley that she lived in dread of hearing that the monkey had bitten one of the children, Charles overheard her and said impatiently: "Nonsense!"

"I believe a monkey's bite is poisonous."

"In that case I hope he may bite Theodore."

Lady Ombersley uttered a protest, but Theodore, already soundly cuffed for hitting a cricket-ball from the Square-garden straight through one of the windows of a neighboring house, merely grinned.

Miss Wrahton, who did not feel that he had been adequately punished for such a piece of lawlessness, had already spoken her mind gravely on the subject. Charles had listened, but all he had said was: "Very true, but it was a capital hit! I saw it."

This disregard for her opinion rankled with Miss Wrahton, and she now read Theodore a playful lecture, telling him that he was fortunate in not being obliged to forfeit his new pet in retribution of his crime.

Beyond casting her a glance of resentment, he paid no heed, but Gertrude blurted out: "I believe you don't like Jacko because Sophy gave him to us!"

Miss Wrahton's cheeks flew two spots of color; Lady Ombersley gave a gasp, and Cecilia a stifled exclamation. Charles and Sophy remained unmoved, Sophy not raising her eyes from the sewing she was engaged on, and Charles saying: "A stupid and impertinent remark, Gertrude. You may return to the schoolroom if you cannot conduct yourself more becomingly."

Gertrude had already blushed hotly, and now fled in disgrace from the room. Lady Ombersley began at once to talk of her projected expedition, and Sophy and Cecilia, to visit the Marquesa de Villacana at Merton.

"I wish you will go with a Charles," she said. "Your uncle's affianced wife, you know!"

"Don't tease Charles to go, Aunt Lizzie!" said Sophy, snipping off her thread. "Vincent vows he will ride there with us, for he has not met Sancia since Madrid days, when her husband was still alive, and they gave splendid parties to all the English officers."

There was a slight pause before Charles said: "If you will it, Mama, I will certainly go with you. I can take my cousin in the curricle and then you will not be crowded in your carriage."

"Oh, I mean to go in my phaeton!" Sophy said earnestly.

"I thought it was your ambition to drive my grey!"

"Why, would you let me?"

"Perhaps."

She laughed. "Oh, no, no! I have no belief in phaetons! Take Cecilia!"

"Cecilia would by far rather go in my mother's landau. You may take the reins for part of the way."

She said in a rallying tone: "This is something indeed! I am overcome, Charles, and fear you cannot be feeling quite the thing!"

"It will be a delightful expedition," said Miss Wrahton brightly. "I am almost tempted, dear Lady Ombersley, to beg a place in your carriage!"

Lady Ombersley was to well-bred to betray contrition, but she said a little doubtfully: "Well, my dear, if Sophy does not think that there might be rather too many of us for the Marquesa I should not wish to put her out in any way."

"Not at all," Sophy replied instantly. "It is not in your power to put Sancia out, dear Aunt Lizzie! She will not stir herself in the least, but will leave everything to her majesty. He is a Frenchman, and will be delighted to make arrangements for even so small a party as ours."

"How interesting it will be to meet a real Spanish lady!" remarked Miss Wrahton.

"For all the world as if Sancia had been a giraffe!" said Sophy afterwards to Cecilia.

"I wish I had known you meant to accompany my mother!" Mr. Rivenhall said, when he presently escorted Miss Wrahton to her carriage. "I should have offered you a place in my curricle. I cannot cry off now, but it is a pity I should not have said 'I would

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Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



The Grand Sophy

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"I had not heard that Talgarth was to be of the party. I am sure I am a bit of a party, but I suppose, under the circumstances, we owe it to my uncle not to encourage that connection."

"I am afraid her visit has brought extra cares upon you, my dear Charles. Much must be expected of a girl who has been known a mother's care, and I confess I had hoped that under your Mama's guidance she would have tried to conform to English standards of propriety."

"Not that," he said. "It is my duty to keep her in the house, and to see that she is not getting what she will do next, while the terms she makes on every rattle which she wears a scarlet coat—not that I care for that! But to the accompanying Talgarth, to the lady who is the outside of the house, she is seen too much in his company she will be asked about by every well-meaning busybody in town."

Miss Wraxton, treasuring up these last words, was unwise enough to repeat the gist of them to Sophy not forty-eight hours later. During the hour of her fashionable Promenade, when walking in the Park with her maid, she came upon Sophy's phaeton drawn up to the Sophy to exchange a few words with the reprehensible Sir Vincent.

During night of Miss Wraxton, Sophy nodded smilingly to her, but looked rather scorned when Eugenia came forth the phaeton and addressed her. "How do you do?" she said. "I am the carriage I hear so much of. At all events, you are a fine pair of horses, I see. I'm driving them tandem. You are to be congratulated. I don't think I would trust myself to do so."

"I am acquainted with the Vincent Talgarth, I believe," Sophy said.

"The Vincent received the order of hoes, and the merest of a mile."

"Do you know," said Miss Wraxton, looking up at Sophy, "I really think I must ask you to sit me up beside you for a time. I am quite jealous of your prowess, I assure you!" Sophy agreed to John to do so, saying politely: "Pray sit with me, Miss Wraxton! I shall naturally be put on my

mettle. Sir Vincent, we meet on Friday, then: you will call for us in Berkeley Square!"

Miss Wraxton, assisted by John Pottton, mounted with creditable grace into the awkwardly high carriage and sat down beside Sophy, disposing her skirt neatly and acknowledging Tina's presence by uttering: "Dear little doggie!" a form of address which made the little greyhound shiver and press closer to her mistress.

"I am so happy to have this opportunity of speaking with you, Miss Stanton-Lacy," she went on. "I had come to think it impossible to find you when you should be alone. You are acquainted with so many people!"

"Yes, am I not fortunate?"

"Indeed, yes!" agreed Miss Wraxton, honey-sweet. "Though sometimes, dear Miss Stanton-Lacy, when one has a multitude of friends, one is inclined not to be as careful as one should be, perhaps. I wonder if I might venture to put you a little on your guard? In Paris and Vienna I am sure you would be able to tell me how I should go on, but in London I must be more at home than you."

"Oh, I should never be so impertinent as to tell you how to go on anywhere!" Sophy declared.

"Well, perhaps it would not be necessary," acknowledged Miss Wraxton graciously. "My Mama has always been a most careful parent, and very strict in her choice of governesses for her daughters. I have felt so much compassion for you, dear Miss Stanton-Lacy, situated as you are. You must so often have felt the want of a mother!"

"Not at all. Don't waste your compassion on me, I beg! I never wanted a mother while I had Sir Horace."

"Gentlemen," said Miss Wraxton, "are not the same."

"An unarguable statement. How do you like my boys?"

Miss Wraxton laid a hand on her knee. "Allow me to speak without reserve!" she begged.

"Short of overturning you I can hardly prevent you," Sophy replied. "But you had much better not, you know! I am very unbidable, and if I were to lose my temper I

might do what I should afterwards be sorry for."

"But I must speak!" Miss Wraxton said earnestly. "I owe it to your cousin!"

"Indeed! How is this?"

"You will understand that he does not like to mention the matter to you himself. He feels a certain delicacy—"

"I thought you were talking of Charles!" interrupted Sophy. "Which cousin do you mean?"

"I am talking of Charles."

"Nonsense! He has no delicate scruples."

"Miss Stanton-Lacy, believe me, this air of levity is not becoming!" said Miss Wraxton, losing some of her sweetness. "I do not think you can be aware of what is expected of a woman of quality! Or—forgive me!—how fatal it is to set up the backs of people and to give rise to such gossip as must be as painful to the Rivenhalls as I am persuaded it would be to you!"

"Now, what in heaven's name comes next?" said Sophy, quite astonished. "You cannot be so Gothic as to suppose that because I drive a high-perch phaeton I give rise to gossip!"

"No, though one would have preferred to have seen you in some vehicle less sporting. But the habits of easy intercourse you are on with so many military gentlemen—rattles in scarlet coats, as Charles divertingly phrases it!—and in particular with that man I saw you conversing with a moment ago, make you appear a little fast, dear Miss Stanton-Lacy, which I know you would not wish!"

She drew a sharp breath and continued: "Sir Vincent's company cannot give you consequence—indeed, quite the reverse! A certain lady—of the first consideration!—commented to me only to-day upon his attaching himself to you so particularly."

"I expect she has an interest there herself," observed Sophy. "He is a shocking flirt! And did my cousin Charles desire you to warn me against all these rattles?"

"He did not precisely desire me," answered Miss Wraxton scrupulously, "but he has spoken to me on this head, and I know what his sentiments are. You must know that Society will look indulgently upon mere pranks, such as driving off in Charles' curricle, for Lady Ombersley's protection must give you countenance."

"How fortunate I am!" said Sophy. "But do you think you are wise to be seen in my company?"

"Now you are quizzing, Miss Stanton-Lacy!"

"No, I am only afraid that you may suffer for being seen in such a vehicle as this and with so fast a female!"

"Hardly," Miss Wraxton said gently. "Perhaps it may be thought a little odd in me, for I do not drive myself in London, but I think my character is sufficiently well-established to make it possible for me to do—if I wished—what others might be imprudent to attempt."

"They were by this time within sight of the gate by Apple House. 'Now let me understand you!' begged Sophy. 'If I were to do something outrageous while in your company, would your credit be good enough to carry me off?'"

"Let us say my family's credit, Miss Stanton-Lacy. I may venture to reply, without hesitation, yes."

"Capital!" said Sophy briskly, and turned her horses towards the gate.

Miss Wraxton, losing some of her assurance, said sharply: "Pray, what are you about?"

"I am going to do what I

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1. Heat oven to moderate (425° F. electric). 2. Grease pie dish or an 8-inch sandwich tin generously. 3. Peel and core the apples and cut into eighths. 4. Place apples, lemon rind, water, and 3 ozs. sugar in a saucepan. 5. Cook until the apples are tender; keep hot until batter is ready. 6. Have all ingredients ready for use. 7. Sift together three times into a bowl: flour, baking powder, and salt; set aside. 8. Beat butter and 2 ozs. of sugar to a cream. 9. Beat egg in a separate basin. 10. Add beaten egg to sugar, butter, cream, and beat until mixture thickens. 11. Add milk and vanilla essence. 12. Add sifted flour mix, and mix in lightly but quickly. 13. Place the hot stewed apples in the pie dish. 14. Pour mixture over apples. 15. Bake in oven about 30 minutes. 16. Serve while hot.



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in versions of the Bible:

Mary and Martha

The story of Mary and Martha (St. Luke 10:38-42) is here shown as it appears in the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible and the familiar King James Bible.

King James Version

Now it came to pass, as he went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman, named Martha, received him into her house.

And she had a sister, called Mary, which also sat at his feet, and heard his word.

And Martha was cumbered about much serving, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister should leave me to serve alone? because she hath chosen that she should sit at thy feet, and hear thy words."

And Jesus answered and said, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

but one thing is needful: Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Revised Standard Version

(38) Now as they went on their way, he entered a village; and a woman named Martha received him into her house.

(39) And she had a sister called Mary, who sat at the Lord's feet and listened to his teaching. (40) But Martha was distracted with much serving; and she went to him and said, "Lord, do you not care that my sister has left me to serve alone? Tell her then to help me."

(41) But the Lord answered her, "Martha, Martha, you are anxious and troubled about many things; (42) one thing is needful. Mary has chosen the good portion, which shall not be taken away from her."

have been wanting to do ever since I was told I must not, on any account!" replied Sophy. "It is with me a kind of Bluebeard's chamber."

The phaeton swung through the gateway and turned sharply to the left, narrowly escaping collision with a ponderous lozenge-coach.

Miss Wraughton uttered a stifled shriek and clutched the side of the phaeton. "Take care! Please pull up your horses at once! I do not wish to drive through the streets! Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"No, no, do not be afraid! I am quite sane. How glad I am that you chose to drive with me! Such an opportunity as this might never else have come in my way!"

"Miss Stanton-Lacy, I do not know what you mean, and again I must beg of you to pull up! I am not at all diverted by this prank, and I wish to alight from our phaeton instantly."

"What, and walk along Piccadilly unattended? You cannot mean it!"

"Stop!" commanded Miss Wraughton, in almost shrill accents.

"On no account. Dear me, what a lot of traffic! Perhaps you had better not talk to me until I have weaved my way through all these carts and carriages."

"For heaven's sake, at least slacken your pace! I insist!" Miss Wraughton besought her, in the liveliest alarm.

"I will, when we come to the turning," promised Sophy, passing between a waggon and a mail-coach with a matter of inches to spare. A moan from her companion caused her to add kindly: "There is no need to be in a fright: Sir Horace made me drive through a gateway until I could be trusted not even to scrape the varnish."

They were now ascending the rise in Piccadilly. With a strong effort at self-control, Miss Wraughton demanded: "Tell me at once where you are taking me!"

"Down 'St. James' Street," replied Sophy coolly.

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"What?" gasped Miss Wraughton, turning quite pale. "You will not do such a thing! No lady would be seen driving there! Among all the clubs—the object of every townsaunder! You cannot know what would be said of you! Stop this instant!"

"No, I want to see this Bow Window I hear so much of, and all the dandies who sit there. How wretched that Mr. Brummel has been obliged to go abroad! Do you know, I never saw him in my life? Are you able to point out the various clubs to me? Shall we recognise White's, or are there other houses with bow windows?"

"This is your notion of railleury, Miss Stanton-Lacy! You are not serious!"

"Yes, I am. Of course I should not have dared to do it without you sitting beside me, to lend me credit, but you have assured me that your position is unassailable, so I need have no scruple in gratifying my ambition."

No argument that Miss Wraughton could advance, and she advanced many, had the power to move her. She drove on inexorably.

Wild ideas of springing from the phaeton crossed Miss Wraughton's mind, only to be rejected. It was too dangerous to be attempted. Had she been wearing a veil she might have pulled it over her face and hoped to have escaped recognition, but her hat bore no such decoration. She had not even a parasol, and was obliged to sit bolt upright, staring rigidly ahead of her, the length of that disgraceful street.

She did not utter a word until the horses swung round into Pall Mall, and then she said in a low voice, unsteady with rage and chagrin: "I will never forgive you! Never!"

"How uncharitable of you!" said Sophy lightly. "Shall I set you down now?"

"If you dare to abandon me in this locality—"

"Very well, I will drive you to Berkeley Square. I do not know whether you will find my cousin at home at this hour, but at all events you may complain of me to my aunt, which I am sure you must be longing to do."

"Do not speak to me!" said Miss Wraughton throbblingly. Sophy laughed.

Outside Ombersley House she broke the silence. "Can you get down without assistance? Having cast off my groom, together with your maid, I must drive the phaeton round to the stables myself."

Miss Wraughton, vouchsafing no answer, climbed down and walked up the steps to the front-door.

IT was half an hour later before Dasset admitted Sophy into the house. She found Mr. Rivenhall at that very moment coming down the stairs, and said at once: "Ah, so you were at home! I am so glad!"

He was looking very stern, and replied in a level tone: "Will you come into the library for a few minutes?"

She accompanied him there, and began to drag off her driving-gloves with hands that were not quite steady. Her eyes were still sparkling and a not unbecoming flush mantled her cheeks.

"Cousin, what possessed you?" demanded Mr. Rivenhall.

"Oh, has not Miss Wraughton told you? I have realised an ambition!"

"You must be mad! Don't you know how improper it was of you to do such a thing?"

"Yes, indeed I knew, and should never have dared to do it without the protection of Miss Wraughton's presence! Do not look so dismayed! She assured me that, even though I did something outrageous in her company, her credit was

good enough to carry me off!"

"Sophy, she cannot have said such a thing!"

She shrugged, and turned away. "No? Have it as you will!"

"What had occurred? What reason had you for causing her such mortification?"

"I will leave Miss Wraughton to tell you what she chooses. I do not like tale-bearers, and will not sink to that level! My actions are no concern of yours, Cousin Charles, and even less are they Miss Wraughton's."

"What you have just done is very much her concern!"

"True! I stand corrected."

"It is also my concern to see that you come to no harm while you are a guest in this house. Such conduct as you indulged in this afternoon might do you a great deal of harm, let me tell you!"

"My dear Charles, I am past praying for, as intimate as I am with rakes and rattlers!" she flashed.

He stiffened. "Who said that?"

"You, I understand, but you had too much delicacy to say it to my face. You should have known better than to think I should listen meekly to Miss Wraughton, however!"

"And you should know better than to imagine that I would deliver my strictures through Miss Wraughton or anyone else!"

She lifted a hand to her cheek, and he saw that it was to dash away a tear-drop. "Oh, be quiet! Cannot you see that I am too angry to talk with any moderation? My wretched tongue! But, though you did not desire Miss Wraughton to scold me for you, you did discuss me with her, did you not?"

"Whatever I may have said I did not mean to be repeated. It was, however, extremely improper of me to have criticised you to Miss Wraughton. I beg your pardon!"

She pulled out her handkerchief from the sleeve of her habit and blew her nose. Her

flush died down; she said ruefully: "Now I am disarmed. How provoking of you! Why could you not have flown into one of your rages? You are so disobliging! Was it so very bad to have driven down St. James' Street?"

"You knew it was, for Miss Wraughton told you so. You have caused her a great deal of distress, Sophy."

"Oh, dear! I do such dreadful things when I lose my temper! Very well, it was wrong in me—very wrong! Must I beg her pardon?"

"You must see that you owe her an apology. If anything she may have said to you angered you, at least she had no such intention. She meant nothing but kindness, and is very much upset by the outcome. Mine is the blame, for having led her to suppose that I wished her to take you to task."

She smiled. "That's handsome of you, Charles! I am sorry: I have created an uncomfortable situation. Where is Miss Wraughton? In the drawing-room? Take me up to her, then, and I will do what I may to mend things!"

"Thank you," he said, opening the door for her.

Miss Wraughton was found to have recovered from her agitation and to be glancing through the pages of a magazine. She glanced coldly at Sophy, and lowered her eyes again to the periodical.

Sophy walked across the room, saying in her frank way: "Will you forgive me? Indeed, I beg your pardon, and am very sorry! It was shocking conduct!"

"So shocking, Miss Stanton-Lacy, that I prefer not to speak of it."

"If that means that you will try to forget it, I shall be very grateful to you."

"Certainly I shall do so."

"Thank you!" Sophy said.

"You are very kind!" She turned and went quickly to the door. Mr. Rivenhall was holding it, and detained her for a moment, saying in a much warmer voice than she

had yet heard him use: "If one should mention the affair to me, I shall say that having bought those bays of yours against my advice you were well served, for they got away with you!"

She smiled, but said: "I wish you will do what you can to undo any harm I may have caused."

"My dear girl, don't refuse too much upon it! There is no need, I assure you."

She cast him a look of gratitude, and left the room.

"You were not very generous, were you, Eugenia?" said Mr. Rivenhall.

"I consider her behaviour pardonable."

"It is unnecessary to tell me so: you made it plain enough that you thought so."

Her bosom swelled. "I did not think to hear you take part against me, Charles!"

"I have not done so, but the fault was not all hers. You had no right to take her to task, Eugenia, much less to repeat whatever ill-considered words I may have uttered. I am not surprised she was angry: I have a temper myself!"

"You do not seem to consider the agony of mortification I have been obliged to suffer. What Mama would say if she knew—"

"Oh, enough, enough!" he said impatiently. "You make too much of it! Let us let heaven's sake, forget it!"

She was offended, but saw that to persist would lower her in his eyes. It was moved her to think that she had shown to less advantage than Sophy in the little scene that had been enacted. She forced herself to smile.

"You are right," she said magniloquently. "I have allowed myself to be too much moved. Please assure your cousin that I shall not think of the matter again!"

She had her reward, for he grasped her hand at once, saying: "That is more like you! I knew I could not be mistaken in you!"

To be continued

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F2450 — Smart afternoon frock with long skirt and swathed bodice. Size 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 34in. material and 1 yd. 34in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2451 — Suit styled with slim skirt and long top. Length skirt 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 1½ yds. 34in. material and 1 yd. 34in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 888, G.P.O., Auckland.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 390.—FROCK
Trim style frock for morning or afternoon wear obtainable cut out ready to make in Summer Breeze haircord. The color choice includes red, navy, yellow, sage-blue, green, pink, and sky-blue printed with white pin-spots. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 32/6. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 391.—WAIST APRON
A dainty apron obtainable cut out ready to make in voile in pink, green, and lemon. The motif on pocket is traced ready to embroider. Size, medium. Price, 5/11. Postage, 11d. extra.

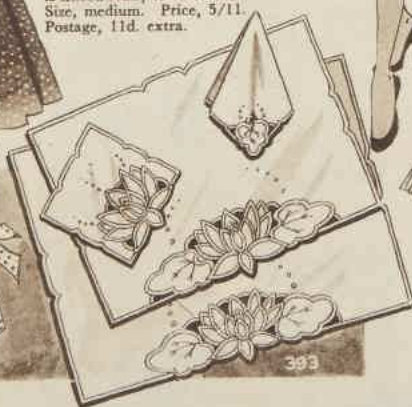
No. 393.—LUNCHEON SET

Decorated with an attractive water-lily design, the luncheon set is obtainable cut out ready to embroider. The material is heavy cream silk, also fine Irish linen in pink, sky-blue, lemon, green, and white. Includes: 1 centre mat, 17in. x 13in.; plate mat, 10in. x 14in.; cup and saucer mats, 5in. x 5in.; serviettes, 11in. x 11in. Price: 9-piece set—1 centre mat, 1 plate mat, and 4 cup and saucer mats—19/11. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra. Price: 13-piece set—1 centre mat, 6 plate mats, and 6 cup and saucer mats—22/6. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes, 1/6 each. Postage, 3d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

No. 392.—WAIST APRON

Pretty apron style obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton dimity, with red, blue, or green printed star design on white ground. Size, medium. Price, 7/11. Postage, 11d. extra.



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AB51-12A



SEASIDE HOME of Dr. and Mrs. A. V. Meehan at 'Surfers' Paradise, Queensland. The photograph, taken from the drive, shows the living-room, which projects from the main block and is suspended on giant concrete pillars. Superb views of the sea and coastline are obtained from any position in this room. The house is white with yellow eaves and green trim.



THE HOUSE from the sea front, showing the circular dining-room on the ground floor, with Dr. Meehan's study above it, and the living-room on the left. Under this room is the breezeway, on to which the dining-room opens.



THE LIVING-ROOM. Heavy cream curtains drape the windows. Walls are goosberry-green with ivory woodwork. Occasional chairs and tables were made in Brisbane by Danish craftsmen. The reading lamp has a raffia lampshade, its coloring toning with the main colors in the rugs which cover the floor.

Suspended wing in modern beach home

● An outstanding example of modern domestic architecture is the unusual seaside home which Dr. and Mrs. A. V. Meehan of Brisbane, have built at Surfers' Paradise, Queensland.



THE ATTRACTIVE CIRCULAR DINING-ROOM with its earth-brown walls, printed curtains, and ivory woodwork. The serving shelves (left), which open into the well-equipped kitchen, facilitate the smooth serving of meals.

DESIGNED by Edward Weller, this tropic-climate house has a living-room wing which projects from the main block and which is suspended on giant concrete pillars. Its large areas of glass and walls provide the owner with uninterrupted panoramic views of the Pacific Ocean and the coastline and the maximum in cross-ventilation is also obtained.

Beneath the suspended room a green-paved breezeway leads directly off to the circular dining-room.

Architect Weller also designed some of the furniture, including the couches.

His wife did the elaborate type murals for the dining-room. The main bedroom, dining room, and bathroom, and Dr. Meehan's circular study are on the first floor of the main block and are reached by a stone staircase, which also serves the projecting wing.

Bookshelves are built into the wall of the study. The other furnishings are a table and comfortable Swedish chairs.

A shower room is provided on the ground floor—a necessary seaside house to prevent being tracked in.

Five smart accessories for the home

Decorative pieces at small cost

Illustrated below are several items made by Mrs. Jimmy Atkins for her home at Hunter's Hill, N.S.W. This home was featured in our issue of January 21.

DIRECTIONS for making them and the Danish table mats at right are on this page.

Lampshade: Mrs. Atkins used a plain green bottle approximately 13in. in height for the base. She bought the necessary light fitting.

She also bought an ordinary cone-shaped parchment shade with a base measurement of 12in., one yard of 36in.-wide material, leno for stiffening, green braid and contrasting material for trimming.

The material for the cover was cut into three 12in. widths and joined.

The contrasting strip for the base of the cover was lined with the leno stiffening and attached. Then the ric-rac braid was sewn on.

The top section was pleated on to a leno band to fit the top of the parchment shade, and a detachable band or collar of contrasting material and leno was made, trimmed with the braid, and slipped over the top.

Raffia - trimmed Vase: Materials needed are an old vase painted flat-white or any desired color, stiff petersham ribbon, raffia, and brass paper clips.

Make two collars of petersham, and, if necessary, dart them to fit the shape of the vase. Bind firmly with raffia and stud with brass paper clips. Each collar centre should be pierced at 1in. intervals and the studs secured by turning back prongs on the wrong side.

Place collars in position so that clips alternate. Interlace lengths of raffia from top to bottom and join by knotting tightly and placing knots behind clips.

Wastepaper Basket: Materials required are a large oval or round tin (an empty one-gallon paint tin with top removed and rough edges turned in and under is suitable), one jar white adhesive paste, about 1½ balls house-hold string, enamel paint.

Paint the tin inside and out with enamel paint and let dry for 24 hours. Spread the paste thickly around the outside of the tin near the base. Fray the end of the string to avoid a lump, and, starting at the base, glue it down at a right angle to the edge.

Start winding the string tightly round the tin, each round covering the frayed string until the paste has been covered, then continue winding string until the outside of tin is completely covered.

If string has to be joined, do not tie or knot. Fray the end and repeat the gluing down process.

Finish off by fraying the end and tucking into the top.

To make the string "buttons," which decorate the basket, coil pieces of string around in the fingers about 8 times. Hold carefully and dab with a thick layer of paste and stick on at intervals, then take 1in. lengths of string, tie in knots, fray the ends, and glue to centre of "buttons."

Danish Table Mats: Materials required are ½yd. 36in. wide material for four table mats, ½yd. 36in. wide material for four table napkins, and contrasting braid.

DANISH TABLE MATS and fringed table napkins can be made cheaply.

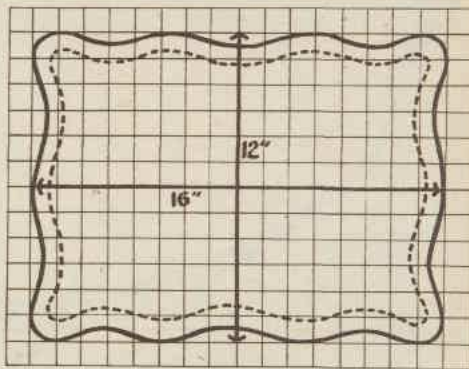
Make a paper pattern from the diagram at right, in which each square equals 1in. Cut out the four mats and bind, hem, or face the scalloped edge; tack down three rows of contrasting braid, following the curves of the scalloped edge, then sew.

Cut four 9in. squares for the table napkins. Draw out a thread, 1in. from edge, and machine-stitch along this line. Then fringe out from the machine-stitching.

PATTERN GRAPH (each square equals one inch) for the attractive 12in. x 16in. Danish table mats illustrated above.



FOUR DECORATIVE PIECES made by Mrs. Atkins. Plant-holder (second from left) is a bowl bound with string.



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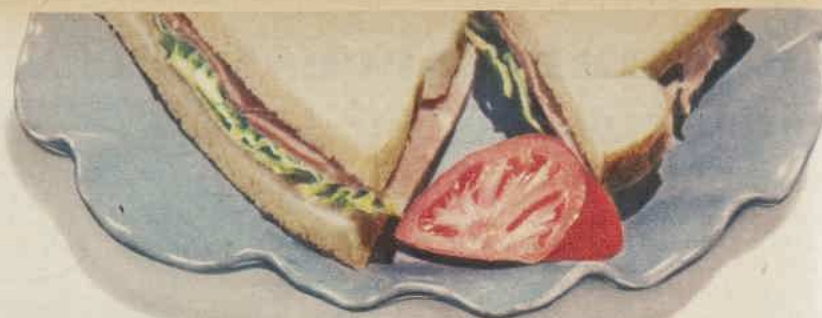
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MELLAH ICE CREAM — costs less than any other you mix or buy

Make up 1 packet Mellah Dessert (any flavour) with milk, as directed on package.

Stir in 2 level tablespoons sugar.

Mix in one only of the following:

1 cup evaporated milk (Carnation Brand or other similar unsweetened condensed milk), or 1 cup powdered milk blended with 6 tablespoons cold milk, or 1 cup fresh cream, or 1 tin (4 ozs.) reduced cream.

Pour into freezing tray.

Freeze till set to about 1" in from sides of tray. Beat till thick and creamy and twice original volume.

Freeze quickly till firm, then adjust refrigerator control to keep ice cream firm without over-freezing.



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Address any correspondence to Betty King, Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney

Summer Harvest

Now is the time to make jams, jellies, pickles and chutneys so that the summer harvest of fruit and vegetables is preserved throughout the winter season.

FRUIT for jams and jellies should be slightly under-ripe, because it is then that the jelling substance, pectin, is at its best.

It is necessary to add lemon juice to fruits deficient in pectin (strawberries, cherries, melons), or to over-ripe fruits to ensure "jelling."

Pickles and chutneys, made from fruit or vegetables or a mixture of both, are easy to make and are a useful accompaniment to cold meats and soups and to garnish dishes.

Lined preserving-pans or saucepans are best for the boiling of vinegar when making pickles or chutneys. Wooden, not metal, spoons should be used for stirring.

Try the following recipes for jam, jelly, pickles, and chutney while the vegetables and fruits are available.

All spoon measurements are level.

TOMATO AND PINEAPPLE JAM

Scald 5lb. ripe tomatoes, remove skins and slice thickly. Grate 1 large peeled pineapple. Place tomatoes and pineapple in preserving-pan with 1lb. sugar. Boil for 20 minutes. Add 5lb. warmed sugar, boil all together quickly until it "jells" when tested on a cold saucer. Add strained juice of 1 large lemon just before removing from heat. Bottle into clean, dry, heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

PLUM JELLY

Wash plums, cover with cold water and boil gently until plums are soft. Stand for 1 hour. Strain through a jelly bag. Measure juice, bring to boil, add 1 cup warmed sugar for each cup of juice. Boil rapidly until mixture "jells" when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle into clean, dry, heated jars. Seal and label when cold.

PICKLED GHERKINS

Cover the washed gherkins with brine, allowing 2 tablespoons salt to 1 pint water, stand for 3 days. Drain the gherkins, dry them and pack into jars. Boil sufficient vinegar to well cover the

gherkins with spices and peppercorns (allowing ½oz. peppercorns, ½oz. allspice, 4 cloves, and 2 blades of mace to each quart of vinegar) for about 10 minutes. Pour over gherkins, leave overnight. Drain vinegar off, boil again, pour over gherkins, and once more leave until next day. Repeat this process until gherkins are a deep green. Cover with the vinegar, adding a little more if necessary, seal down airtight.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES

Slice 6lb. green tomatoes and 2lb. onions. Sprinkle well with salt, stand overnight, next morning drain thoroughly. Add 3 pints of spiced vinegar boiled for 5 minutes with 1lb. sugar. Cook slowly until tender. Pack into jars, seal airtight while still hot.

Spiced Vinegar: Into an enamel-lined saucepan place 3 pints vinegar, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon each of mustard seed and dry powdered horseradish or fresh grated horseradish (if available), 1 tablespoon bruised ginger, 1 large clove of finely minced garlic, 2 blades mace, 1 small piece stick cinnamon, ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon salt. Simmer for 15 minutes, allow to become cold and strain.

PLUM CHUTNEY

Stone 2lb. plums and place in preserving-pan with ½lb. brown sugar and 1 pint vinegar. Simmer until fruit is quite tender. Add 1oz. chopped garlic, 1 oz. ground ginger, 1oz. salt, ½oz. pepper, 1lb. seeded raisins. Cook steadily, stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon, until mixture is very thick. Pour into jars and seal.

PEACH AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

Wash, dry, and peel 4lb. slightly under-ripe peaches. Slice and place in a large bowl. Sprinkle with ½lb. sugar, stand overnight. Place in preserving-pan, bring slowly to boiling point, cook until fruit is just tender. Add another ½lb. warmed sugar and strained juice of 2 lemons. Continue cooking until a good rich color, then add pulp of 1 to 2 dozen passionfruit (according to quantity available). Cook until it "jells" when tested. Bottle while hot.

HOME-MADE JAMS and relishes based on summer fruits and vegetables may be used all the year round to give sweet and savory dishes added flavor.



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Arnold J. Lehman, M.D.—Chief, Division of Pharmacology, U.S. Food and Drug Administration
Presented at the 52nd Annual Conference of the
Association of Food and Drug Officials of the United States.

Pathology in chronically poisoned animals

| INSECTICIDE | PREDOMINANT INJURY | INSECTICIDE | PREDOMINANT INJURY |
|----------------------|--|---------------------|----------------------------|
| D.D.T. | Liver necrosis and cerebellar degeneration | Lethane-384 special | Generalised organ damage |
| Parathion | Enterocolitis and gall-bladder necrosis | Lethane-60 | No data |
| HETP | Enterocolitis and gall-bladder necrosis | ABB | No data |
| Chlorinated Camphene | Gall-bladder necrosis | Chlordane | Liver and kidney damage |
| Rotenone | Liver necrosis | Thionit | Liver damage and inanition |
| Nicotine | Liver necrosis | Pyrethrins | Liver damage |
| | Kidney and liver necrosis | TDE | None reported |
| | Inanition | BBH | Adrenal cortex damage |
| | | Methoxychlor | Liver damage |
| | | N-propyl isomer | Kidney damage |
| | | Piperonyl butoxide | Negative |
| | | Heptachlor | Liver damage |

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PARTY SAVORIES



Readers' recipes win big cash prizes

Shredded crayfish in cream sauce flavored with cheese and tomato juice and filled into crisp bread cases make the savories which win the main prize of £5 this week.

CHOPPED shelled prawns or flaked cooked smoked or fresh fish may be used in place of crayfish if a less expensive savory is required.

Uncooked fruit roll, ideal for lunch boxes, and a delicious jellied peach sweet flavored with walnuts win consolation prizes.

Send entries to this popular weekly contest to Box 4098 WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Mark envelopes "Recipe Contest." Recipes should be written in ink or typed.

All spoon measurements are level.

CRAYFISH SAVORIES

One cup shredded fresh or tinned crayfish, crab, or rock lobster, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, dash cayenne pepper, 1½ tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 egg, crisp bread cases.

Melt butter or substitute, add onion. Cook gently until onion is clear, stir in flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Add salt, cayenne, mustard, milk, and tomato juice. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add cheese and beaten egg, mix well, cook 2 to 3 minutes longer, but do not allow to boil again. Fold in fish, fill into crisp bread cases. Decorate with cocktail onions and slices of gherkin. Serve hot.

First Prize of £5 to Miss I. Billett, C/o Gippsland and Northern, 492 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

UNCOOKED FRUIT ROLL

Three whole-wheat breakfast biscuits, 1 cup stoned dates, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup stoned prunes, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sliced drained cherries, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons chopped peel, 1 cup coconut or chopped nuts.

Crumble biscuits, add sugar, chopped dates and prunes, raisins, sultanas, peel, and cherries. Mix well with the hand until thoroughly combined. Shape into a long roll approximately 2in. in diameter. Roll in coconut or nuts. Wrap in waxed paper, leave to set in refrigerator or ice chest. Cut into 1in. slices to serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. S. Hazel, Coghill St., Kapunda, S.A.

CRAYFISH SAVORIES, which win the £5 prize this week, arranged with cocktail onions, blocks of cheese, and pieces of gherkin on cocktail sticks. See recipe.

PEACH AND WALNUT RING

Two tablespoons finely chopped walnuts, 1½lb. cooked peaches (or 1 tin), 1 pint syrup from peaches, 3 dessert spoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, sherry or lemon juice to flavor.

Rub peaches through coarse strainer, making 1 pint peach pulp. Beat egg, add milk and sugar. Stir over boiling water until mixture coats a silver spoon; cool. Flavor peach pulp with sherry or lemon juice, add walnuts and custard. Dissolve gelatine in heated syrup, add to peach mixture, mix well. When beginning to thicken, stir and fill into wetted ring mould. Chill until set. Unmould, fill centre with remaining peaches, decorate with cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 50 Winifred St., Adelaide.

Accidents in the home

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

YOUNG children often meet with serious injury in their own homes.

Drowning, burns, scalds, electrocution, and poisoning are responsible for the deaths of tiny children in surroundings where they should be safest.

Small children will touch and taste anything within reach, and as they learn to use legs and arms to climb, the things within reach are multiplied many times.

Parents, therefore, must arrange their homes so that the toddler who has outgrown the play-pen is as safe as possible.

All medicines and any poi-

sons should be kept in a locked cabinet. Handles of saws and pans should not be allowed to project from the stove; power points and electric cords should have guards. Hanging tablecloths which toddlers can pull at should be used.

These and other ways of protecting a child from dangers in the home, and hints for wisely training him to recognise things which are dangerous to him, are given in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4098, G.P.O., Sydney. (Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.)

Strange Day

Summer
Holiday
Reading



EARLY on Wednesday morning the wind blew thin and bright from the Watchung Mountains, and swept Mr. Ralph Bee out of his world and his chains.

This man had no intention of being blown by the February wind, or by any other force or element. But in later thought he did ascribe change and cataclysm to the quality of the season, the weakening of winter, the chilliest hint of a spring to come.

Ralph Bee had a wife, Isabelle. They owned neither chick nor child; instead they maintained an affectionate though slatternly cocker named Grace. They all lived at 147 Willow Weir Road, within the town limits of Middlefield. Their house was two-thirds paid for.

Half a block away, around a curve and past two rock gardens and a stockade of miniature fences, waited Mountain Avenue, along which crawled numerous buses. Beyond the Mountain Avenue bus line waited, some thirteen minutes distant, the Central Railroad of New Jersey.

Beyond the station waited, perhaps fifty minutes distant, the city of New York. There existed, in its staunch root and branches, the Bankers' Providential Trust and Savings Company.

This institution had been summoning Ralph Bee each workaday morning since he was twenty-one, except during those

years when reveille had summoned him instead.

Amid smoky jungles of Manhattan the bank occupied Ralph's consciousness solidly. First (in younger and more glamorous days) it appeared as a white fairy citadel to be conquered, and later appealed in its spacious prosiness as a helpmate, sometimes a challenge, seldom a riddle, never a threat.

Ralph Bee loved the Bankers' Providential Trust and Savings. He was not ambitious beyond his own gifts. He had been born into sane surroundings; in this thirty-sixth year of his life, Ralph could look back on the kindest certainties of business, fireside, friends, and matrimony.

That he did not do so on the strange February day of record, and chose instead to fare forth into a half-world of strain, of violence, of mystery, is in itself an astonishment.

Isabelle drove off to Lake Tacony in their well-polished car, with Grace drooling on the well-brushed seat cover, and with some apprehension in her heart.

She had called Ralph at the bank on Tuesday just before he went to lunch.

"Ralphie. It's mother again."

"Did she have a stroke?"

"No, I can't make out exactly. I think the doctor was worried about one.

With a fierce movement Ralph hurled the magazine and knocked the glass out of her hand.

Hedstrom

Beginning an exciting two-part novel by MacKINLAY KANTOR

STRANGE DAY

I talked to him on the phone, too."

"Oh," said Ralph, "you know how she is, Izzo. Sort of neurotic and—"

Isabelle said, "Yes, I know. Dr. Graham used to say she was a regular hypochondriac. But she really did sound awfully weak."

Privately Ralph had called his mother-in-law worse names than "hypochondriac" on occasion in the past; but, with all his loathing of her fretfulness, he had grown truly fond of Mrs. Bagley.

"Well, I guess you'd better go up there, then."

"I'm all ready to leave right now. You know how it is since Dad died, and Lucille living clear out in Eugene, Oregon. Clara was just over here. She wants you to eat dinner with her and Kurt."

He came home that Tuesday night to a silent and empty house, and to tasty shepherd's pie at their friends the Pflegers', who lived just behind Willow Weir Road, on Kinsey Lane.

Later, back home, Ralph telephoned Izzo at Lake Tocony. Mother had really looked very pale, and her heart had been fluttering again. There was some trouble with the hot-water heater. Also, a bicycling schoolboy had been struck by a car that morning and slightly injured—right there in front of Mother Bagley's house, and almost within Mother Bagley's apprehensive sight.

Isabelle said she would simply have to stay all night. The next day, if Mother felt better, and if she could get Aunt Alice Underwood to come and stay for a few days, Izzo would come home.

She had to shut Grace up on the sun porch. Grace barked in strange houses more than she barked at home, and the barking got on Mother's nerves. Shut away on the sun porch she would only moan, and Mother couldn't hear the moans from away out there.

Ralph Bee slept cruelly solitary, and he was awake before five-thirty on Wednesday morning. He went down and looked at the oil furnace, although the new furnace was automatic, and there was really nothing to do except adjust the thermostat now and then.

He made nasty coffee for himself, and squeezed the juice from a grapefruit and fished out the seeds with a spoon. Life was colorless. It had no taste for him, nor he for it.

When the morning paper thudded in its trussed web against the front door, Ralph went dutifully to retrieve it, and sat chilly in the breakfast nook while his eyes wandered down a few of the doleful columns.

Once again with a futile dream, but with no hope of accomplishment, he wished that he might go abroad and fight. He wished to fight Communists, dictators, or South American strong men; he was willing, he thought, to fight almost anybody. Ralph Bee had been allowed by fate to fight no one.

Not that he was ever unwilling. He had enlisted during the fateful December of 1941, had entrained for a camp here and a camp there, and was sitting in an office at Fort Benning, Georgia, earnestly checking a list of cases of canned peas, when someone whooped in the street out-

side, and Ralph learned that the Second World War had been won without his competent assistance with either a Garand or a bazooka.

Now he poured himself the rest of the coffee remaining in the little glass crucible. It was bitter and clogged with granules. As he drank, and as sardonically he regarded the market quotations relating to his few stocks, Ralph Bee reviewed his existence and deplored it.

Outside the hard grey grasses shone with frozen brightness; wind came down from the Watching ridges and blew loose leaves from the Pflegers' yard into the Bees'. The madness of Ralph began to grow.

He was shaved and dressed, and hatted in grey and coated in good grey-brown tweed that had worn well for four years and would wear well for as many more. No, he wouldn't put on his rubbers; it didn't look like rain or snow.

And so at last he was ready to go to work, and he took a final look at the thermostat and felt for his keys and believed that Isabelle would be home before he was.

Ralph closed the front door of the house and walked away down Willow Weir Road. Then, while he was still fifty yards from the corner, the Mountain Avenue bus rushed heedlessly past the intersection. Cold dust and papers billowed behind it. The air was keen and wild and calling.

Maybe it was missing that bus that first gave Ralph the idea.

He stood there at the corner and thought for a while. Customarily Izzo drove him to the station. Kurt Pfleger had to be at his work before Ralph, so they almost never took the same train in the morning—only at night, when Izzo and Clara took turns meeting them.

The bus? Let's see. If he missed that—and he had missed it—it was nearly seven-fifteen now, and the train left at seven-thirty-two.

If he missed the train, he would be at least half an hour late to work—maybe more. He had not been late to work since 1948. Of course there would be no reprimand. Seldom were reprimands held necessary or desirable for people in Ralph Bee's situation—people who would work faithfully until they were retired. But what sort of existence was it that meted out to you not even a reprimand?

And who was this young woman, gone far beyond the last houses of Middlefield, beyond the busy interlacing highways and the greivish fuzzi of the northern horizon—who lingered in Lake Tocony with her cocker spaniel and her persistent talk of bridge and gladioli and minor charities, her trivial collection of badges and medals, her exceptional skill at making bread-and-butter pickles?

What if he didn't go to the bank to-day? What if he never went again?

Ralph peered past the little fences, the barren lawns. He saw junipers and the wind twitching them, he saw the sterile chunkiness of his house and Isabelle's. What if now, deliberately, he turned his back and never more entered that house, and never spoke another word to Izzo?

Breezes resolved along the course of Mountain Avenue: a little wintry dust-devil, a whirlwind such as Ralph had seen

trailing often over hot plains when he was stationed in the West.

Breezes spun with dust and old beech leaves and gum papers, but there was a smell of the woods too: some faint dry savagery that sprang from timbered ridges beyond Highway 29.

Remotely, a little-boy voice ringing out of his childhood, there came now to Mr. Ralph Bee, assistant head of the tellers' department, an echo of something he had noted in a time when he was far younger, when he fancied the thought of prowling nervily with a rifle in his hand.

The lines were written by Ernest Thompson Seton. Ralph had read many books by Ernest Thompson Seton, and had dreamed of living like Seton's boy heroes in a tepee or a slab-sided cabin, and had dreamed of tracking lynx, of trapping weasels, of being snowed in through ferocious months in the heart of the Great North Woods.

"Many and diverse the madness of the time . . . like some disease it appears . . . in the feverish habits of all . . . Every buck is crazy now . . ."

Oh, surely, surely, there was more for him than this! The habit of all tradition, of all civilisation—the habit of his lifetime was on him like a strait-jacket but with one sweep he might cut through its resistance and sever the leathery canvas lacing him in.

AGAIN the wind went by. Icy leaves stung his cheeks and rattled against his glasses. The knowledge of what he might do, walking thus out of his world, walking aloof and venturing through any portal he chose; the knowledge that he might become an errant hobo, and not a hunk, no longer a bridge partner and a polite and all-observing teller's supervisor—this wickedness made Ralph Bee blind and giddy as he sucked it in.

Another bus was approaching now, grinding to a halt, picking up two passengers, growling near and nearer, its flat front and dirty glass eyes growing more shiny and more ominous and more distinct.

Ralph had only to lift his hand. The bus would stop, he could board it, he could catch the next train that followed. Thus, with only the variety of a little tardiness, his whole life might assume the course forever chosen, forever employed.

There were oozing tears in his eyes. He started to lift his hand, then pulled it down again. He felt that wrench of the diver who leaves the springboard: The hardness is gone from beneath his bare feet, he knows only space and the blow against the water to come.

Still blinking, breathing rapidly, and trying to swallow, Ralph jammed both hands into the pockets of his neat tweed coat. He stepped backward, and stumbled on the high edge of the sidewalk and nearly fell.

The bus slowed down; there was a crunch of gears; the driver speeded up. The bus went away, and the rush of

its passing was like the sound of a river.

Ralph Bee withdrew his shaking right hand from his overcoat pocket. Dumbly he opened up the coat and brought out a package of cigarettes. He dropped two cigarettes before he could put the third into his mouth. He nearly dropped his lighter, too, and it was hard to use that lighter in the wind.

Finally he puffed in the pungent smoke, blew it out through his thin nostrils, and then, wheeling away from the sidewalk, he stepped into the street itself and marched away down Mountain Avenue.

Not far beneath the foot of the flattish hill ran the super-highway, arush with cars and trucks. They were all going somewhere, and probably all the drivers knew where they were going. Ralph did not.

He knew only that he was going away from the bank, from Isabelle and Isabelle's badge collection, from the thermostat, the Pflegers, the bread-and-butter pickles. He was fleeing from the slobbery affections of a cocker spaniel.

Good heaven, man, who are you he thought. What are you doing? You've lost your mind! Still he could not quite shake off, in those first few moments, the notion that he might have found something even greater than his own mind.

Ralph did not know how much money he was carrying with him. A man could not go wandering the world without funds. But after all, perhaps he could! You saw them time after time: strange vagabonds moving in traffic, beaten or jaunty as the case might be. You saw them in city streets and they asked for dimes or quarters. You saw them on the open highways and they asked you for a ride.

Perhaps twenty or thirty dollars—somewhere around there. Yes, there was a twenty-dollar bill in his wallet. He remembered that from the night before.

The man who brought fresh eggs from the country had come just before Ralph went over to eat at Pflegers', and Ralph had paid the bill. Now he had some twenty-five dollars in his wallet. How far could he go on that? Perhaps a free ride would carry him very far.

Still reeling within himself (though not reeling in fact, but walking with precise steps), Ralph Bee kept moving along the hard clay and cinders on the road's shoulder. He halted properly at the stop sign, and looked both ways before he crossed to a kind of island where there were trees and a service station erected against the tide of the highway's traffic.

Here was a light, and Ralph waited until the light changed. Then he stepped across a dangerous width of concrete as the current of trucks and cars was stemmed by the red glow.

He moved too slowly. The light was changing now, cars were inching forward, and he trotted to safety on the farther side. Turning, he dumbly lifted his right arm in something like a Fascist salute.

The vehicles gained momentum and went away unheeding, and their wind and the wind of the mountains whipped around Ralph Bee

and blew the half-buttoned coat wide and loose.

This was all destruction: the destruction of his placid world. His clean-polished little existence was snapping into fragments like a dime-store teacup fallen from a kitchen shelf. And yet no matter how compelling the roar and confusion in his secret ear, he still held his hand aloft and waited.

The light colored to red again, and with its change a big convertible coupe slowed to a stop close by. A man was driving alone in the car. He had several bags piled in the rear seat. He was a handsome young man, with a drawn, tight face, and he was bareheaded, with the collar of a soiled camel's-hair coat turned above the gay tartan of his scarf.

The new car was lemon-colored and ribbed with chromium, but seemed soiled by the city's dirt, as if it had stood for a day or two neglected by some uptown kurb.

The driver called across the half-turned wing glass, "Where to, chum?"

Ralph moved forward but could not speak. He lowered his tired arm, and then half lifted it again.

"Do you want a ride?"

"Yes, please."

"Well, hurry up and get in. There goes the light."

The door closed behind him with a solid sound, and pavement was rushing beneath their tyres. Moisture in Ralph's eyes . . . perhaps dust . . . tears? He didn't know. The wind had done something strange to his eyes. Away, away . . . fleeing from everything he knew and loved and detested.

Ralph wiped his glasses and put them on again. Beside him the young man took his gloved hand from the wheel, drew out a little silver drawer from the dashboard, and when he extracted a cigarette by pressing a button, the cigarette was lighted as it came.

"Want one?"

"Thanks."

The young man selected a second cigarette for himself. Their sparks and smoke rushed away behind them.

"Well, what's your destination?"

Ralph said, "I don't know. That's it, I just don't know."

"He doesn't know," said the young man slowly, as if speaking to a third person who wasn't there. "He doesn't know at all. Are you drunk, chum?"

"No," said Ralph.

"I ought to be drunk," said the young man. "Maybe we both ought to be." And then again, and still as if to someone else who wasn't there, "He doesn't know where he's going, and maybe I don't either—except that I think I'm going to Chicago. Well, well! He isn't drunk, and neither am I, and maybe we both should be," and he laughed lightly.

The car went on, moving more rapidly than the rest of the traffic, cutting deftly from lane to lane, boring past big red trucks, and guessing nicely at the light change when they approached the Scotch Plains intersection.

Ralph took out his handkerchief and blew his nose. It seemed that this mechanical act awakened him more to the mysterious idiocy of his own behaviour. He looked at his companion.

The young man was not watching him. Wisely he was watching the road ahead. He

was around Ralph's age—thirty-two or thirty-five, Ralph thought—and his well-modelled, yellowish face had a thin, strong line running down the border of the wide upper lip and curving into the cleft of the chin. His eyes were restless and bright blue.

Ralph said, "I suppose you think I'm crazy."

"I," said the man, "am quite crazy. Chiefly because I hope that I might be happy under peculiar new circumstances in the West, and such brain as I have tells me that I never can be happy. Old chum, are you a very rational person?"

"It doesn't seem like it now."

"Well, anyway," said the young man, "let's tell the truth. I'm going to stop now at a sickeningly empty house in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. Is that too far for you?"

"No," said Ralph.

"I want to pick up a couple of things, and then I shall start on for Chicago, and maybe eventually for Los Angeles. There are some girls in Beverly Hills of whom I know at least a dozen. They're nice girls. They mean well, but they talk too much. And you," he said, turning briefly to examine Ralph with amusement in his manner, "you don't talk enough. Come on, give me the poop from the group!"

Ralph said, "I don't know what that is."

"Well, call it the gen, then. That's what we used to call it when life was real and earnest and its turn quite uncertain. The truth, baby! Say, do you know anything about St. Jerome?"

Ralph Bee told the young man that he knew nothing whatsoever about St. Jerome.

"All I know about him is one thing: Hardy quoted it in the introduction to one of his books that I was reading the other night after I had picked a quarrel with a girl named Hilda, because I didn't want to stay with her, and she wanted me to. So I picked a quarrel and went back to my Yale Club room, and I couldn't sleep, and I read two chapters in an old book by Hardy, and I read what he quoted from St. Jerome."

"Something like this: 'If an offence come out of the truth, better it is that the offender come than that the truth be concealed.' Tell me, chum, am I making very good sense? I guess neither one of us is making very good sense."

It occurred to Ralph Bee that he had not made very good sense for a long time. There had been restlessness, a fumbling rebellion. He had observed it before this, and yet had never identified it. There had been a kind of repetitious blankness in his attitude towards his work.

He remembered crossing the open floor of the bank lobby, returning from some errand at the cashier's desk, and finding himself confronted by a customer whom he had served for years before he became a supervisor of tellers.

Ralph was walking with an assistant cashier named Hammerstein, a new man in that branch. Hammerstein had been in the downtown office for years, and did not know all the customers there at the Forty-fourth Street branch.

The customer stopped in front of Ralph and extended his hand. "Well, Mr. Bee, I don't get to see you very

HOLIDAY READING

then since you moved away from the little window."

Ralph smiled, shook the customer's hand, and turned to perform the introduction to Mr. Hammerstein. And, in that moment, he could no more have recited the customer's name than he could have identified the ruling commissar of Odessa, on the Black Sea.

It was the customer himself who had to give his name, which was Higgins, and he glanced at Ralph speculatively, and Ralph thought that Mr. Hammerstein did also. It was an appalling experience.

Things like that. There was the evening, less than two months before, when he and Izzie were invited to the New Year's masque at the Middlefield Golf and Recreation Club.

He stood at the noisy entrance of the crowded bar. He mood holding a highball in his hand. He was a black cat, in a costume rented near Times Square, and he held his tail draped politely over his arm.

Isabelle came towards him. She was a bunny. She was not and furry and had large pink ears and a noticeable thickness in her hindquarters.

He watched his wife approach, and he thought suddenly: Why? Oh, why? All my life... this one? She? And getting a little thicker and thicker... and her voice... so mild, so flat, so consistently good-natured, so polite and self-assured. And, yes, by golly, snugg! That's Izzie is snug. Why on earth do I have to —? My whole life...

Beyond decorated portals revelled in some degree luxury, beauty, the tempting substance of other women. There were women with legs prettier than Isabelle's—and many of them were showing their glamorous legs in the costumes they wore.

Take that ballet sprite under you. She wasn't a child, yet she had smiled upon Ralph earlier with seeming naivete. The sight of her smooth legs and glossy, tapering calves had sent a heat and strain into his gullet. Yes, and one of her wicked little stocking seams was crooked, and Isabelle's stocking seams were never neatly correct.

Ralph thought wearily that there might be such a thing as a woman's being too dainty. Heaven knew that Izzie was dainty. But too dainty? He wondered why the magazine ads didn't say something about that.

The bank waited for him. There waited also his associates and superiors: Mr. Paul, Mr. Connolly, Mr. Bullard, Mr. Buckley. There waited the midway, the afternoon paper, the lunch hour at Schrafft's or at Mrs. Stover's or the DuPonts, or rarely in a bar-grill west of Sixth Avenue—because that was too far to walk, and he hated to spare the time.

Ah, yes: the American Legion, the bridge parties with the Pfifers, the Applingtons, the MacDonalds, the Carbons. The serious tournaments through all seasons when now did not rule the badminton court at the corner of the Pfifers' garden—that some court which he and Kane had failed to construct.

"Ralph, I think Grace wants to go out again. No, she'll have to go on the leash. It was in the paper there was a case of rabies over in Chattanooga." Do we or do we not do something about Lent?

"Ralph, I wish you'd stop by and talk to Mr. Kleppenger at the nursery. All three of those little silver poplars died. I mean three died, and the other one looks sort of sickly. And he put them in himself. Now, you tell him he's simply got to replace—"

The local paper: "Another interesting exhibit at the Art Festival held this week in the Woman's Club is the collection of badges assembled by Mrs. Ralph Bee. Mrs. Bee has been an enthusiastic collector of such rare items for some time. Municipal, civic, and some military badges are included in the exhibit, which numbers nearly three hundred pieces."

"... Well, I didn't say that: I had all those honors, did I? All right, darling, you just misunderstood the signal. All right; but if you redoubled in hearts—"

There was the gin rummy he played with Kurt Pfifer, night after night, westbound from the Jersey City terminal, with the chill fog of winter afternoons cold behind them on the Hudson, and all those ferryboats so wide and squat in their brown paint, gilt names glaring, the litany of suburban towns ringing forth: Somerville, Bound Brook, Westfield...

And there were the snacks in their kitchen or at the Pfifers'. There were the girl's prize and the boy's prize, contended for annually by Kurt and Ralph, by Clara and Izzie: the cigar humidor, the chromium ice-bucket, the cocktail shaker, the badminton trophies they won from and lost to each other again and again.

And forever those telephone calls from Lake Tocony, the querulous talk of disaster that never quite became disaster, but was only hinted at and vaguely feared.

On a few occasions, deaths among near relatives gave them the only taste of tragedy they had ever known. And even that tragedy was like one of Clara Pfifer's cocktails, sipped off and consumed almost before the taste could be discerned.

The big lemon-colored car had reached the traffic circle beyond Somerville. They swung south on the Flemington road.

"It's the easy way to go," said the driver, "to where I want to go. I mean—not to where I want to go, but to where I got to go. Down past Lambertville and New Hope. We turn off before we get to Doylestown. But, chum, I feel kind of lost. Hello, Ducky. Hello, Ducky."

Ralph grew bold enough to think of extracting another cigarette from the fascinating gadget in front of him, and then that seemed too impolite, so he took out his own package of cigarettes and offered one to the young man.

"Who's Ducky?" he asked guardedly.

"No, thanks. Too hard to light while I'm driving. Help yourself to one of these. It's what we used to call Ducky Procedure. You know, you're lost in weather, and you don't know where your base is or where any base is, and you've only got so much gas left, and where, oh, where do you let down?"

"It's a request for light in darkness, for a door to be opened, for a helping hand. In my present mood that's what I should like to have: a Q.D.M."

"What's a Q.D.M.?" "A Q.D.M. is 'Hello Ducky,'" said the young man. "What's your name?" "Bee." "Roger," said the young man. "You can call me 'H.'" "No, I mean it. B-double-E."

"B as in bug," said the young man. "O.K., you can call me Horner."

Ralph said that he would call him Horner. "Mr. Bee," said Horner, "were you ever in love?"

Ralph's first inclination was to tell Horner that of course he had been in love. He had been married to Izzie for nearly twelve years. Love? Why, he—

And there was that divorced woman friend of Mary Ridley's—what was her name? Amy. It was last summer, and she came visiting to Middlefield. She had tight little buns of brown hair and slanting pale green eyes, and she always wore black, and talked with an easy Southern drawl. Amy Lou. Amy Lou Pagewell, from Charleston, South Carolina.

Ralph kept thinking about her every night when he went to bed, and he was ashamed because it seemed that Izzie might be reading his thoughts.

BUT Izzie didn't pay any attention, and she didn't know about that evening when the ice ran out over there at the MacDonalds, and Ralph ventured to fetch ice from home—it was only five minutes away—and Amy Lou drove with him, and they filled up the big brass-bound ice bucket with all the cubes in the icebox.

Then there was a word or gesture or a laugh, and he found himself kissing Amy Lou, and she was bending back slightly with her hips against the polished whiteness of Izzie's kitchen table as she kissed him deeply and powerfully.

Of course they really hadn't done anything. It was just kissing in the kitchen, and she said something about "Honey lamb, mama's got to wipe that nasty old lipstick off your funny little face."

Before he realised it, the lipstick was gone, and they were back at the MacDonalds' again, and one or two people said, "Oh-oh, what took you so long?"

Love? He didn't know what answer to give to Horner, and Horner and St. Jerome were both demanding the truth.

Isabelle? Yes, even though there was such a thing as being too dainty.

He said, "Naturally I've been in love. Ham't every-one?"

"Ja," said Horner, "but not like me. I mean terrific. All over, like crazy! Seven years, Mr. Bumblebee—that is time in anybody's language. Especially in the native dialects of Bucks County. Have a cigarette?"

They kept driving, and presently the historic ice of the Delaware River gleamed beneath them. The bridge rattled lustily under the fat tyres and weight of the car, and the weight of all the bewilderment and mystery they carried along.

The house at which Horner and Bee soon arrived was fairly new, and built of stone

with many-paned dormer windows abutting amid vines that even in late winter had not lost all their leaves.

The house bent fairly across the wide lawn. There were entrances on two levels, and the entire area was fenced with the snowy planks of a horse-loving tradition.

Horner slowed down to make the turn into the wide driveway, then stopped completely and sat staring at the house.

"Good deal," he said. "I'm still proud of that one."

"Your house?" asked Ralph.

"Used to be. I'm giving it to her. I suppose she'll sell it, or maybe after all they'll decide to live here. 'Better that the offence should come, than that the truth—' But I architected it. I'm a terrific architect when I really get my working clothes on. This was the very first thing I did after I got out. My own little nest! I loved it so hard I practically laid eggs in it."

He pushed the car into gear. They moved up the hill and halted in a gravelly circle before the door. Horner got out and motioned for Bee to follow him.

"We," he said, "will proceed to the bar for a slight libation. I think there are servants still extant on the premises, and we might even raise up a sandwich if we spoke politely, and do you wish a sandwich?"

Ralph climbed from the car. Once his feet were on the gravel the whole sun-touched world seemed to swing away from him. Unreasonable thrushes were singing in his ears again. He couldn't breathe.

He heard himself croaking. "Look here, Horner. Guess I'd better tell you something. I've done a foolish thing—really insane."

"Crime!" he heard the man asking.

"No, no. Not crime. But I mean—you see, I live over in New Jersey, near where you picked me up, and I'm supposed to be at work at—"

Horner's voice told him with a certain brutality, "If it's troubles you got, pal, don't come crying in my lap. I got troubles, too. I'm one of God's chilluns, too."

Still, there was a kindness in the manner in which he swatted Ralph Bee briefly on his tweed shoulder, and told him to come along. Not at the front door, but at a smaller door down the hill, Mr. Horner lifted the wallet of keys, selected one key, looked at it a moment, and laughed unpleasantly, then turned the key in the lock.

He pushed open the door and bowed briefly to Ralph Bee. Ralph stepped into a house where very soon, and before Ralph's very eyes, a woman would try to kill herself.

Meanwhile, some fifty-three miles to the north-north-east, another woman was huddled in a washroom, crying not as if her heart would break but as if it had already broken.

The white door at the rear of the service-station was freshly painted. Isabelle Bee rejoiced quietly in her heart, because the unattractive state of most service-station rest-rooms had always been a bug-

bear when she was out driving.

This rest-room was nice, and she would not object to going in and filling Grace's pan with fresh, cool water. And Grace knew what was coming. The little dog floundered delightedly ahead of her mistress.

Isabelle had her hand on the doorknob, she was swinging the door ajar before she heard the other woman sobbing inside. Grace lifted floppy ears and snorted suspiciously.

It was not a dry weeping. The woman cried as a child might cry, loosely, limply, dissolved in the pond of her own grief. She uttered little trills and gasps. She fought to find her breath, but each strength she gained was more sustenance for a new outburst of agony.

She had not locked the door, and it was her own fault that now a stranger confronted her in such intrusive fashion and witnessed the indignity of grief.

Isabelle saw the face, the wet haunting eyes, the ignominy of wretched helplessness. That was the reason she did not slam the door shut and hurry away.

"I beg your pardon—"

The other woman shook her head blindly. She was very young, years younger than Isabelle. Her face was white, her rouge tracked by her tears. She might have been pretty if her hair had not been so disarranged, and if lipstick had not been so thickly spread upon those lips quite shapeless in their quivering.

"I beg your pardon—"

Oh, poor little thing! Isabelle thought. What is it? Is she sick? Is—

The girl could not speak. She leaned there, her thin hands clamped upon the edge of the washbasin, and now as she turned slowly away as if she would draw into herself, Isabelle observed the thinness of the shoulders, the droop of the small, frail body.

Her kindness went out. Oh, poor little thing! I must find out what's wrong. I must find

Before the sum of the woman's grief may be related it is logical to study the brief itinerary of Isabelle in these peculiar hours, to review the steps by which she arrived at this ladies' room.

That morning, when she arose in her girlhood bedroom at Lake Tocony, she accepted no burden of bewilderment and mystery. She was, however, aware of other things even more painful. She was irked; she had been irked for a long time. She felt peevish towards her mother, and was unusually short and abrupt with maternal questions.

How had mother slept? (She, Isabelle, had gone in several times during the night, but her mother seemed to be resting peacefully; she didn't disturb her.)

"Well, I did have some bad dreams. It was that boy on the bicycle, mostly."

"Heavens and earth, Mother, you can forget all about that. The little boy's all right. When Mrs. Wilson was here last evening she even said that he begged to be allowed to go to that school party or church party or whatever it was after the doctor patched him up."

"That's all very well, Izzie, but it made me dream like anything! It made my heart flutter in the night every time I thought of it."

"I'll start breakfast," said Isabelle, and stalked away. There would be no escape

for her until late in the afternoon. Aunt Alice Underwood, a factotum who had won an intimate friendship with Mrs. Bagley through the years, had promised to come over from Paterson, where she lived nowadays with a nephew. As usual, Aunt Alice sounded weary and humbly resigned when Isabelle talked to her on the telephone.

Isabelle knew for a fact that her mother and Aunt Alice Underwood tasted joy when they were together. They peered at neighbors, they pried mutually into imagined goings-on of the gay honey-mooners who had taken up residence in a house across the street.

Aunt Alice complained lengthily about her nephew and his wife, even while reciting the beauties and accomplishments of their children. Mrs. Bagley, Isabelle suspected, complained lengthily about her own daughters and how they slighted her.

The old ladies loved to bake rich and expensive cakes, of which they ate prodigious quantities for dessert and between meals as well. In summer they experimented with jam and relish recipes. They played cribbage, they recited all the ancient scandals of Lake Tocony and doubtless instigated some new ones. They both listened assiduously to soap operas. Mrs. Bagley had a delectable time with Aunt Alice, and that was all there was to it.

Isabelle recognised to-day, in cumulative effect of the day and night just past, a dreadful thing of which she had become increasingly aware as she progressed in maturity.

Her mother was selfish and spoiled, and there didn't seem to be much that Izzie could do about it. Nothing, except to be annoyed; nothing, except to shake the dust of Lake Tocony from her shoes as soon as she possibly could, and not allow it to settle there again any sooner than she could, either.

Throughout these grim musings she fed a wildly welcoming cocker, started the coffee, put Grace out for a solitary romp in the enclosed rear yard, made the toast, squeezed the orange juice, poached the egg. Ugh. She couldn't abide a poached egg herself—not on this morning.

She picked a wan pink flower from one of the pots on the wide front window ledge; she found a slim bud vase; she made her mother's breakfast tray a thing of beauty, and carried the tray upstairs.

"I think it's fluttering again," said Mrs. Bagley, appearing plump and long-suffering among her snowy pillows.

"Mother, should I have the doctor stop over here this morning?"

"No—oh, no, Izzie. It isn't bad enough for that. I mean I don't think it is."

"Then for heaven's sake," Isabelle screamed, "stop talking about it!" Mother's sulky though muted wail persisted even after Isabelle had locked herself in the bathroom.

Oh, she supposed that she was wicked, cruel, heartless, unsympathetic; but she was sick of the whole business. Now her mother would progress through various stages of self-pity into an implacable fury and would continue in that state through the rest of the day.

Isabelle did not know, as vengefully she pulled a shower

cap over her pale brown curls, that a good angel was at that moment riding in her behalf. His name was Mr. Saul Lipsinsky. He was a salesman and a neighbor of Aunt Alice Underwood's relatives in Paterson, New Jersey. He was driving to Allentown, Pennsylvania, on business, and had invited Aunt Alice to ride as far as Lake Tocony with him.

Thus, in a most happy disruption of plan, the good woman arrived at eight-thirty a.m. instead of at five in the afternoon. Isabelle Bee became aware that fortune had smiled upon her a moment after she stepped out of the tub.

She had left the front door unlocked, naturally, when she brought in the paper. Aunt Alice climbed the stairs, bag and baggage, to be greeted with plaintive affection by the self-prisoned woman in the chintzy room at the front of the hall.

They cried their hellos back and forth. They trilled, "Well, this is a surprise!" and then the bedroom door was closed. Isabelle knew that her own sins were being related to an ear at least momentarily receptive.

Not until she had her clothes and her make-up on, not until she had arranged all her soft little curls according to their neat pattern, and had taken leave of Mother, amid an atmosphere of false penitence on her own part and saintly forgiveness on Mother's; not until she had taken her overnight bag out to the car and had let Grace scuffle in gyrating circles preparatory to the take-off; not until she was fairly in the driver's seat and bowling through the chaste, windy sunlight of Prospect Avenue, did Isabelle Bee realise the strange situation in which she now found herself. She had a Day.

She did not know when she had had a Day before. There were always the things that claimed her: little appointments, telephone calls, committee planning, beauty shop, housework, Art Association, plans for the evening.

Isabelle believed that a model wife and model woman could best function according to a plan; hence she usually had plans. If she didn't, Ralph was disposed to make them for her.

To-day she had no plans, at least not until evening. To-day (she actually felt herself laughing) she had no Ralph. It was a notion that amused her even while she found it a little frightening.

Thus she drove gay and emancipated along a smooth-curving highway until the spaniel, with licks and wallows, tormented Isabelle beyond any safety at the steering-wheel. "Grace!" she cried, appalled. "You poor doggie—I did forget to put down water for you in the kitchen or out in the yard! I'm so sorry!"

Thus she halted beside a service-station and got out the clean pan that was always carried in the car. Thus she entered the washroom, and discovered blonde little Ricky Stapp in her agony.

That was what everyone called her, the girl said: Ricky. Stapp was her married name. Her maiden name was Ulrica Schloss—Ulrike, in the old-fashioned German that her parents spoke.

She was sorry. She apologised to Isabelle for crying the way she had been crying,

just like a baby, but somehow she couldn't help it. Ricky was ashamed; she said she hated to bother other people with her own difficulties.

She told these things to Isabelle Bee when they were seated in a booth at the cafe across the road, with coffee before them, and scrambled eggs and bacon, for which Ricky had weakly professed a fondness. And yet she couldn't eat the scrambled eggs—just a few bites.

Grace wriggled around under the table among their feet, and finally lay still. Maybe she was asleep. Isabelle didn't know. Isabelle was far from asleep. She felt that her ears were pulled forward like an animal's, her nostrils widened, her eyes burning, as bit by bit the girl's story came to light.

Kephart: that was the town Ricky came from, and where she had been living again recently. It was a little over a hundred miles from Pittsburgh, and Ricky used to work at the local motion-picture theatre (they had only one in that small town) selling tickets.

When she was nineteen—just a year after the war ended—a man who owned a string of those motion-picture houses said that he could get her a job in Pittsburgh if she really wanted to go to a big town, as she believed that she did.

So she was an usherette in a large movie theatre in Pittsburgh, and it was a real nice job. The other girls were nice to her, and the boys, too, and they had real cute uniforms furnished by the theatre. Therefore, Ricky probably looked real cute herself when she met Red Stapp.

His honest-to-goodness name was Redmond. Red was just a nickname. And he didn't have red hair, either. He was blondish. Gee, she thought he was real handsome in his Navy uniform and everything! He was in town looking after some naval supplies that had been stored there. Ricky didn't quite understand what it was all about; something to do with what they called Procurement, she guessed. You know, it was stuff—all kinds of supplies for the Navy, and things.

Well, anyway, Red looked wonderful in his uniform, and he had a lot of ribbons on. He had been in the Pacific. He really had been there, though it turned out later that some of the ribbons he wore on dates were phony. Some decorations, and the Purple Heart and everything—he really wasn't entitled to those. One time, when Ricky was with him, he got picked up by the Shore Patrol, and he got into a lot of trouble.

He got into more trouble later on; but that was after they were married and had a room. It was kind of a little apartment really, with house-keeping arrangements. But Red was broke a good deal of the time. He liked to gamble. Ricky usually paid the rent out of her usherette's salary. It was more than they could afford.

Well, anyway, Red didn't show up one week-end when she had expected him, and later she found out that he was in jail. He was charged with selling some cases of material—Navy stuff—a whole lot of flashlights and things.

Ricky guessed that it was a kind of blackmarket deal. There was a trial, and Red got

STRANGE DAY

a dishonorable discharge. But Ricky still loved him—at least she thought she did. Gee, she was an awful little fool, she guessed now.

Red told a long story about how he had tried to cover up for his commanding officer, and how he took the rap and everything. He was just a victim of injustice; he couldn't help himself.

His home was in New Jersey, and his mother owned a place—just six miles down this highway it was. The town was called Winetown. It was where they had all those factories and things, and Red's mother had a good-sized house.

Red called it an apartment hotel when he talked about it first, but after they got terribly broke, after his discharge and everything, and his mother sent them some money and they came to New Jersey, then Ricky discovered that it was just a rooming house and not a nice place at all.

The elder Mrs. Stapp was kind of loud-talking and mean, especially when she got a few drinks in her. And that rooming house, it was just awful.

Red kept trying to get a job without any success. He said that he couldn't do heavy work. He got his back hurt when he was on active service in the Pacific. It was a war injury actually—a combat injury he insisted. But finally Ricky understood that it was just another of his lies.

ANYWAY, she worked as a waitress for several months, till she was pregnant. She had her baby. It was a little boy, and he was slightly over two and a half now. She had named him Franklin D., after a dead man whom she worshipped.

Her mother-in-law was so mean to her and everything that finally she went home to Kephart. Eight months pregnant when she went on the bus, all alone, and Red wouldn't go with her. He said she had to stay there with him in New Jersey, or else. Or else what? My gosh, he wasn't providing for her decently or anything.

He just hung around down on Front Street and played pool. Sometimes he won a little money playing pool, but by this time Ricky knew that Red was a stinker pure and simple. It had taken her a long time to get it through her head. She guessed she was just dumb.

So she went home to her mother's place in Kephart. Her mother owned their own little house there and did some sewing to keep herself going, and she helped out—you know, cleaning and cooking, doing housework at parties and things for folks.

There wasn't much money, and Ricky had an awfully hard time when little Frankie was born, but she was happy at last, being away from Red.

As soon as she was able she got a job in a store at Kephart. She worked hard and paid attention to her job. She got to be a section manager, and within a year she was a kind of assistant to the store manager himself.

Her mother could look after Frankie in the daytime, and, of course, at night Ricky would be home with him, and in

that way her mother could sometimes get evening jobs helping out at parties or babysitting or something. So they got along.

All this time Ricky received only one letter from Red. It was a frightening kind of letter. He talked real big about how she had taken his child away from him, and he demanded that she come back to New Jersey.

But he didn't say anything about what kind of a job he had. He didn't even offer to send her any money so she could bring the baby and come back to him—if that was what he really wanted.

She knew darn well that wasn't what she really wanted. She was real happy there. And Frankie was so cute, she just loved him to death, and so did her mother. Gee, her mother would sing little songs in German and everything.

And her mother had a dog, too, an old Boston bull named Dolly, and Dolly was just crazy about that baby. She'd get down on the floor (she was all soft and fat) and let the baby use her for a pillow. It was real nice. Although they had quite a time getting along—especially in winter, with coal bills and everything.

There was an old friend of her father's (he had known her father when Mr. Schloss was alive) and he was a lawyer, but retired nowadays. Ricky talked to him about a divorce.

He said if she really wanted one, he'd help her to get it. He thought he could do it on grounds of non-support, and then Ricky would be on her own. The baby boy would be all hers, and she wouldn't worry about Red any longer. There were just a few kind of court costs she'd have to pay. Mr. Worthington said he wouldn't charge a cent for his part of the fee.

She was trying to save up money for those court costs and things, and all of a sudden, one day in December—it was icy, and old Mr. Worthington fell down his front steps and broke his hip, and he got pneumonia and was dead in five days.

After that Ricky sort of let the divorce business slide along. She didn't know any other lawyers. She thought they'd all charge an awful lot.

Well, anyway, it was just about three weeks ago when Red came to town. Yes, he showed up, right there in Kephart. He had a job. He was on the road selling punchboards—you know, those little gambling boards like they have in cigar stores and pool halls and places.

He went first to her mother's house, and then he came down to the store to see Ricky. They went in the back room and talked a while. At first he was real nice—invited her to go to lunch and everything—but she said she didn't want to go.

Then he got mean, the way he was usually, and called her a lot of names. It was awful the way he talked to her. And she hadn't been a bad girl.

He got so mean and talked so loud that the manager came back there and made him leave. Ricky said she worried about it all the first part of the afternoon. She was worried about little Frankie, and

she would have called up her mother, except they didn't have any phone.

She tried to get their next-door neighbor on the phone, but the old lady was deaf and could never hear the telephone unless she was right close.

So after a while Ricky got so nervous that she went to the manager, and he was swell. He said she could take the rest of the afternoon off.

She just flew all the way home. She was running the last three blocks. She didn't care who saw her. When she got there, Frankie was gone.

Red had come back to the house, and he made up some kind of yarn to her mother about how Ricky had promised him he could have an afternoon with his son, and he acted sweet and good-natured again, and he talked Mrs. Schloss into fixing Frankie up in his blue snow-suit so he could take him out to play a while.

There was old snow and slush in the yard, and her mother watched them through the window. Red was trying to show Frankie how to make snowballs and throw them at him, and Mrs. Schloss was reassured again.

She went to put some vegetables into the soup she was making in the kitchen, and when she came back she looked out and there was no sign of the pair. Just gone, like that.

Mrs. Schloss wasn't truly alarmed at first. She thought maybe Red had taken the kid down to the corner to get him some ice-cream or candy or something. Ricky got there about forty-five minutes afterwards. But it was too late.

She went down to the railroad station. No sign of them. Then over to the bus terminal. The bus had just left for Pittsburgh a while before, and when Ricky gave the descriptions to the ticket agent, he said yes, the man and the little boy had gone on the bus.

Well, she was just wild. She ran down to the local chief of police. He was a nice old man, he had known her father, too, and finally she prevailed upon him to call up the cops in Pittsburgh, long-distance. But they said they couldn't do anything about it.

They said it wasn't actually a case of kidnapping, because the child had been taken by his own father, and the parents weren't divorced; and as far as those Pittsburgh cops knew, the father had a right to take him. Maybe he really did.

Ricky was pretty sure that Red had taken the child back to his mother's place in New Jersey, but she couldn't do anything about it at first. She had to get hold of some money.

She wired to her Uncle Herman, who lived out in Van Nuys, California. He was a widower, and had a nice little house there. They exchanged some letters back and forth, and the upshot of it was that Uncle Herman said that if Ricky could only get possession of Frankie again, and could only get hold of the dough to come to California, she could live with him. The two of them could live there.

She could keep house for Uncle Herman, and Frankie would have a swell little yard to play in. There was even a pond he could play in—a shallow place where Uncle Herman had flowers growing and things—and Frankie could wade and paddle in that little pond, and Uncle Herman said he would make a see-saw

for him, too, because he liked children.

He was kind of cramped for ready cash, but he did have the house and enough to live on. He was an old man, he had been in the Army long before—in Cuba and places like that—and he had a pension from the government and another pension because he used to be a postman.

It sounded just wonderful, but, of course, the big question was to get hold of Frankie. Her mother had two pieces of pretty good furniture—an old bed and an antique chest of drawers—and they finally sold those to a dealer and got enough money to pay for her fare from New Jersey to California, and for Ricky's fare from Kephart all the way back to New Jersey.

So she came. She got to Newark yesterday. That was where she made a mistake. She was worried, carrying all that money in her purse. She thought that a ticket would be safer. So she went to the terminal and got the California ticket for herself (Frankie didn't need a ticket because he was under five). She only had a few dollars left in her purse—just enough to eat on, on the way.

She got over to Winetown bright and early that morning, and Red was certainly surprised when his mother opened the door and she walked in on them. She saw Frankie just for a moment.

Oh, he was in awful shape! He was so dirty, and they hadn't pushed back the curls on his little fingernails—it was all grown tight. That child had received absolutely no attention since the day Red picked him up in Kephart, or so it seemed.

Ricky said she'd come for her baby, and she told Red all about Uncle Herman's place in California, and how nice it would be out there, and she said she wanted to take Frankie with her and go on the bus, and Red said nothing doing.

He said he didn't care whether she got a divorce or not, but he was going to keep that kid—just to spite her, if for no other reason. Those were the words he actually used, to spite her. And of course, his mother barked him up. She called Ricky terrible names and told her to get out.

And Ricky said she just got hysterical—she couldn't help it—and she started to fight and tussle with the two of them. But of course she was too small and weak, and it didn't do any good. Red had taken Frankie away and put him in the bedroom, and she could hear Frankie screaming for her all the time.

Worse than that: Red told her purse away, and he opened it up, and he took that ticket out and kept it. He said "Listen, Toots, Frankie's not going to California and neither are you," and then the two of them, they literally shoved her out of the house.

Ricky struggled and fought, but they shoved her. When they got her out on the front porch they locked the door.

She said she couldn't stay for a while. She couldn't remember anything much, and when she sort of came to, she was walking towards the main part of town. She saw a policeman at an intersection handling traffic and she asked him where the police station was and she went there to the police.

There were two men in the

HOLIDAY READING

office, both of them old and the One of them tried to kid her and make wisecracks. He wouldn't even let her tell her own story. He said, "Listen, damn, listen, lady. What's all this anyhow? A row with your husband? You go and get a court order, and we'll do something about this—maybe. We can't interfere in family squabbles."

The older man—he was a kind of a sergeant or secretary or something—he listened, and he seemed to know who old Mrs. Stapp was. Finally he said he would call her on the phone, and Ricky heard him talking to Mrs. Stapp.

Yes, and he was laughing before he was through. He called Mrs. Stapp "Honey," and there seemed to be some sort of understanding between them. Ricky didn't know.

They told her nothing doing—the same thing Red had said—and they pretended they didn't believe about Red taking her ticket. They told her not to come hanging around and causing trouble, or she'd get locked up for vagrancy.

She had a little suitcase—this one here—it was a hatbox, really, with a few things in it for herself and some odds and ends she had brought along to last Frankie on the trip. Her mother had said that she would ship the rest of their things when they got out to Uncle Herman's.

But now Ricky didn't have enough money to go anywhere—not even back home to Kephart. Just nine dollars and some change.

Well, anyway, She thought she'd get to Newark or New York and try to find a job—maybe a waitress or something—and try to figure out what to do.

She guessed a lawyer was the only solution. If she worked real hard and didn't spend anything on herself, maybe get a place where she could get her meals at the restaurant, too, maybe she could save up enough money to hire a lawyer.

That was what was in her mind when she reached that wine-station. She had inquired, and folks told her that there was a bus that went all the way into New York. It would stop at that corner at midnight.

So she went in the washroom to try to fix herself up a little, and then she broke down. That was the reason she was crying. She hated to be a baby, but she just could not help crying.

"Gee, I don't know why I told you all this."

Isabelle patted the girl's thin, red-nailed hand.

"You don't know me or anything," Ricky murmured. "Laughin' to bother you."

"I'm glad you bothered me. Doesn't it always help, to tell things to people?" Isabelle wondered whether there was wisdom in her words, whether she herself had ever actually needed such help—the privilege of an intimate unburdening. She felt that she had received a great deal in existence. Had she suffered as the other, younger woman suffered? When? No, never.

Isabelle had her purse half open. She wanted a fresh cigarette, and she gazed, not down at her purse but across the porcelain-topped table where poor Ricky Stapp's fingers played feebly with her lock. Oh, do take some, poor

darling, she thought. Food—it's the least I can do for you, perhaps the most I can do for you!

She prayed that she would see the fork tremble its way aloft, loaded with good yellow weight, the pepper-speckled cargo of scrambled eggs, a nourishment this weak thing needed, though the eggs were now cold.

The fork didn't move. Ricky's hand twitched and released the implement. Her hand twitched once more, and then lay still on the table-top as if it were a separate entity beaten into complete surrender, into death.

All the noble mouthings that had emanated from the rostrum in the Women's Club made a jargon in Isabelle Bee's disordered recollection: statistics, domestic economics, juvenile delinquency, child welfare; graphs with a sound track. The graphs, the lines of increase and decrease, staggered up and down from square to square; the prim voices of speakers talked on and on, and the rows of frilly-hatted women sat and listened.

This was a part of community culture and responsibility: to expose oneself to such dutiful abstractions. In the whole of the audiences' experience, however, the concrete element was lacking, as Isabelle realised for the first time.

How many of those women had ever found a Ricky sobbing in a service-station washroom? How many of them had ever escorted her to a cafe and absorbed her story there? She had never done such a thing before.

The words of the girl stole to her hearing: "I guess there isn't anything to do about it," but whether this was an echoing reminiscence, or whether the weak plaint had actually been repeated more than once, Isabelle did not know.

Her own polite voice was suddenly hardened and pointed. To her amazement she could recognise the words she spoke, and one portion of her spirit stood aloof in prim suburban alarm. Why, one doesn't do such things! Why, what if—

"Yes, there is something we can do about it." Her very tongue had become a dangerous pitchfork, tined and sharpened.

Ricky whispered, "What could you do? What could anybody do, now? Gee, those cops in Winetown didn't believe me or anything."

Isabelle widened the aperture of her unsmanned purse. She sought her cigarette case. There was something else. What was this? It was wrapped in a piece of clean tissue. A badge.

It came back to her now: Mrs. Wilson's gossip visit at her mother's the evening before. Mrs. Imogene Wilson was an old neighborhood friend. She had known Isabelle all her life. She lived two doors away from the Bagley house at Lake Tocony. She had come in, sighing, beaming, talking about her nieces, offering clucking sympathy for Mrs. Bagley's woes.

"And, Izzy, I just had to come over to bring you this. I thought it would be fine for your collection. You remember Mr. W's cousin who used to live in Springfield? Well, you know he passed on last month, and I was over there, helping Maggie go through his effects—dividing things up

for the children—and this was in a drawer of his desk."

"I remember now—Richard used to be in politics a long time ago. He was always interested in conservation and subjects like that. I guess he did hold office one time. Anyway, I thought it would be nice for your collection."

The object that Mrs. Wilson tendered was a badge, discolored when she brought it, but now glittering like a Christmas bauble by dint of Isabelle's elbow grease and the application of silver polish. It was a shield, really. It had a coat of arms on it—the State seal—and across the top it said, "State of New Jersey." On a scroll at the bottom was the word "Forester."

This trinket was now unwound from its fragile wrapping, and Ricky Stapp marvelled to see it.

"What's that?" and she looked unbelievably at Isabelle Bee. "Are you—are you some kind of an officer or—or a matron?"

The idea must have been in Isabelle's mind, implanted secretly and unconsciously even before she produced the badge. Working with grim deftness, she took out the businesslike little wallet in which she carried her driver's licence, automobile insurance card, stamps, and such necessities.

ISABELLE skewered the pin of the trinket through the soft leather. She fastened the badge firmly into place within the fold of the wallet, setting it with care so that the flap of a card-case aperture concealed the bottom scroll where the word "Forester" was embossed. The very shine of the nickel was impressive. The ancient seal of State seemed to leap out with the impact of a striking fist. The legend "State of New Jersey" generated a bugle call and ruffle of drums.

"I'm not quite sure how," Isabelle said distinctly. "I don't quite know how yet. But we're going to do it." She pushed the wallet back into her bag and snapped the fastenings.

She thought that her knees were trembling, but when she arose she could stand with firmness and dignity. "Come on. We're going."

Pale blue eyes stared up at her. "Where? Please, Mrs.—" "To Winetown," said Isabelle. "I've got an idea. I'm not sure—" and the power of her gaze actually drew the girl from her chair. "We're going over there, and we're going to get Frankie!"

Far in the landscaped wilds of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, Mr. Bee and Mr. Hornet had long since removed their coats in the bar at Hornet's house.

This was a very handsome bar and game room. There were enviable rows of bottles on maple shelves, and the walls were plastered with a dart board, a Japanese flag, a Nazi flag, and seemingly endless series of photographs in which round puffs of smoke blossomed amid pock-marked cities, or groups of lounging youths squatted in front of motionless aeroplanes.

"Like this bar?" asked Hornet.

"It's wonderful. Did you—do it?"

"Oh, yes, I did it. I can just see them here, if they decide to live here. Leila will stand right over there, right in front of that grand mugnum, and she will make his favorite cocktail; dry Manhattans—you know, with Canadian whisky, dry vermouth, and an olive instead of a cherry. Real dry authority in those! Then Tuck, he'll sit here on this leather-topped stool with the pretty brass nailheads—"

Hornet acted it out.

"Tuck will sit with his legs like this. No, I guess he'll sit this way: with his feet over on this other stool, on the rung. And she'll be on the other side of the bar, and she'll say, 'Darling, did you have a nasty day on that nasty old Broadway, among those nasty old producers?'"

Hornet shook his head, squeezed his eyes shut, and snorted. He half climbed over the bar, stretched out a long arm, and secured a bottle of brandy. He reached for two big glasses and poured a generous brandy into each.

Pressing one of these upon Ralph Bee, he lifted the other to his own lips and drank the liquor down in three or four quick gulps. He put the empty glass back on the bar and walked across the room to some wide steps that led up to a living-room beyond. He lifted his voice and called, "Martha! Oh, Martha! There was a faint answering cry from regions elsewhere.

Ralph Bee drank. He tried to drink thirstily as Hornet had done, but he coughed and gargled over the first swallow, and through tears saw his host regarding him with a smile.

"How you doing, Mr. Bee?" asked Hornet. Then, "Oh, see the pretty bugs! She didn't take them with her. Maybe they're going to live here after all. See?"

He indicated a case on the opposite wall, between two glass doors above the sloping hillside garden. The case was filled with colorful butterflies and other insects. They were not mounted like specimens in museums, but clustered on pins with their dry wings at haphazard angles.

"Those are Leila's," said Hornet, behind Ralph's shoulder. "She's an amateur bugologist. I think that if she took a notion to collect you, she'd have no hesitancy whatsoever about impaling you on a pin, like this yellow guy here, and then your wings would be embalmed to be a joy forever."

"You see, Leila has a quaint philosophy about these things. She says that their life span is so short, it isn't worth to kill them. You ought to see her out there in summertime in a sunsuit with her butterfly net, chasing her quarry back and forth. In fact, it's a notable sight to observe Leila chasing her quarry at any time."

There was a sound of someone approaching through the living-room, and a pleasant-faced mulatto woman in a grey uniform appeared at the head of the steps. "Why, Mr. Hartnett!"

"Hello, Martha. Martha, this is Mr. Bee. He was buzz-

ing along the road, so we buzzed together. Mr. Bee, this is Martha."

"Hello," said Ralph Bee.

"Good morning, sir."

"And you," said Hornet, lifting an eyebrow at Ralph, "can call me Hartnett."

He swung round to face the housekeeper. "Martha, in your recent scurrings about the premises, did you observe two rolls of blueprints that I left somewhere? I made them up on speculation for that Carrington job, before he decided not to build. I think I can use them out west. They've got good ideas—original ideas, Martha. Did you see my little original ideas lurking around anywhere?"

The woman smiled at him politely, sadly. "No, Mr. Hartnett. I'm sorry, I didn't see them noplase."

"Where's Tolliver? Maybe he's seen them."

"I'll ask him right away, Mr. Hartnett. He's outside by the back. The fuel-oil truck just came. I guess the pipe cover's stuck, and he's helping the man."

"Oil," repeated Hartnett. "Oil for the lamps of Bucks County and for the firesides as well. Long blaze this fire-side!" He went to the bar and lifted the brandy bottle.

"But Mr. Hartnett," said Martha unceasingly, "maybe you didn't know, but I wanted to tell you: Mrs. Hartnett, she—"

The young man said quickly, angrily, "Whatever she said or did, I don't care. Who was that lady you seen me with last night, Martha? That wasn't no lady; that wasn't my wife. Leave us not talk about Mrs. Hartnett."

The woman stood facing him for a moment, her mouth open. There was something else that she longed to tell him—some comfort, perhaps, that she sought to give—but his eyes would not let her.

She began suddenly to cry. She stood with her hand clenched in front of her nose, and a tear started down her clean brown cheek. She made a little strangled sound, then turned and went hastily through the living-room.

Farther away from them, she was able to contain herself once more, and she called back, although her voice was still unsteady, "Mr. Hartnett, I'll ask Tolliver right away if he saw your blueprints." There was the sound of a door's closing.

"Drink up, Brother Bee," said Hartnett. "Drink hearty, but don't tell me any of your own dirty old troubles, because I don't want to hear them. Here, you're shy on brandy," and he came with the bottle.

Ralph said, "I've already had one pretty stiff drink. I'm not accustomed to drinking in the morning."

Shaking his head slightly as he did so, Hartnett nevertheless poured more cognac into their glasses. "No," he said, "you probably aren't a candidate for A.A. Neither am I. I tried dipsomania and it didn't work. By inclination and heredity Leila's a much better congenital dipsomaniac than I am."

His blue eyes came up and searched over Ralph's face. "You started to tell me something and I couldn't let you. It could have been that you weren't checked out on walking highways and picking up rides. I'll bet you're a scab. I'll bet you don't even belong to Local One-Three-Seven of the Union for Hitchhikers,

Thumb-jerkers, and Parasitic Mendicants. You've all the earmarks of a scab, Mr. Bee."

Ralph said, "I work in a bank. I mean, I did."

"Until when?" "Until this morning. Then I just started to walk down the road. I don't know what happened to me."

"Where's your little suitcase?" demanded Hartnett. "Where's that sixty-two thousand you took out of your cage? I gave you a ride, didn't I? Let's split."

Ralph wanted to tell Hartnett that he hadn't even taken sixty-two cents. He longed now to tell someone about Izzy and Mother and the Pflegers and Grace, and his own complete incompetence when faced with the menace of the Mountain Avenue bus.

He felt, in turmoil, that Hartnett might understand. He might even be able to offer a key—some defence, some hope and help and clarifying direction.

But Ralph was long unaccustomed to confiding—in fact, unaccustomed to the very need of confiding. All he did manage to say was, "Oh, you said you didn't want to listen to my troubles."

"O.K.," said Hartnett, now aggrieved, "so you won't split with me. All right, selfish! Keep it all for yourself, and go to the penitentiary by yourself when they catch up with you. Me, I've got to find those blueprints. They're symbolic of something, but I've forgotten what. Do you want a sandwich, chum? Martha makes good ones if she's got anything to make them out of."

Ralph said that he couldn't eat a thing. Beyond his new, strange, pained friend named Hartnett, he could look through glass doors beside the butterfly cabinet, and he could see the figure of a young woman, slowly picking her way up rocky steps over terraces in the winter-wrapped garden.

She was a thin girl, slightly round-shouldered. She wore green slacks and a blue jacket, and had a green scarf tied around her neck.

"Got to find those prints," said Hartnett again. "You just sit down and read something. Lots of magazines on that table." Then he became aware of Ralph Bee's gaze, directed through the glass of the doors, and he turned and saw the woman and stood motionless.

The girl came up to the highest terrace. She was carrying several tiny flowerpots. She halted, and emptied frosty earth from one of the pots. The men could hear the hollow sound as she tapped the rim against the stone wall.

Hartnett unfastened the lock and opened the right-hand door. Still he said nothing. He stood there and looked at the girl, and she had become an image, watching him.

Her voice was small, furry, but Ralph could hear it plainly.

"Well, this is a surprise."

"You're not half so surprised as I am," Hartnett told her.

"When did you come, Jamie?"

"Just a few minutes ago. I didn't know you were here or I wouldn't have come."

The girl put down the flowerpots and wiped her bare hands, soiled with this senseless gardening, against her jacket. Now there were marks of earth on the fuzzy

blue fabric, but she did not seem to care. She asked, "Will you buy me a drink?"

"I'll buy," she came into the room, and Hartnett closed the door. The woman's face was heart-shaped, ruled by very large blue eyes. Her lips were full and petulant, her chin soft, slightly receding.

Those great blue eyes were on Ralph, through him, all around him. He understood why Hartnett desired this woman so strenuously.

"Leila," said Hartnett, "this is Mr. Bee. He is an ex-worker, now a drone, and thus a member of my crew, flying as an observer. Mr. Bee, my wife."

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Bee," said Leila, and Ralph heard himself mumbling something.

Hartnett asked, "Leila, are you quite sure that you need a drink? Are you quite sure that you are not up in Bedford Village, where I assumed that you were?"

"I came home Monday, Jamie. I wrote you a lot of letters, but I mailed them in the fireplace."

She pouted and then smiled vaguely in the direction of Ralph. "Like mailing letters to Santa Claus. You know how it is, Mr. Bee. The smoke goes up the chimney, and the letter, too. Maybe it finds Santa. . . . Highball, Jamie."

Hartnett walked around behind the bar. "If you insist, I'm not exactly twisting your arm. I know the signs. You're pretty drunk now."

"Ever since Monday."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Scotch, if you please."

"I don't please, but—" He poured the Scotch and pressed the handle of a syphon. "No ice, as I seem to recall, madam?"

"No ice," she agreed, bobbing her head several times. "Aren't you having one, too? What about Mr. C?"

"Bee," corrected James Hartnett. "Bee as in bug. He's Mr. Bee and I am—or was—Mr. Horner. You can be Madam Butterfly."

"I shall be a Wasp," said Leila. "Remember when I really was? . . . Cheers."

"We're drinking brandy," said Hartnett. "Cheers."

The girl drank, and Hartnett lifted the bell glass. His face twisted. He stood back deliberately from the bar and raised his arm. The big glass went spinning across the room, brandy flying loose all the way. It smashed in a sparkling explosion in the interior of the stone fireplace.

"Where's the truck?" Hartnett demanded sharply.

The girl seemed incapable of answering him.

Hartnett said, "I thought he'd be here with you—if you were here—but I didn't think you were here. I guess that was what Martha tried to tell me. But I wouldn't let her talk."

Leila was contemplating the wreckage in the fireplace. "That was one of those fine crystal sniffers," she said. "Greta and Paul gave us those—remember? Oh, you asked about Tuck. He flew out to Nevada Sunday night."

Hartnett looked at her stonily. "Nevada?"

"Las Vegas," said Leila. "That's where Mrs. Francine Tucker has been in residence, as you may recall."

Her husband stood in surprise, his face pearly under his tan. "I don't get the idea."

"How obtuse of you!" said Leila.

"Well, I don't get—Are you trying to tell me that he's going back to Francine?"

Again Leila bobbed her head, nodding repeatedly and needlessly in order to emphasise the one utterance that she could make. "Yes."

Hartnett seemed actually hammering her with the hardness of his eyes.

Across the room, far away from them, rising stiffly out of the perplexity that encased him, Ralph Bee cleared his throat before he could speak.

"I'm sorry. If you don't mind—I'd better start along."

Hartnett's glance turned from the girl and rested only briefly on Ralph before it went back to Leila. "Oh, shut up," he said. "You're not embarrassing anybody. Stick around. I won't be long."

Leila finished her Scotch. She put down the glass and inclined her head slightly towards Ralph. "Maybe," she said to her husband, "we are embarrassing Mr. Bee. And he thinks it is he who is embarrassing us."

"Isn't Francine going through with the divorce?"

"It's all off. Tuck wired me. The telegram came yesterday. I guess they're in Mexico by this time."

"Second honeymoon?"

"Call it anything you like," said the girl's trait voice. "More Scotch, please."

"So the divorce is off," said Hartnett. "Isn't that just sweet? Where does that leave you?"

Leila shrugged, took the bottle of Scotch and poured herself another drink.

"I wish you wouldn't," said Hartnett.

"Well, I'm going to. There's only one way you can stop me."

"How dat?" asked her husband in a dry whisper.

"You know how. That's what I tried to tell you in those letters to Santa Claus."

There was something so fearful, so pained and frightening, in the manner of their regard that Ralph Bee could bear it no longer.

He was not habituated to the gibbous, the sardonic speech of people like this. He had seen them for years, people like this, and sometimes he had wondered about them.

They were the folks who came to his wicket forever presenting scribbled personal cheques drawn on their own accounts. They were the voices saying, with a kind of casual command, "Excuse me, Mr. Bee, I haven't got my chequebook. May I have a counter cheque?" and he would pass the long yellow oblong through the window.

They would scrawl the amount and their signatures, and the amount was in round numbers, divisible always by fifties or hundreds. No, no, a teller never saw their salary or income cheques. Those were paid into the bank by agents, by secretaries, and private cashiers.

The crystal inhalers for mossy cognac, the acidity of slang that covered the pain, the keen frustration, the jaunty experience of passion and of tragedy: Ralph knew nothing of these things. He witnessed them sometimes in movies or in plays, or rarely in something that he read.

He held now the notion that the walls and ceilings framing

STRANGE DAY

the life of James and Leila Hartnett had evaporated obscenely. It was indecent for him to be observing their transport, if they could be enjoying it, or the misery they now endured.

Ralph went to the door where Leila had entered, and stood with his back to the room and the two people contending there. He knew so little about them, so little about any life other than his own. Yes, and all too little about that!

Yet he held a conviction that the Hartnetts were trapped, entangled more by the life they had once owned and to which they were still victimised—no matter what protestation they made—trapped more by their love than by resentment.

He heard the girl cry, "Jamie!" again, and then she sobbed. And then rapidly she declared, "The reason he flew to Las Vegas and got Francine—it was because I sent him. I told him to go."

"I don't believe you."

"Oh, yes, I've lied to you before plenty of times, but I'm not lying now. It's funny, the way you came to-day . . . and even when I burned all those little letters I wrote . . . I tried to be cute in some of them—you know, the way I used to sign my letters to you? I wouldn't sign 'Leila,' just 'Me.' You remember how cute I was, don't you, Jamie? I think it's funny that you came."

JAMIE said harshly, "I didn't have any idea that you were here. I came to get my blueprints of the Carrington house. I'm going to Chicago."

"To see Millicent, I reckon."

"Any port in a storm, baby. My bags are in the car. But you should be the one to go to Reno or Las Vegas or wherever you want to go—not me. You remember we went over all that."

"You're hell-bent on Chicago?"

"Yes, Hell-bent."

"Nothing could make you change your mind?"

"Nothing. That's final. Mr. Bee!"

Ralph started at the exclamation. Hartnett's face was waxen. He motioned with his glass.

"You sit down, Mr. Bee, and read a magazine. For heaven's sake, stop glaring out of that window and pretending that you don't hear us! Mr. Bee, you said you just started to walk along the road. Tell me this: Were you leaving your wife?"

Ralph said slowly, "I was leaving everything."

"That," said Hartnett, "is exactly what I am going to do right now. Leila, baby, look at me. No, look at me. Look at me with those large, wide drunken eyes, and listen. Now, I am going to dig through about a dozen closets and try to find those plans."

"In the meantime, it won't do a bit of good for you to scream or run after me sobbing. It won't do a bit of good for you to go upstairs and put on your slinkiest negligee and the nylons and the little black plastic slippers with marabou on them."

"No tricks—it won't do any good. You can either talk to our friend Mr. Bee or you

can go back to your fruitless cold-weather gardening. I don't give a curse what you do, but just leave me alone, because I am going to Chicago and you are staying here, Bronson J. Tucker or no Bronson J. Tucker. Is that clear?"

He waited for her to reply, but she only bent forward, sliding her arm across the bar and resting her head upon it. Hartnett walked around the end of the bar, across the room, and was gone.

When his footfalls had died away, the girl sat up stiffly and stared at Ralph. She seemed to have difficulty in focusing her gaze, though strangely her speech was only slightly affected by her condition.

"Maybe," she addressed Ralph Bee, "it would be better if we had some children. I mean, maybe it wouldn't be like this, with the pitter-patter of tiny feet. What do you think about the pitter-patter?"

"I don't know," said Ralph. "Why didn't you have any children?"

"Why didn't you? You haven't got any, have you?"

"No," said Ralph.

"Why don't you go home?" asked Leila. Then, "Oh, don't mind me. I didn't mean to be rude."

She slumped off the bar stool and, moving like a tired and elderly woman (it seemed strange that she could move in that fashion, her limbs so slender and seemingly alive, her bosom and hips so girlish), she crossed to the butterfly cabinet, carrying her highball with her.

She lingered for a time, seeming to contemplate the gay colors of motionless insects under the pane and then from the top of the cabinet she lifted a big glass jar full of cotton and plaster of Paris.

Leila tried to uncup the jar and she broke a fingernail. "Oh," she said, "there went my nail again. Mr. Bee, please can you open this for me?"

He unfastened the stiff metal brace that clamped the glass cap. "What's this?"

"It's my jar—you know, for butterflies. You put them in it when you catch them. Excuse me," she said, "I won't be a minute."

Carrying her highball and the jar, she went into a little powder room. Ralph could see the basin when she opened the door. It closed and he heard water running as the tap was turned.

He wanted now to flee again for the second time that morning, gallivanting away from the problem of these people, even more willingly than he had abandoned the mix-up of his own life and its problems.

Problems? No, he had none. What he seemed to have fled from was a void; an emptiness, a complete vacuity in which no problems did or could exist.

Ralph selected a magazine, thick and shiny, and on the cover a model with a disdainful face posed stiffly. A fashion magazine. Izzo bought that one sometimes, and referred to it often in her chatter with Clara about necklines and hemlines and pep-lums and things like that.

He waited for Hartnett to return. There was no sense in walking out now, though

he had thought to do so a dozen times. They were, as Hartnett had pointed out, on a side road. There would be no one else to give Ralph a ride, and he might proceed in the wrong direction; he might become lost.

That was funny, too. How could he be lost when he didn't even know which was the right direction? When he didn't even know where he was bound?

He turned page after page . . . the skinny models, all false, all posturing, all miserable distortions of any dream of beauty that men might hold, leered from the ads or ignored him.

From afar he heard the sound of someone descending a staircase, and a moment later Hartnett came in, still walking grimly, but having achieved the minor triumph of discovery. He had two rolls of blueprints, and he wagged them at Ralph Bee as he stepped down from the living-room.

"They were up in a closet with my skates. I had forgotten about the skates. But I'm not going to take them. I feel that I'm getting too old for skating."

Almost simultaneously with the first sound of his voice, the door of the powder room opened and Leila came back into the room. She held her highball glass lifted as she looked at her husband. There was that momentary difficulty as her eyes struggled and blinked and then adjusted themselves to his image.

"Jamie," she called, her voice clearer and shriller than before, "is that the last word?"

"You have heard it," said Hartnett briskly. He forced himself to turn away from her. "I've got my blueprints. Blueprints of the past, if not of the future. Mr. Bee and I shall go in search of honey."

Still in that clear voice, the girl said, "Roger. Over and out," and lifted the glass in her hand.

Before the glass reached her lips Ralph Bee had thrown his magazine at her.

Considering it later, he could never tell quite what had caused him to fling the magazine. That tumbler, perhaps. He had observed that it was not clear and faintly yellow with Scotch. There was some milky, gummy, soap-suds preparation in the glass.

He was too far away, also; he could not have reached the girl in time, and Hartnett was turned quite in the opposite direction.

As he saw the heavy magazine with all its flopping pages strike like a many-winged bird against the girl's wrist, as he saw the tumbler fly loose and slip and hit the wall, Ralph felt a keen satisfaction.

He wished that Kurt Pfleger could have been there. Their badminton rivalry was deep-seated and serious, and Kurt was a not overly generous opponent; but he did say at times that he could never hope to match Ralph on a quick return of a low-line shot in a grave emergency.

Hartnett cried out his exclamation. Leila uttered nothing beyond the gasp she gave when the backbone of the magazine thumped her wrist. She turned away, nursing her hand. She had not quite completed the swing of her body in turning when her knees began to sag, and she fell flat.

The men rushed to her. "What the blazes?" said Hartnett, looking in amazement at Ralph Bee.

"I don't know," said Ralph. "That glass—"

Hartnett knelt down beside his wife, slipping his arm beneath her body to turn her over. "She's out like a light. What do you mean—that glass?"

"She had something in it. I guess she intended to drink—something."

"Did she get any of it?"

"No. The magazine knocked it out of her hand."

Hartnett arose, stepped across the unconscious girl, and picked up the tumbler. It was not broken completely, only the upper half was shattered. Hartnett sniffed.

He went into the powder room and re-emerged with the big jar. It was swishing now, partly filled with water and a mess of cotton and grey sediment.

Ralph said, "She took it in there with her. She said something about it being her jar for butterflies."

Hartnett said in a low voice, "Her killing jar. All these bugologists have a killing jar. It's cyanide of potassium. They anchor it into place—see—with strips of paper and plaster of Paris. So I guess she ran in some water and soaked the cyanide loose. That would make what they call prussic acid, I guess."

He put his arms around Ralph Bee and dropped almost the entire weight of his body against Ralph as he began to sob. Hartnett extended a shaking hand, lowering the jar to a coffee table nearby, and went on down—down as his knees, close to the girl.

He began to rub her neck with his nose. He was crying wildly, saying little words, words, things that he might have said before—protestations and pleading utterances made many times before, perhaps to be made again. "Oh, baby mouse! Mouse, mouse! Oh, wake up, baby! Wake up! Everything's going to be all right. Everything."

Ralph Bee thought to, me. He got his coat and hat and went quietly away.

Ralph might for the moment be whetted to high excitement by the knowledge of a danger met, a rescue accomplished; but quite unknown to him, his wife was experiencing a similar tenseness and exhilaration as she halted her car on a rutty asphalt incline at Winetown, New Jersey.

Isabelle's recklessness stemmed from the thought of a strife to come, not from a victory viewed in retrospect.

"It's that second host," whispered Ricky Stapp. "Which side of the street?"

The girl gestured. "Over there."

It was one of those unimagined portions of the typical small eastern mill town, grown up to deface valleys, hillsides and streambeds with dark smoked brick, to assuage the rural ear with strident machines. Hills were pleasant and fuzzy beyond, whatever the season, but Winetown itself was a well-developed ugliness.

And, as Isabelle's imagination had foreseen, the dominance of the Stapps was the ugliest excrecence of all.

Halfway down the hill shone the wide front of a chain grocery store with a couple of smaller shops be-

HOLIDAY READING

Then came a tired little cottage, once white and brightly fenced but now a wreck, then a vacant lot where stood the chassis of an abandoned car with hummocks of a dump heap bulging beyond. Then, in all its towering horror, the Stapp mansion.

The structure bulked crude and high-gabled, walls covered with brown-stained shingles. It seemed to promise the same dreary bleakness on the inside that it presented on the outside.

Isabelle had tried to plan a campaign, very much as she might have functioned in her more normal state as a committee chairman in Middle-land.

Throughout the six-mile drive to this scrofulous village, she had plied Ricky with questions. The house, its location, its porch, the door—where did the Stapps live?—on the first or the second floor? Did Red own a car?

Isabelle's mind was alert and trying. She felt her breath coming short. "Ricky," she said in her tight little voice, "any crying. You've got to help me. You've shown that you can be very brave, but you'll have to be brave a little while longer."

"Now," chanted Isabelle monotonously, "that's better," and she gave Ricky one of her own handkerchiefs and told her to keep it.

"Correct me if I'm wrong on any of this. They live downstairs. It's all just room and kitchenettes upstairs. You go down a hall to the rear, and there's a kind of combination living-room and dining-room with two bedrooms opening off at the side; a kitchen beyond, with an outside door to the back porch, and next to that a pantry and a little stairway leading to the basement."

Red and his mother are usually in the dining-room or kitchen at this time of day, and Red hasn't got any car that you know of."

Assured that this information was correct, Isabelle now nudged Ricky into the rear seat and told her to lie down on the floor so that she would not be seen.

Obediently the girl tilted down the movable back of the rear seat and crawled over—a crumpled, of cheapest fur coat, cheapest black dress, and badly scuffed shoes. Grace, occupying frolics, tumbled into the back seat to join her.

"You lie quietly," Isabelle ordered. "I want to drive past and look the place over. After all, they won't know me, so we've nothing to worry about."

She cruised gently down the hill past an intersection. She noted that this cross street led directly over a bridge, to rejoin the main highway that dead the village on the hill beyond. She saw the minor activity of Wednesday forenoon at the grocery store, and behind it was a large parking lot for customers.

Isabelle went on, her heart beating hard, the car crawling at a second gear. . . . pathetic stained cottage next to the shop, the vacant lot with weeds and patches of snow evaporating into the air amid the mounds of refuse. Then the Stapp house, with its faded sign, "Rooms," and its sound of a child crying.

Ricky scrambled around in the back seat and started to

sit up. "That's Frankie! I hear him!" "You get down!" commanded Isabelle, and the stringy blond hair vanished once more.

The child was on the front porch. They had him penned at one end with a makeshift gate tied from railing to wall, but apparently Frankie was not enjoying this experience. He moaned about it. He was a little blue blob in a dirty snow suit. That was all Izzy could see. He had a top of some sort in his hand, but he was crying.

Isabelle did not want to tempt fate by passing the house again. She hunted for another cross street and bridge over the railroad tracks and river. She found one. There was little local traffic at this hour, and she returned hastily by a devious route, to back into a strategic position in the grocery's parking lot.

"Now," she counselled Ricky, "listen carefully, dear. We've got a break—Frankie's being out on the porch. I hadn't expected anything like that, but it means danger, too. If I went up and tried to take him—He doesn't know me. He'd probably cry louder than ever, and the people inside would come out. If you went up alone, and they happened to see you—"

She shuddered, she couldn't help it. "There's certainly no decent administration of justice in Winetown—not when those officers acted as they did. No, we must work cautiously. Are you listening?"

Ricky nodded. Her face was white and dry. She was crying no longer. She could not speak. Her thin hands clutched Grace's fur.

Isabelle enjoyed this sensation of command as she had enjoyed few things in the years just past. She liked the ring of her own voice as she issued orders.

"See," she said, "we're parking here, where we can drive straight out into the side street and not get hemmed in by delivery trucks. Now, look back across that vacant lot where the old car is. See, right through the weeds and trees? You can see the porch of the house."

"I'm going to walk around past the grocery store and straight west along the sidewalk. You can see me when I come out past the vacant lot—you can see me all the way up to the porch, though I'll be out of sight when I ring the doorbell. By the way, does the doorbell work?"

Again Ricky nodded. "It's right on the door. You twist the handle."

"Good! I'll certainly twist it! As soon as you see me go up on that porch and— and vanish—you get out of this car and follow me. When you get in front of those little shops, right over here, you'll have a view of the porch. If I'm not still out there—if nobody is there—then you come right on."

The girl said in a dry whisper, "Oh, yes, Mrs.—"

"Pick Frankie up as quietly as you can. Try to keep him from squealing or making noises. Carry him back around the stores and lie down with him on the back seat of this car."

"Remember, don't run. You don't want to attract attention from people along the street. And—oh, yes—close the car door carefully when

you get out, so Grace won't run away."

Ricky's mouth effected little openings and closings. Her lips jellied before she could voice her question. "But what if they take Frankie inside when they let you come in?"

"I don't know," Isabelle fairly groaned. "I thought of that, but—I don't know! You see, dear, I'm no officer. That thing you saw was just a badge for my collection. But I'm going to try to use it. I must figure out some way. Neither of us would be a match for them if it came to a real tussle."

"I've got to think!" she added explosively, and realised that she was communicating her own trepidation to Ricky. The girl's face was working again. Isabelle kissed Ricky. Then she was out of the car.

Grace gave a baffled yelp or two, and Ricky hushed the dog, and Isabelle was going away, walking primly over cold, dry cinders as if she had her mind more occupied with a choice between pot roast and chops than with abduction.

She caught a glimpse of her reflection in the wide windows as she passed the front of the grocery. Thank heaven she hadn't worn her other winter hat! This simple little thing of felt was almost severe in its plainness. Her coat was black, with a fine Persian-lamb collar in which Isabelle delighted. A bit expensive, perhaps, as a uniform for the role that she sought to play, yet it would do. Her bag was oblong, businesslike, indeed.

FIRMLY she tripped along, past the little house, past the dump lot. The bulk of the Stapp establishment came to meet her, lowering, unfriendly, and when Isabelle climbed the steps the child stopped crying out of sheer curiosity.

He peered across the makeshift fence behind which he had been penned, his face painted with marks of earlier tears, his hands grubby. Oh, he had no galoshes! Just imagine—and it was a chilly day in spite of the sunlight. That cheap blue snow suit could have done with a trip to the washing machine, too.

Isabelle smiled down at Frankie, even as her gloved fingers twisted the bell handle. "Hello," she whispered. "Hello, little boy." The child backed farther away, regarding her tearfully, his pale eyes so like his mother's, his whitish hair sticking out under the cap brim.

There was a heavy tread inside. Through the smeared glass of the door Isabelle could observe a horrid face approaching. This would be the mother-in-law, without a doubt.

The door squeaked open. The moment that Frankie spied his grandmother he began to whimper again.

"You shut up," Mrs. Stapp said in a flat voice, before she even spoke to Isabelle. Then, to her, "Well, lady?"

I'd like to slap you for that—just for the way you spoke to that child. The notion boiled in Isabelle's mind, but her face was already wearing an impersonal smirk.

She despised this Stapp creature, she loathed her at

sight: broad flat face, wide nostrils, wide thin mouth, and small, hazel eyes slightly crossed, wiggling under bushy brows that a man should have worn.

"Mrs. Stapp? I'm from the State Child Welfare Commission."

"The what?"

Isabelle had her bag open by this time. She snapped her wallet, the flash of metal came to light. "The New Jersey State Child Welfare Commission," Isabelle repeated, stressing every syllable.

What if this woman was unimpressed by the badge? What if she demanded to see other identification? What if—

Isabelle strove to keep her voice firm. "May I come inside, please? It's chilly here."

"You shut up," the woman growled once more at the little boy. She stood aside and admitted Isabelle to the smelly hallway. The front door was closed.

Mrs. Stapp preceded her down the hall, breathing in a heavy wheeze as she walked. She was not as tall as Isabelle, but thick and burly. She had donned a flowered housecoat considerably the worse for wear.

The door at the end of the hall stood open, and Red Stapp came into view. He sat at a cluttered dining table. He wore no shirt, but had a leather jacket draped over his shoulders. The zipper was undone, his soiled underwear showed.

"Sonny, this lady says she's from the State—what do you call it, lady—Welfare?"

Isabelle followed the woman into this most hideous apartment and closed the door firmly. Already in her mind she could imagine the disconsolate figure of the young mother creeping past the grocery store, her eyes hanging desperately on the porch and the child penned there.

Again the snap of the wallet, the gleam of nickel. "New Jersey State Child Welfare Commission, I'm Mrs. Wilson," and in some remote fastness of her soul there was a giggle as she thought how she had taken her mother's neighbor's name in vain.

"We were informed that you have recently adopted a child."

"What do you mean—adopted?" asked the round-shouldered, sullen-faced young man with the girlish chin.

Oh, yes, Isabelle thought, he might have appeared handsome in a Navy uniform, some years ago. He had appeared handsome to poor Ricky. But . . . the chin and mouth, the awful domination of this troglodyte who rules and directs him, who has made the same ruin of him that she made of everything else she touched in life . . .

"You got it all wrong. Who told you we had adopted a kid?"

"We," said Isabelle, "are not permitted to divulge the sources of our information."

"Listen. When did you get the call? This morning? An hour or so ago?" Sly glances crawled between mother and son.

Isabelle said, "No. Last week."

Red's manner grew a little more pleasant, he gave a smile of sorts. "Probably the neigh-

bors. They didn't know about —"

"I bet it's that Mrs. Fernandez across the street," cried Mrs. Stapp malignantly. "She's always sticking her nose into other folks' business!"

Red began expansively, "You see, Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Wilson."

"Listen, Mrs. Wilson, it's like this: That's my own kid you saw out there on the porch. I went out west a while back and got him from where he was living with his mother. See—we're separated. She didn't want the kid, so I took him."

Why, you bare-faced liar! Flames spurted in Isabelle Bec's brain. For the moment she could scarcely see.

But when she spoke she somehow managed to keep her voice impersonal.

"Whatever the circumstances, Mr. Stapp," she said coolly, "I must make an inspection of the premises. It's always necessary in cases of adoption, or where a parent has newly assumed custody of a child."

They were both glowering at her.

"I never heard anything like this before!" yelled the mother. "Seems like things have come to a pretty pass when my son—" she began to build up a melodramatic accusation, flogging herself to fresh fury with each new phrase—"when my son can't get custody of his own kid without having some government agent come bothering around and claiming you've got to make an inspection and—"

Isabelle said soothingly, "It's nothing. Just a matter of form. You know, the premises—" She hesitated, seeking for explanatory words. "Ventilation, number of rooms occupied, sanitary conditions—"

"There's nothing the matter with our sanitary conditions!" cried Mrs. Stapp.

Isabelle walked towards the kitchen door and stood serenely contemplating the room. "I guess there's nothing wrong here," and she tried to build a light laugh to accompany the assertion. "This is a nice bright room. And clean, too."

She forced herself to say it, though the range was caked with spilled and charred remains, the sink was grotesque in its clutter and smells.

Mrs. Stapp demanded, "Anything else? Any more of our private affairs the government wants to stick its nose into?"

"It's not the government, Ma," said Red, in an attempt at placation. "She's from the State."

"And the bathroom?" asked Isabelle.

"Over here."

Isabelle entered the bathroom and glanced about. She heard herself saying, "Yes, I am sure your facilities are ample. I can give you a clean bill of health."

But there was a muttering behind her. A new dread, something more highly and delicately distilled than mere excitement, was forcing through her brain. These people were suspicious—at least the mother was—there was no gainsaying it. And Izzy didn't dare let them accompany her to the front door.

Frankie would be gone by now if Ricky had obeyed instructions properly. They would see that empty porch, there would be a hullabaloo, they might even seize and im-

prison Isabelle. If the police came—

She felt that her glance was burning everything it touched. I am a criminal, she thought. I've never been a criminal before. Yet this isn't wrong. It's right! I know I'm right! This is something I must do, a thing that has to be done.

She had a swift picture of Uncle Herman's imagined domicile in Van Nuys, California. There were lemon trees along the edge of the yard, and beds of pink geraniums, and a pool where little Frankie paddled happily, baked brown in the San Fernando Valley sun.

Ricky came to the door to summon him. She had just made some cookies for him and for Uncle Herman. She was calling, she wore a blue sun-suit, her figure was a childish slenderness and beauty for all she had endured, and there was color in her cheeks.

Indeed, they were snug within their fancied paradise. No threat, no dread. A weakening of Red Stapp's sort might command neither the money nor the strength for kidnapping in the remoteness of California. Kephart, yes. Van Nuys, never.

A divorce. Ricky would be able to manage it somehow—grounds of desertion, non-support. There would be the inevitable meeting with a genial stranger, some good-matured ex-G.I. mechanic who would love Frankie because he was Ricky's child if for no other reason.

The intensity of her glance found the cellar door and scorched like dry ice. A bolt, big and heavy, was attached to the door.

There might be an outside entrance to the cellar. She had forgotten to ask Ricky about that.

"Now," Isabelle was chirping, "the basement? Heating facilities and—"

"It's a coal furnace," said Mrs. Stapp shortly. "Got an automatic stoker on it."

Isabelle turned towards the kitchen again, having managed to wrench her gaze from the cellar door. "Is there an outside cellar entrance?" she trilled. "Perhaps you'd prefer that I—"

Red said, "Use the inside way. We got ash cans piled on the lid of the cellar door out back." Izzy could have kissed him—yes, even a gangling creature as sheerly repulsive as Red Stapp—in pure joy at the words he uttered.

The mother opened the door leading to the stairs, flicked the light switch, and stood regarding Isabelle with challenge. "O.K., lady. Here you are."

Lone and grim, Izzy heard the clatter of her own heels as she went down the stairs. She made her way, ducking under a low furnace pipe, wrapping her coat around her in retreat from the dirt all about.

A reason, an excuse . . . Here! Pipes in the corner—some kind of drain. She could hear water running as someone opened a tap in regions far above. This might do. It would have to do.

That mutter of the harridan upstairs, talking again. Some plot, some scheming. Fear occupied Isabelle. It froze her very joints. The Stapps must not be allowed to accompany her to the front door.

She blundered up towards the grey oblong of the cellar doorway. She didn't seem to



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touch the steps with her feet. She heard her own words as she met the two again. "Mrs. Stapp, I'm sorry, but the condition of those pipes—a State trooper will be here Friday or Saturday."

"What pipes are you talking about?" Mrs. Stapp brayed. Isabelle pointed down the staircase. "Those drains in the farther corner, over past the furnace."

Mrs. Stapp flung her a ferocious glare and thudded away down the stairs.

"You come show me!" her roar echoed from the tomb beneath. "There ain't a thing wrong with these pipes."

"Please," said Isabelle, with all the politeness in the world. "Please, Mr. Stapp, will you come and see?" She motioned towards the staircase.

Red passed her. Isabelle Bee took a deep breath. Dropping her bag she pushed, hands wide-spread, with all the power she could muster. Her palms struck Red between the shoulders, and he seemed to leap deftly through the air from the top step.

He lit on one foot; he twisted completely around before he tumbled to the bottom. She slammed the door and pushed the heavy bolt home. As she wrenched open the front door, Isabelle could hear the distant artillery of Red's feet as he came floundering up the basement stairs. So he wasn't killed.

He was pounding, yelling. His mother howled along with him. Isabelle shoved the front door shut and skipped across the porch. The child was gone. Such hysterical thankfulness now possessed her that she wanted to scream aloud.

At the far corner of the vacant lot, past weeds and the wreck of the abandoned car, she permitted herself one glance to the rear. No one had emerged. The Stapps were still imprisoned.

For one smothering moment Isabelle thought her car was gone from the parking lot. But no, there it was behind a milk truck, safe beyond the great white bulk. Here was Grace leaping up inside the car. A Te Deum rose with angel anthems in Izo's soul.

Here was Ricky, crouched low in the rear seat. She had the child in her arms. Isabelle leaped into the driver's seat.

The green coach shrieked into gear and shot across the parking lot. There was an awful moment at the exit. Some woman in a red coupe was trying to drive in, trying to drive the wrong way. Brakes screamed simultaneously, then Isabelle had twisted her car past the other.

They were in the side street and rushing towards the little bridge. There was a stop sign at the highway. Against her will Isabelle managed to halt for a split second, then whirled to the right.

She looked back for the last time: no one coming. If Red managed to borrow a car or to summon the police, no one would know what car to pursue or in what direction to drive. They were streaking eastward on the wide, blessed curves. Isabelle Bee began to laugh. Her laughter rose with shrill, demented glee. She sang brokenly, "California, here you come..."

As he travelled toward Norristown, Pennsylvania, Ralph Bee found himself increasingly contemptuous of his earlier mental disorders and forebodings. He began to feel that he had done, at least for once in his life, something that would have made General Bernard E. Bee exceedingly proud of him.

His relationship with General Bee was mainly imaginary, but Ralph had clung to it doggedly since the time when his friends the Pilagers first presented him with a steel-engraved portrait of the General.

They had acquired it for an outlay of three dollars, in a secondhand store in Fredericksburg, Virginia.

HOLIDAY READING

Isabelle seemed not much impressed with the portrait, only mildly amused. But Ralph's curiosity was aroused by the distinguished features of the general, and by the handsome uniform depicted.

One night, not long afterwards, they were at the MacDonalds', and Henry MacDonald had a set of books about the Civil War.

Now, occupying himself with the books while he was a bridge dummy, he discovered that General Bernard E. Bee had died a hero, after commanding a brigade at Bull Run. "There stands Jackson like a stone wall! Rally, men! Rally beside the Virginians!" That was the way the story went, and Ralph thrilled to read it.

By dint of copious genealogical research in New York, Ralph discovered that he was (beyond anything except a reasonable doubt) at least connected through cousinship with this martial splendor.

Nowadays General Bee stared sternly out at the world from his post above the gas logs of Ralph's and Izo's fireplace. The suggestion might have been that this was Ralph's grandfather, and so a few guests assumed from time to time, much to Ralph's secret delight.

Now he had met with a violent ordeal for the first time in his existence, and he had acquitted himself with cunning dispatch.

In this unfamiliar pride, he found himself observing his present companion with an interest akin to affection. He was riding in the cab of the oil truck that had lately delivered fuel at the Hartnetts'. The driver had kindly picked him up at the foot of the hill. He was a muscle-bound young redhead with a round face and currant eyes. His name was Quaylor.

"Your car break down?"

"Yes."

"Well, you going toward Norristown?"

He thought: what difference? He said, "Yes, that's where I want to go."

"Well, I turn off a ways from there, but it's on the main road. I guess you could get a bus or something."

Charioted through a dream world, growing along cold roads east and south and south-west of Doylestown, Ralph Bee shook himself from torpor long enough to covertly examine the contents of his wallet. Yes, there was the twenty-dollar bill, with a five and two singles. He put the wallet away, rejoicing in the knowledge that he was growing hungrier and hungrier.

Ralph was definitely thinking in terms of ham and eggs. He asked Quaylor if he were hungry.

"Oh, I could eat. Ought to make two more stops before, though. Why?"

"I'm hungry," Ralph told him. "If you know a good place anywhere to stop, I'll treat you to a steak."

"I wouldn't kick about that," said the truck driver warmly. "Let's see. I got one stop between here and the Norristown road. I know a pretty good place where I could go in these working clothes. You know the Fish Creek Forge Inn?"

"No," said Ralph, "but let's try it."

The Fish Creek Forge Inn turned out to be an ancient and unprepossessing structure. There was a service station next door.

Some cars and another truck had stopped at the station, but there were none in front of the inn.

Inside, the restaurant and bar were combined, with painted booths along the wall opposite the bar and an outlandish juke box at the rear. At first when Ralph came in with the driver, they thought there were no other customers:

but as they stood at the bar with beers, they heard a mumble of conversation coming from the rear-most booth and saw two men sitting there.

The waiter-bartender-cook—he appeared to be all three—was a baldish man of middle age.

"Can we get some food?"

"What do you want—lunch?" It seemed to Ralph that the waiter fired a nervous glance at the men in the rear booth. "It isn't quite lunchtime yet. I'm all alone. Fine day my boss picked to take a holiday! What do you want—steaks?"

"That'd suit me," said Quaylor.

"Me, too," said Ralph. The waiter indicated a table next to the rear window. "Listen." He spoke in a low tone. "Do me a favor and sit clear up there, will you?"

They carried their beers to the front table, and the waiter disappeared through a door back of the bar, and soon there came to Ralph's nostrils the pleasing scent of sizzling beef fat.

That mumbling still continued in the rear booth. Sitting in this position, Ralph found that he could observe one of the booth's occupants clearly. He could see only part of the other man's head and shoulder.

The man facing Ralph was enormously fat, with a face like polished porcelain. He talked rapidly to his companion, a younger man in a checked sports jacket.

His voice seemed sustained by a continuous snarl, drawn taut beneath a stream of rapid words.

QUAYLOR felt in the pocket of his overalls, and counted out several nickels. "What you say we have a tune?" Quaylor ambled toward the juke box.

The waiter was just emerging from the kitchen door at the other end of the bar with two little plates of cole slaw. Quaylor reached the machine and bent down to study the titles of the selections offered.

The young man in the sports jacket, who sat in the booth scarcely more than an arm's length away, spoke in a husky flat voice.

"Don't turn that thing on."

The waiter congealed at the foot of the bar, salads still balanced on his tray.

Quaylor was gaping. "What you mean—don't turn it on?"

Now the man with the shiny face had turned also. "That goes for me, too."

The waiter shrilled, "Mister, you heard him. Mister, don't turn it on!"

Quaylor gazed in bewilderment, his round face beginning to color. "Well, what do you know about that? This is a public restaurant, ain't it? I got a right to play records."

"You heard us," said the man with the shiny scalp. "We're in conference."

Quaylor had already dropped a nickel in the slot. The younger man got up and out of the booth.

Ralph caught his breath. He thought, Why, he's going to hit that fellow! He's going to hit Quaylor! Instead the young man bent down, reached behind the automatic phonograph, and jerked the electric cord from its plug.

"Now," said the young man, still talking as if he had a cold in his throat, "you go back and sit down."

Quaylor mumbled, "O.K., O.K.," and returned slowly to the front table. His face was mottled with pink and white. He sat down heavily, his lips twitching. He muttered to Ralph, "That guy's got me scared."

The young man in the sports

jacket turned back toward his booth and stood regarding the other customers before he sat down. So this was the face that had frightened the truck driver. Ralph could understand why.

The eyes were deep and purple-brown, framed beneath expanded bushy brows; the lips were wide and fibrous. There was no mercy or human decency in that face.

Distinctly the one-sided snarl of conversation began in a monotone once more.

The waiter fumbled with sloppy saucers of cole slaw. "Listen, you guys," he breathed. "I'm all alone, see? The boss won't be back till two. That's Myonko sitting back there."

Quaylor seemed to discover a particular horror in this word.

Ralph thought the waiter said, "That's my uncle sitting back there," and he looked up in amazement.

"Yes, it is Joe Myonko!"

"Say," wailed Quaylor with "let me out of here! Who's the guy with him?"

"Freddie Dutcher. He's a kind of partner or bodyguard or something. Don't you start anything with those two."

The waiter scurried off. Ralph whispered, "Who did he say?"

"Joe Myonko— you know the big gambler! He's the one. Used to bootleg and stuff. You know—like in the movies and stuff? He owns a lot of hotels and things. Just got one of the federal pen a while back!" Quaylor puffed his little back eyes.

The steaks came. They were hot and buttery, charred with marks of the grill, but Quaylor found little pleasure in them.

Ralph was more pleased than appalled by this proximity to gangsters. He had had no contact with racketeers, except through the fiction of the cinema.

He ate almost happily, watching Joe Myonko with increasing boldness. He heard Myonko order a glass of water, and saw the man bring out a little box of pills and swallow some of the pills. Ralph wished that he knew what sort of dope it was.

He fancied himself telling Kurt, or perhaps his friend Paul and Connelly at the bar, "I happened to be in a mail house over in Pennsylvania the other day, and Joe Myonko was there." And, even more casually, "He was all hopped up."

Presently Freddie Dutcher rose and walked directly toward the table. Dutcher was smiling. He looked down at them, first at Quaylor, then at Ralph.

"You guys finish up and go going."

Quaylor blurted, "Look, mister! You can't get away with this—ordering people around!"

"I'm not ordering you around," said Dutcher. "Just making a kind of request. My friend, he's got to make some phone calls and talk to some people. He don't want a lot of company. Get going."

"I'm gone already," said Quaylor, and Dutcher snarled back warily as he arose, leaning clumsily against the table in his haste. Quaylor pleaded to Ralph, "Mister, you come along!"

Ralph said, "But I'm not through yet."

"You better get through," said Dutcher.

The front door banged. Ralph was deserted. Looking out through the dusty window, he watched the driver walking speedily to his truck. Quaylor opened the cab door and stood for a few seconds as if he hoped to see Ralph Bee following on his heels; then he got into the truck, and vapor escaped from the exhaust. Inside the restaurant the growl of the engine grew fainter as Quaylor drove away.

To be concluded

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Now she waved the dachshund away when they clamored for her lap. She refused to answer, or even notice, the whining cacophonies of the pet.

She took long, thoughtful absolutions on the cigarette, and Angela, watchful, moved slowly around the apartment.

She had seen Miss Lovelace like this before. She would brood for several hours, utterly still, looking more like a screen than ever; and it would be impossible to know what she was thinking, or working out, or planning.

Hours later, Angela heard her name called.

"Yes, Miss Lovelace?" She put her head in at the door.

Miss Lovelace was not looking at her. She was sitting forward, leaning with her elbow on her knees, tapping a rolled newspaper against the palm of her hand.

"Angela," she said, and her voice was very deep, "we shall be fantastic and audacious. Get me Mr. Marshall on the telephone."

Somewhat warily, two days later, Vincent Marshall appeared at Miss Lovelace's apartment for tea. He was sure it would be an embarrassing and difficult couple of hours, and he had not really wanted to come at all.

But neither did he want to let her feelings, and he was curious about why she wanted to see him.

At least, he thought, there would no longer be a point of contact between them, because he had very nearly decided to abandon his production of "Crimson Velvet."

That morning he had said to the author, "It's a beautiful play, but you wrote it ten years too late for the only actors who could have played it."

But when the only actress pointed him, arrayed this afternoon in a topaz satin tea gown with fur bands around her drooping sleeves, he was immediately beguiled again.

"How delightful to see you, Mr. Marshall," she said, and he felt as though she had laughed him.

"Are you all recovered now?" he asked.

He belittled the question with a shrug. "Oh, it was nothing. The very next day I felt splendid." She smiled.

"You know, stairs mean nothing to me. And I must be here in that theatre a hundred times, so I knew very well those steps were there. Just at that moment, though, they slipped my mind."

Exactly, he thought. They had slipped her mind. Just as her own name had slipped her mind, at the very moment when she was first greeting him.

Just as whole speeches and stage business and entrance cues would have slipped her mind on an opening night, and later.

He had known that it was a question of the stairs on the set—they could easily have been changed. But he had been right about her memory, right to dismiss her from his plans.

But this, he found as she led him into the drawing-room, in no way altered the peculiar potency of her effect on him, or the reverence, even the fondness, of his feeling for

Continuing . . . Tryout

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her—half gallantry, half nostalgia, pervaded with a sense of pity because she was no longer what she had been.

She gestured him into a chair, and as she seated herself he watched her arrange the satin folds of her tea gown, with all the appearance of accident, for their best effect.

Looking around him, he observed gratefully that the dachshunds had been banished.

The parrot sat as usual, brilliant and baleful, on the fire screen; but there was something hushed about the room this afternoon that even the parrot did not violate—a sense of being in a quiet refuge, outside of time, outside the pressure of ambition and struggle.

Miss Lovelace, facing him over the elaborate silver of the tea service, was composed, charming, and smiling untroubled. There was clearly nothing special on her mind. And as he sat there, Vincent Marshall, little by little, put aside the wariness with which he had arrived.

It was engulfed in her relaxation; and at last he relaxed, too, concluding with some astonishment that she had asked him here only for his company, with no ulterior motive whatever.

Last time he had observed her unwillingness to talk of the past, so now he was careful to ask her no direct questions about it, much as he wanted to.

But as he finished his first cup of tea, he was delighted to discover that quite without prompting she was talking freely of her youth and middle years—being reminded of our name by another, rambling easily up and down the corridors of time, from Shakespeare to Bernard Shaw, from David Garrick to Booth and Sothern and finally the Barrymore "boys."

These and other shining presences she evoked in the muted room by the casual, familiar, almost affectionate, way she mentioned them.

And somehow they all seemed contemporaries of one another as well as of herself. But of those who were still alive she was for the most part discreetly vague.

Marshall could not tell which had been only acquaintances and which ones friends or even lovers. Sometimes, however, in connection with men who had long since died, she allowed herself to be more explicit.

Then a transitory smile would soften her features, as though a remembered witticism had flitted into her mind and out again.

She lowered her eyes, entirely without coquetry, and said softly, of this one or that one, "I was engaged to him for three years."

She mentioned a young hero of the Boer War who had returned to London just as she was completing her first season there as a star.

"There was a lovely article about him in last month's 'Athenaeum,'" she said. "Did you happen to see it?"

"No," said Marshall. "I don't often read the English monthlies."

After a small search she found the magazine in the

rack next to her chair, then hesitated. "I don't want to bore you."

"No danger," he assured her.

She held the magazine well away and, narrowing her eyes a little, began to read, easily and quietly.

Once or twice she looked up at him with an interrogative sort of smile, as if to say, "Am I still not boring you?"

And, of course, she was not, though after a while the young military hero began to settle into a middle age of rather monotonous distinction. Only one early sentence had mentioned her: "At this time, he vied with all the most brilliant in the world of society and the arts in the adulation of the beautiful young American actress, Jessica Lovelace, who was perhaps more frequently to be seen escorted by him than any other."

But Vincent Marshall found that it did not really matter what she read; even the list of all the Empire's honors which had been conferred upon this dazzling suitor of hers became something of a song, because of the sheer deep enchantment of her voice.

He listened, too, in amazement. Because now, after she had turned over several pages, it had dawned on him at last.

He leaned forward and stared at her. There she sat, without glasses, reading!

Miss Lovelace was aware of his sudden shift of position. She did not look up again, but her voice swelled, louder and richer. She had come to the fourth page now.

She must be careful not to let the pounding of her heart become audible in her voice. She must remember to hold the magazine at arm's length, for verisimilitude, and to pucker her eyes and move them back and forth like a typewriter carriage.

With her free hand she pushed herself out of the chair, and all the time her voice rolled on.

Now she was standing by the mantelpiece where she could hear the parrot rustling its way closer to her along the fire screen.

Mr. Marshall had risen, too, and she could tell by his listening silence that he was all but not breathing.

She finished the article. She looked at him and saw his smile, from which astonishment had not quite vanished.

Yes, he was convinced. Success had so clearly rewarded her bold and subtle strategy that this was where she should have stopped, leaving well enough alone.

But now in the flush of victory she overplayed her hand.

As acting, it was as brilliant as all that had gone before. She put the magazine down. She said, "Another cup of tea?" and when he thanked her and refused she moved casually from table to table, turning on the lamps to make the room glow goldenly.

She manoeuvred it so she was back where she had started and could appear to pick up the magazine again as an afterthought.

She could not resist this last

satisfaction of her triumph, this final vindication of her eyesight. She had to show him how small the type was.

"Here," she said. "Here's a photograph of him when we were engaged."

And even then it might have worked if she had handed the magazine over to Marshall.

But she held it, and he had to come beside her to look at the page she had opened to.

"There," she said. "Handsome, wasn't he?"

But the expected acquiescence did not come immediately. Instead there was a small silence. When she looked around at him, he was frowning.

Then he smiled at her in a sympathetic way—gently, quizzically. He took the magazine from her, turned it right side up, and put it back in her hands.

"Yes, very handsome," he said, sounding warm and amused. "Particularly when he's not standing on his head."

She peered down at the blur she was holding; then, horrified, understood. Putting the magazine down with a slap, she turned away quickly to hide her face.

"Don't be upset," he said.

He was being too gentle, making her feel pathetic, and she hated that. She thought of the story he could tell, and the guffaws that would accompany it.

Closing her eyes, she swayed a little in humiliation. Go away, she thought. Please, please go away.

"I suppose you're very busy," she said in a business-like tone, with her face still averted. "I mustn't keep you. Thank you for coming to see me again."

"Miss Lovelace," he said softly, "you recited that whole article without stumbling once. Your memory must be prodigious!"

With a desolate laugh she turned to face him. "My dear young man, I have been on the stage for fifty-two years, and I have never stumbled in all that time!"

He crossed the room quickly and led her back to her chair. "Please," he said, "I've got to talk to you. I've just bought a play that has a most magnificent part for you. It's called 'Crimson Velvet.'"

It was the first time that name had been spoken aloud, and she had to force control on the muscles of her face.

If she let go now, she would laugh like a fool—she could feel the laughter rising in her throat. Or was it tears—or both?

She permitted herself only a fleeting exultant thought or two: the new dress she would buy for Angela, the theatre lights twinkling her name toward Broadway once again, the critics writing: "Miss Jessica Lovelace returned to grace the New York stage last night."

It was not the years of the past that counted, after all, she thought. It was now, and what was to come.

"Crimson Velvet?" she said, and her voice was very serene and quiet. "What an intriguing title! Do tell me all about it."

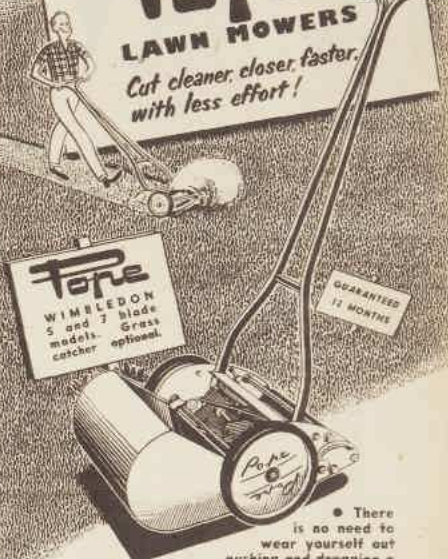
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Lots of women are feeling the same way. They just wouldn't have believed that nail polish could stay flawless so long. "Enamelon" . . . first introduced in Nail Brilliance . . . is now blended with all Cutex polishes. It has proved itself a miracle-worker.



TRY IT!

See for yourself how this wonderful improved Cutex dries faster, sets harder, lasts days longer without chipping and peeling. And notice how the lovely Cutex colours glow with a new and lasting radiance. Ask for Cutex with miracle-working "Enamelon" today!

CUTEX

The manicure that stays lovelier...longer.

Continuing . . . Open Wide, Excellency

changed to pleading. "Please, Papa . . . Be kind to him. I know you didn't mean . . ."

"Didn't mean . . .?" He seized her by the shoulders. I could shake her, he thought. I could frighten her. "What of your aunt, my sister Hortense?" he sputtered. "Where was she while . . . while . . .?"

"Tante? She's a wonderful chaperon. She's in love with him, too."

She mocks me, he thought. Ah, well . . . In three more days the ship would come. He let his hands fall from her shoulders.

"Go now, you little fool," he said.

Monsieur Bonet strode away then, as nearly as a man with short legs and a fat waistline can be said to stride.

The white shell road—it was a road of sorts, though the island of Manatiti boasted no vehicles—was a hard-packed surface, like macadam, under his feet.

How he disliked Doctor Peter Jones! The man's speech was horrible, peppered with coarse American slang.

And he was of a gangling, awkward tallness. The red hair was unruly, abhorrent. There was no part of Doctor Jones he approved.

Monsieur Bonet had not far to go. He quickened his steps.

From previous visits he looked forward to the dentist's surgery as a place of delicious freshness only slightly antiseptic, a clean room where soft whites and subdued greens predominated.

As he approached the wide, shallow steps that led to the main entrance Doctor Jones appeared in the doorway.

Bonet labored up the steps and the young man advanced to meet him, tossing his ragged cigarette butt into a bougainvillea clump by the corner of the bungalow.

"Good morning, Your Excellency! Ready for some punishment?"

Monsieur Bonet said: "Good morning, young man," with as much asperity as he could muster.

The calculated disrespect in the other's tone was of a monstrousness inconceivable.

"It's warm," drawled the Canadian. "Would you like to sit for a while? Perhaps you'd care for a drink?"

"No, no," M. Bonet was brisk. "I'm pressed for time. Also . . ." He hesitated.

"There's a matter of business I would discuss when you've finished."

"I won't keep you waiting long, Excellency."

As Monsieur Bonet was about to protest there came from within a long-drawn, whimpering cry.

"One of the native youngsters," said Doctor Jones. "I'll just finish with him."

Monsieur Bonet sputtered. "You . . . you propose that I should wait for a native?"

"It's a child," said Doctor Jones.

"A native," countered His Excellency.

"He's suffering," explained Doctor Jones. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I must ask you to wait."

And he turned into the open doorway, leaving the Governor with the added heat of indignation.

After a short interval he reappeared, ushering his small patient out by the door Mon-

sieur Bonet would enter. His Excellency watched with distaste.

"Will you come in now, Excellency?" invited Doctor Jones.

The surgery, without doubt, was a cooler place than the rest of the world this morning. But his memory had omitted to stress the image of the chair. There it stood, ugly, graceless. He sat down in it.

Doctor Jones said brightly: "This won't take long. I'll polish off that last filling." He levered the chair into position.

"Give you any trouble?"

"No. No trouble." Monsieur Bonet strove for brightness in his turn. He fought against the illusion of being bodily suspended, felt himself going smaller and smaller, at last a mere entity, impotent, at the mercy of this red-headed giant.

The warm leather of the chair anchored him with the tenacity of a snug plaster. He felt the crick of the back of his neck, his ego a cringing thing faced now with the horror of physical hurt.

Came the taut quivering of nerves while the giant selected from among the deadly gadgets of his trade.

Came the convulsive gripping of Monsieur Bonet's plump hands on the chair arms.

He waited for the false move that seemed inevitable, for the sharp jab, the sudden stab of pain tearing into his tender gums.

The rigidity of his leg muscles was torture, the limp collar of his shirt like a twisting rope at this throat. He felt the metallic tap on the tooth with the ache.

"That one bother you?" asked the giant. "Filling's loose."

Monsieur Bonet gasped. "Never mind it." And the giant shrugged.

Then it was over. The giant was Doctor Jones again. "Let me see," he was saying.

"This is Monday. I could do that tooth for you Wednesday."

"That won't be necessary," said Monsieur Bonet, once more His Excellency, the Governor.

"Won't be necessary? But, Excellency . . . that tooth could get jumpy any minute."

"Perhaps you've forgotten, Doctor Jones, that your contract with the French Government expires on Wednesday next at midnight."

Doctor Jones, washing his hands, spoke carelessly over his shoulder: "Yeah? I'll sign on again. I didn't intend to quit."

"I daresay," said the Governor. "You see," spacing his words deliberately, "I don't intend to renew your contract."

Doctor Jones' hand, reaching for the towel, arrested itself in mid-air. Monsieur Bonet waited triumphantly for him to complete the movement.

It was a matter of seconds. He turned slowly and dried his hands, continued the notion mechanically. "But . . . but, Excellency, you can't mean . . ."

"I mean," repeated Mon-

from page 3

sieur Bonet, "that I will not renew your contract. You heard me correctly."

Doctor Jones tossed the towel from him, plunged both hands into his pockets.

He faced Monsieur Bonet with belligerence. "Look here, Excellency. I've spent six years on this island. It's my home. My livelihood. The natives depend on me. You can't throw me out like this. With a couple of days' notice."

Monsieur Bonet's tone was smooth. "It is more fitting," he said, "that our dentist be a Frenchman."

"And where's your Frenchman?"

"It could be you've forgotten that the ship is due on Thursday. Doctor Edouard Ravel will be aboard her. I sent for him some months ago."

"I see. All fixed." There was a speculative look on the Canadian's face.

"Seems to me, Excellency, it's a pretty shabby trick. Hmm . . . a Frenchman! And I'm from Canada. Is that all you've got against me?"

"Possibly," purred Monsieur Bonet. "There's also the matter of my daughter. I understand . . ."

"Excellency, I love Julie. We love each other. I was coming to talk to you. I want to marry Julie. . . ."

The look of misery on the Canadian's face was satisfying, wonderful to see.

And he, Georges Napoleon Bonet, had put it there. He answered carefully: "My only objection to you, Doctor Jones, is that you are you. Now, don't misunderstand."

He raised a chubby, imperious hand: "An alien, a somewhat uncouth alien, is . . . well . . . hardly a suitable mate for a young lady reared as my daughter has been."

"So you're booting me out! You plan that I leave by the boat the other man comes on?"

"Precisely. My Government maintains only one man of your profession for the island. It would seem foolish to stay."

"And if I refuse to go?"

"It would be unwise. I am Governor. I could make things unpleasant."

"I wonder . . ." mused the Canadian.

"You need not," said Monsieur Bonet. "I go now."

He tried to sound brusque. Something in the Canadian's tone and the reflective regard which accompanied it disturbed him.

Why should it? He was Governor. This was his island. He smiled.

"I don't expect I shall see you again, Doctor Jones. There should not be so much of business for you to wind up. Doctor Ravel is prepared to take over immediately. Good-bye, Doctor Jones."

On the white shell road again it was hot. He resisted the impulse to reach for the box of caramels.

Until Doctor Ravel arrived he must be careful about confessions. Uncomfortably he thought of Julie. There could be trouble.

Julie turned out to be difficult—at first. She would run away . . . She would go with her Doctor Pete . . . Aunt Hortense understood . . . Aunt Hortense would help her . . .

She wept, she pleaded, then suddenly was calm.

"I am sorry, Papa," she said, in a voice so soft and warm as to meet icebergs. "I am sorry to have displeased you. Of course, you are my papa and what you say . . ."

"It's all right, little one," Monsieur Bonet smoothed the mussed curls. "It is finished now. On Thursday the young man goes. It is well."

His sister, Hortense, said nothing. Her placidity, as she sat with her embroidery, irritated him. But he felt she would not interfere.

Julie was speaking again, wistful and respectful: "You are always so right, Papa. It would be too bad if your plans went wrong. It . . ."

Her voice trailed off miserably under his sharp glance.

The scene had a familiar ring—tears and temper followed by sweet submission, then the suggestion that things might not work out. He couldn't place it—quite.

Hortense, who had passed to watch him, said: "She's like her mother, Georges," and went back to her needlework.

The next two days passed slowly. Julie was docile, almost ladylike in her behavior. She's trying, he thought. I must be patient.

Wednesday seemed longer than Tuesday. It dragged in way around the clock. He to-morrow it would be Thursday.

The ship would come. Doctor Ravel would be there to fix his tooth. The unknown Doctor Jones would be on his way—he hoped.

Finally the day ran out. Hortense, sitting by the lamp with her embroidery, was yawning.

She said: "It is late, Georges. Will you excuse me? Julie has already retired."

Monsieur Bonet watched her gather up her things, saw them carelessly in her lap bag—a jumble of school, thimble, silk, and fine linen.

"Good-night, Georges," said

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DRESS SENSE PATTERN



D.S.25.—New season's frock showing the moulded line and shirred skirt regular. 34yds. 54in. material. Size 32in. to 38in. bust. Price 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Kemp, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing Open Wide, Excellency

from the doorway. "Oh . . . good night. Good night, my dear." When she had gone his hand sought the inside pocket where he carried his caramels. He might have one before going to bed. A glass of wine, too, would go well. So Monsieur Bonet sat with his wine and his caramels.

He thought of Doctor Jones, wondered if the impudent young man might defy him on the morrow and refuse to leave. That would be awkward—with the native population on the side of Doctor Jones. The clock struck midnight. He would look in on the little Julie, shine the light on her for a moment while she slept, as her mother used to do.

I'm sentimental to-night, he thought. The wine perhaps. But he wasn't ashamed. He crept quietly, tiptoeing, flexing his knees for greater stealth. He parted the curtains at her doorway, moved cautiously towards her bed. He raised the mosquito netting and shone the light. But as Julie lay tranquil and sleeping. The bed was empty. He stared, at first refusing to believe. The little fool! He charged back into the main room and from there out of the house. Anger against his short legs to a barren pace for the first hundred yards.

Then he halted, wheezing, and putting for breath. His hand groped for the inside pocket, came forth with the caramels. He crammed not one but three into his mouth. His jaws clamped furiously, more competent agents than his lips to give vent to his rage. Lightly showed in Doctor Jones' bungalow as he approached. He heard voices. He must rid himself of the caramels. He chewed harder, in the contents of his mouth

were of an obstinate, glutinous consistency, having merged into an unmanageable wad that sucked at his gums and teeth with the inexorable persistence of a quicksand.

He strove to free them. His jaw muscles bulged with the effort. He insinuated a thumb and forefinger into his mouth and pulled, a frenzied, vigorous yank of panic. That did it. It came loose. Incredible waste of deliciousness!

He stood in the middle of the road, engrossed momentarily with this minor sorrow. The pain struck then and he clutched convulsively at his cheek.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Oh-h-h-h . . . My tooth!" There was the horrified realisation that the filling had gone.

Only an air pocket remained, a monster torture chamber for the quivering, naked nerve where vicious shreds of caramel clung to increase the agony.

"I must go on," he babbled aloud. "I must get Julie. But oh-oh . . . oh, my tooth! He'll have to fix my tooth . . ."

He came upon them sitting on the steps of the bungalow verandah, close together. He thought Julie had been weeping and that fellow seemed to be trying to comfort her.

Shameless! At his explosive "Young man! What is the meaning of this?" they did not even move apart.

The Canadian drawled: "Good evening, Excellency. Did you come to say goodbye?"

"I came for my daughter, sir," challenged Monsieur Bonet. "If I were a younger, stronger man I'd . . . oh-h-h . . ."

Like vicious jabs from a red-hot needle was the tooth. "Oh-h-h . . . I cannot bear it . . . this torment . . . My tooth!"

Doctor Jones rose to his feet,

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pulling Julie up beside him. "Well now, Excellency," he said civilly, "I'm sorry about the tooth."

"You must fix it," chattered Monsieur Bonet. "Now."

"To-night? Well, Excellency . . ."

"But you can't, Doctor Pete," put in Julie.

"Sure I can."

"No, no," persisted the girl. "You are no longer dentist here. It is the law. You have no contract."

Doctor Jones was staring down at her.

"Have no . . . ? But . . ."

He turned again to Monsieur Bonet.

"Gosh, Excellency," he said. "Isn't that a darn shame! But she's right, you know. My contract expired at midnight. It's past one in the morning now. I can't break the law."

"It is no matter. Fix my tooth."

"Sorry, Excellency. I can give you a sedative. But I'm afraid that's all. Anyway, the ship comes to-morrow."

"No! No! My tooth cannot wait."

"Papa," said Julie, "Doctor Pete is a very upright man. It seems to me you may have to . . . to arrange a little."

"Arrange, Julie?"

"Yes, Papa. Suppose he were really the dentist here. Suppose you were to renew his contract. Suppose . . ."

"I could not, Julie. He is . . . impossible. I could not have him here. But he must fix my tooth. Ah-h-h! This pain . . . it is unendurable . . ."

"Pretty tough, isn't it, Excellency? But there is a way. Better bring him into the surgery, Julie."

"But, Doctor Pete . . ."

"Do as I say, Julie. I know what I'm doing."

Monsieur Bonet found him-

self stumbling over the threshold with Julie close behind.

As from a long way off he heard her whisper: "You're unkind, Papa. I'll not forget how unkind you are to-night."

Under the white glare of the overhead gas lamp the chair leered, waiting for him. He climbed into it.

Doctor Jones, tying the ridiculous fragment of white towelling under his chin as one might tie the bib for an infant, was cheerful and hearty.

Up went the chair and Georges Napoleon Bonet with it.

"Open," commanded Doctor Jones, whose red hair, under the light, had seemed to come alive, a disembodied thing that floated evilly above him.

Monsieur Bonet heard Julie moan, "Oh, Doctor Pete . . ."

"It's a good tooth," mused Doctor Jones. "One of the best you've got, Excellency. Seems too bad to take it out."

Monsieur Bonet felt himself beginning to struggle. No! No! he thought wildly. Not take it out!

Doctor Jones restrained him gently. "Easy, Excellency. Easy, now. It's only if you want to."

"I don't want it out. I want it filled."

"Excellency, I'm afraid you don't . . . , naturally, can do nothing. As Julie reminded us, I'm no longer the dentist."

"You talk in riddles, Doctor Jones. You say you can do nothing. Yet you say there is a way."

"There is, Excellency. If you want relief, one of my boys can extract the tooth. He's good at it."

A widely grinning native had entered the room and padded to the side of the chair. His dark eyes regarded Monsieur Bonet unblinkingly.

"It's the best I can offer, Excellency. It's up to you."

"No, no!" The protest burst from Monsieur Bonet's lips on a high, thin note that ended in a half-sob.

The pain again! That stinging native! "Let me down," he pleaded. "Let me down."

Doctor Jones lowered the chair and motioned the native away. Monsieur Bonet sat up straight, assembled his dignity. "Perhaps," he said.

"Yes?" breathed Julie.

Monsieur Bonet had caught the warm shine in Julie's eyes. "Perhaps," he went on, "it would be best to . . . to arrange a little, after all."

"I'm at your service, Excellency," Doctor Jones' voice was gentle.

Monsieur Bonet averted his gaze. "You're a stubborn young man," he said.

"Yes, Excellency. The choice is yours."

Julie was beside him now, her eyes dark and melting with hope. "Papa," she said softly. "Dear Papa."

"So!" Monsieur Bonet looked from the young Doctor Jones to the little Julie and sighed.

The young man had much to learn. But the young man was not a weakling. He thought of the Vicomte and sighed again. He said:

"Where is that contract?"

"Right here, Excellency," said Doctor Jones.

(Copyright)

The Family Scrapbook

BY DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

IN the process of day-by-day living, there are so many times when we have to curb children's activities. The "No, no" approach, the "I'm sorry, but you can't do that now" emphasis, and the "How many times have I told you" tone cause us to be exasperating to children.

Sometimes a little imagination and humor make things go more smoothly. If it is necessary for mother to do a little work by herself, she just can't have youngsters running in and out.

One way to handle the situation would be to issue tickets or passes to the young fry permitting them to come (not more than once or twice) into the place where she is working. Then, if she doesn't want to have the kitchen door blocked with Junior's railroad construction, a "Detour" sign can be set up. One mother



Imagination in little things.

secured a hotel sign that says "Please Do Not Disturb" and hangs it on the door of her room whenever she takes a nap.

Naturally, such approaches won't work as well with very young children as they will with older ones. Sometimes they may seem a little silly to outsiders. Most youngsters, however, will co-operate in this kind of thing and really appreciate it. Best of all, there doesn't have to be so much personal check-up.

(All names are fictitious.)

THERE'S MORE ACTIVE FULL-STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL IN KOLYNOS TOOTHPASTE!

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And don't forget to add a little SAN-BRAN to your usual morning cereal! Ensures regularity by adding gentle-acting bulk to your daily diet! From all grocers.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA: Begin a new adventure when Mandrake decides to help the police investigate a series of robberies committed in a city store at night, when no one can enter or leave. Mac, the nightwatchman, is suspected, but Mandrake clears his name. Mandrake and Lothar spend the next night in the store. Suddenly, at midnight, they are amazed to see dummies in a display case move. NOW READ ON:

CONCEALED ON THE BALCONY, MANDRAKE AND LOTHAR WATCH IN AMAZEMENT--

HURRY--
SAA--
I'M COMING--

WHAT THEM DOIN'?

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, LOTHAR. THEY'RE THE THIEVES. THEY HIDE IN-- SAA--

I DON'T LIKE THIS. WHERE'S THE WATCHMAN TONIGHT?

SAA-- NEVER MIND, WHO CARES? HURRY UP!

OH-- THESE SPARKLERS

GET BACK TO YOUR PLACE, HURRY!

THIS IS THE LAST VIEW OF THE FORM

LEAVING LOTHAR IN THEIR HIDE-OUT, MANDRAKE VENTURES OUT ALONE--

Hmm-- I'D NEVER GUESS YOU WERE ANYTHING BUT A DUMMY! WHAT MAKES YOUR SKIN SO DUMMY-LIKE? WAX?

NO! GREASE PAINT!

Uhhh--

GOOD WORK, JOE! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?

DON'T ASK ME, WHERE'S ED? WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

ED, WHO CAN HE BE?

MUST BE A PLAIN-CLOTHED COP. WE'LL FIND OUT!

TEENA *by Linda Tenny*

"BUT I JUST GAVE YOU A PERMANENT YESTERDAY, PIPSY... MUST YOU HAVE IT STRAIGHTENED AGAIN TODAY?"



"-AND DYE IT PINK, PLEASE... I'M POSING THIS AFTERNOON FOR A CLIENT WHO WANTS IT PINK AND STRAIGHT."



WELL, IT'S YOUR HAIR — BUT IF YOU KEEP THIS UP, YOUNG LADY, YOU'RE DUE FOR A BIG SURPRISE ONE OF THESE DAYS.

"DO YOU SEE PIPSY? HER HAIR IS RED NOW!"



NO, IT ISN'T! I SAW HER LAST WEEK AND IT WAS SORT OF A CHARTREUS COLOR...

WELL, YESTERDAY IT WAS BACK TO BLACK AGAIN.



"H'LO, PIPSY!"

"OH, HI..."

"DO YOU SEE WHAT COLOR HER HAIR IS TO-DAY?"



NO... BUT I'LL BET IT'S STUNNING!

HAPPY! WELL, YOUR HAIR WOULD BE STUNNING TOO, IF YOU COULD AFFORD TO SPEND EVERY DAY IN THE BEAUTY PARLOR LIKE SHE DOES.



"AH! I WARNED YOU, MY DEAR."

BOY, SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK...



Linda Tenny

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NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 45. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Goddard's Building, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.



"TULA." — Attractive button-down blouse obtainable ready to wear only in multi-colored cotton check gingham in predominating shades of red, green, mauve, and blue. Sizes S.S.W., S.W., and W., 22/6.

"MARION." — Check gingham blouse obtainable ready to wear only in shades of blue and white, green and white, and red and white. Sizes S.S.W., S.W., and W., 22/6.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 11, 1953



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